

# The RED BOOK Magazine

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## OUR OWN HALL OF FAME



Photo by Rockwood

## "DREVE OF VIRGINIA"

He was just the sort of chap you might expect the adventurous son of an old Virginia family to be—a gallant gentleman, and brave. Destiny dropped him into the human kaleidoscope of Algiers, and there, straight off, an adventure befell him that will be told you in detail in the next issue of this magazine by a man who knows the camels and the color and the life of the northern Sahara—

**JAMES FRANCIS DWYER**

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Henry J. Beilman



New Chamber of Commerce, Scranton, Pa.

Chamber of Commerce  
Secretary Gibbs congratulating Mr. Beilman  
on completion of new building

# He Had Far Less Chance Than You!

**New \$800,000 Chamber of Commerce Building  
a monument to the courage and ability of a man  
who turned his spare time into dollars**

ON MAY 23rd of this year, an \$800,000 Chamber of Commerce building was dedicated in Scranton.

To thousands of people, the exercises marked simply the completion of another new building—a magnificent new structure in which the whole of Lackawanna Valley might justly take pride.

But to one man it meant more than that—more than the erection of so much steel and stone. To one man it meant the realization of a lifetime ambition—the fulfillment of a long-cherished dream.

Twenty-six years before, Henry J. Beilman had carried his tools past the very corner on which the new Chamber of Commerce now stands. He was then only a plasterer's and bricklayer's apprentice, but deep down within him was the longing to make something of his life before it was too late—to lift himself out of the rut of his routine job—to some day build a building instead of merely tinkering around it as a plasterer or bricklayer.

Fortunately he realized in time that he never could hope to rise very high or compete with college or technically trained men without special training. So he enrolled with the International Correspondence Schools.

Some of his friends laughed at him and said he was wasting his time, but he kept right on, for he could see how the course was helping him in his work.

Soon one of the leading contractors heard about this "bright young man who was always studying" and made him superintendent at an increase in salary.

Then, after a few years, came the urge to have a business of his own, and in 1913 the building and contracting firm of Beilman & Son was founded. The contracting work on the new \$800,000 Chamber of Commerce building is just one of many big jobs in Scranton that have been handled by this firm in the past thirteen years.

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# The Open Mind

By M. MERCER KENDIG, A.B.

Director, Department of Education, THE RED BOOK MAGAZINE

THE open mind is the faculty of seeing the other fellow—his reasoning and point of view. The human mind should be a lens, telescopic in range, microscopic in search. Too many minds are sealed, kept in the dark under a cellar door. They do not see, nor sense, nor understand.

To be a part of all we have seen and felt, to learn the meaning of the other fellow's toil and aspiration; to respect his views and theories; to keep the door of knowledge wide open every day throughout the year, is the only kind of mind that ought to be at large.

The open mind is the first sign of our own higher qualifications. Ignorance wears a sealed mind; stupidity an impaired mind; indolence a mind that is stagnant. The open mind is the gleaming attitude of true human greatness.

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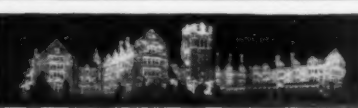
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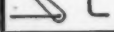
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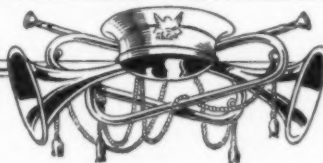
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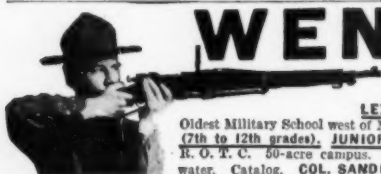
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**PAGE**

Military Academy



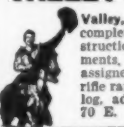
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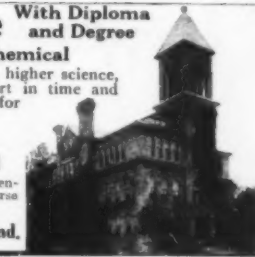
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We train you with the Lewis Simplified Study Plan and put you in touch with big opportunities. All of your training under the personal direction of Clifford Lewis, former U. S. Government Hotel and Restaurant Expert, now Managing Consultant for over 250 Hotels of 50 to more than 600 rooms each, throughout the United States, totaling over 25,000 rooms. Our students employed, our methods endorsed by leading hotel men everywhere.

Send today for **FREE BOOK, "Your Big Opportunity,"** showing how we can train you for one of these splendid positions, and explaining our Money-back Guarantee.

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CLIFFORD LEWIS, Pres.  
Hall D-176 Washington, D. C.

## Send for this

## Free Book

telling how McCarrie Graduates became successful making crowns, bridges, plates, etc., for dentists.

## \$40 to \$125 Weekly in Dental "Lab" Work

Big opportunity for men in this uncrowded, money-making field. We train you in a few months by practical instruction without books in one of our 5 large schools and help you secure spare time job while learning. No mechanical ability needed. A postal or letter brings complete information. Write to **McCARRIE SCHOOLS OF MECHANICAL DENTISTRY** 1336 S. Michigan Ave., Dept. 24, Chicago, Ill.



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We are in need of a high type of young women to be trained for positions as Supervisors of Beauty Shops, Demonstrators, Instructors and Representatives. Privilege of travelling in U. S. A. and Canada. Write for Catalog X.

**Madame Hudson School of Beauty Culture**  
Toronto, Canada  
12 Queen St., E.  
Auburn, New York  
102 Genesee St.

# How the LaSalle Problem Method Doubles Your Salary



—Why in six months' time alone as many as 1,248 LaSalle members reported definite salary-increases totalling \$1,399,507, an average increase per man of 89 per cent!



No matter what you are making now, you are interested in any plan which suggests a practical way to increase your earnings—within a comparatively short time.

There *is* such a plan—it is known as the LaSalle Problem Method—and its practical value is attested by thousands of men who have employed it to plus their native aptitude with systematic training. Read these typical experiences:

**Earns Fifty Times Cost of Training**—"I say it without boasting, and simply as a statement of fact, that I have earned more than fifty times the cost of my LaSalle training, thru special accounting work, since taking it up; and in addition my regular income, or salary, has increased approximately 125 per cent, so that from a financial point of view it would seem to be a pretty fair investment."

E. G. WILHELM, Pennsylvania.

**LaSalle Trained Him—Got Him the Job**—"To LaSalle goes the credit for training me so that I was able to turn a refusal into an acceptance, in preference to over one hundred other applicants. I cannot give too much credit to LaSalle and its Placement Department for the success of my application for this very fine position."

E. W. DEMOTTE, New York.

**Boosts Salary 400 Per Cent**—"From the bench to the position of Superintendent in Charge of Export, with an increase of 400 per cent in salary—that is what has happened to me within a few short years. In all sincerity, I attribute my success in a very large measure to your splendid course in Business Management."

**The Start of a Successful Salesman**—"I was employed by the Depot Filling Station, Inc., at \$22 per week when I enrolled for LaSalle training in Modern Salesmanship. I am now working on Text 17. I wish to thank you for your personal assistance on some of the problems, and especially in obtaining for me my present excellent position. In the eight working days I have been with this organization, I have earned \$107.82, which not only places me in the 100% Club (by a large margin), but also proves clearly that LaSalle principles are sound."

R. J. SHEA, Massachusetts.



When thousands and thousands of men in the United States and Canada (not to mention many hundreds in England, Australia, China and other foreign countries) choose the LaSalle Problem Method to speed their progress—when within only six months' time as many as 1,248 LaSalle members report definite salary-increases totalling \$1,399,507—when the average increase so reported is 89 per cent—surely the LaSalle Problem Method must offer an unusually sound way of securing quickly the *kind* of experience that can be *cashed*.

It does. And here is *why*:

## You Learn By Doing

Suppose it were your privilege every day to sit in conference with the head of your firm. Suppose every day he were to lay before you in systematic order the various problems he is compelled to solve, and were to explain to you the principles by which he

solves them. Suppose that one by one you were to *work those problems out*—returning to him every day for counsel and assistance—

Granted that privilege, surely your advancement would be faster—*by far*—than that of the man who is compelled to pick up experience hit-or-miss.

Under the LaSalle Problem Method you pursue, to all intents and purposes, that identical plan. You advance by *solving problems*.

Only—instead of having at your command the counsel of a single individual—your Chief—you have back of you the organized experience of the largest business training institution in the world, the authoritative findings of scores of able specialists, the actual procedure of the most successful business houses in America.

Thus—instead of fumbling and blundering and maybe losing a job now and then, you are *coached* in the solving of the very problems you must face in the higher positions. Step by step, you work them out for yourself—until, at the conclusion of your training in a given branch of business, you have at your fingertips the *kind* of experience that men are willing and glad to pay real money for.

## Send for Salary-Doubling Plan

If you are in earnest when you say that you want to get ahead, you will not be content until you put this kind of training to the test—exchange it, just as thousands have done, for a bigger income.

The details of the LaSalle Problem Method—often spoken of as the *salary-doubling plan*—will be sent you for the asking. Whether you adopt the plan or not, the basic information it will place in your hands, without cost, is of very real and definite value. And it's **FREE**.

Balance the two minutes that it takes to fill out the coupon against the rewards of a successful career—then clip and mail the coupon **NOW**.

# LASALLE EXTENSION UNIVERSITY

The World's Largest Business Training Institution

CLIP AND MAIL

## LASALLE EXTENSION UNIVERSITY

Dept. 966-R

Chicago

I shall be glad to have details of your salary-doubling plan, together with complete information regarding the opportunities in the business field I have checked below. Also a copy of "Ten Years' Promotion in One," all without obligation.

- ☐ **Business Management:** Training for Official, Managerial, Sales and Departmental Executive positions.
- ☐ **Modern Salesmanship:** Training for position as Sales Executive, Salesman, Sales Coach or Trainer, Sales Promotion Manager, Manufacturer's Agent, Solicitor, and all positions in retail, wholesale, or specialty selling.
- ☐ **Higher Accountancy:** Training for position as Auditor, Comptroller, Certified Public Accountant, Cost Accountant, etc.
- ☐ **Law:** Training for Bar; LL. B. Degree
- ☐ **Commercial Law:** Reading, Reference and Consultation Service for Business Men.

- ☐ **Traffic Management—Foreign and Domestic:** Training for position as Railroad or Industrial Traffic Manager, Rate Expert, Freight Solicitor, etc.
- ☐ **Railway Station Management:** Training for position of Station Accountant, Cashier and Agent, Division Agent, etc.
- ☐ **Banking and Finance:** Training for executive positions in Banks and Financial Institutions.
- ☐ **Modern Foremanship and Production Methods:** Training for positions in Shop Management, such as that of Superintendent, General Foreman, Foreman, Sub-Foreman, etc.

- ☐ **Industrial Management Efficiency:** Training for positions in Works Management, Production Control, Industrial Engineering, etc.
- ☐ **Personnel and Employment Management:** Training in the position of Personnel Manager, Industrial Relations Manager, Employment Manager, and positions relating to Employee Service.
- ☐ **Modern Business Correspondence and Practice:** Training for position as Sales or Collection Correspondent, Sales Promotion Manager, Mail Sales Manager, Secretary, etc.
- ☐ **Expert Bookkeeping:** Training for position as Head Bookkeeper.

- ☐ **Business English:** Training for Business Correspondents and Copy Writers.
- ☐ **Commercial Spanish:** Training for position as Foreign Correspondent with Spanish-speaking countries.
- ☐ **Effective Speaking:** Training in the art of forceful, effective speech, for Ministers, Salesmen, Fraternal Leaders, Politicians, Clubmen, etc.
- ☐ **C. P. A. Coaching for Advanced Accountants.**



Name..... Present Position..... Address.....



## How many people actually have halitosis (unpleasant breath)?

*Read what dentists  
have to say about this:*

EVERY reader of Listerine advertising knows about halitosis (unpleasant breath), that insidious thing that not even your best friends discuss with you.

Yet there are still a few "doubting Thomas" folks who think halitosis is only a state of mind.

Out of simple curiosity we put this question up to a carefully selected list of dentists—1000 of them—and in a letter asked them the following:

Do you ever use Listerine, in self-defense, in the mouth of a patient troubled with halitosis, unpleasant breath?

Please answer if you use it this way (1) Frequently, (2) Occasionally, or (3) Never.

Four hundred and forty replied as follows:

83% said "Frequently"  
15% said "Occasionally"  
Only 2% said "Never"

Now, what human being meets halitosis at closer range, face to face, than the dentist? And who would be a better judge of this condition—and how to combat it—than the dentist?—Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, U. S. A.

# LISTERINE

*puts you on the safe and polite side—*

*Special  
Note*



Well—it worked!  
For quite a while we challenged people to try Listerine Tooth Paste. Sales now show that when they try it they stick to it!

LARGE TUBE—25 CENTS



*Special  
Note*



NORMA AND CONSTANCE TALMADGE  
*Film Stars*

Photograph by Moxey Studios, New York



MAE MURRAY  
*Film Star*

Photograph by Ruth Harriet Louise, Los Angeles





GERTRUDE OLMSTEAD  
*Film Star*

Photograph by G. Mallard Kossler, B. F., New York



ELISE BARTLETT  
*Dramatic Star*

Photograph by Edward Thayer Monson, New York



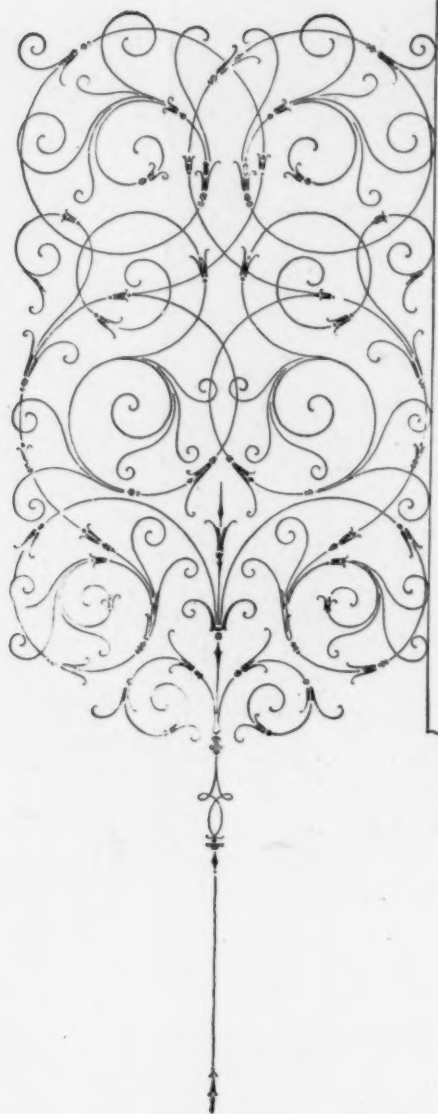
BEATRICE REISS  
in "The Great Temptations"

Photograph by DeLarose Studios, New York





MITZI  
in "Naughty Riquette"  
Photograph by Strom-Peyton, New York



*Fisher prestige* is today expanding more solidly and more rapidly than ever before. The leadership which is indicated by the emblem—Body by Fisher—is finding this year a recognition and a preference among closed car buyers which is far above previous heights

# FISHER BODIES



By  
Angelo  
Patri

# Everyday Things

Decoration by  
Franklin Booth



WHEN life loses color, when there is no appetite for further adventuring, I am in favor of eating a juicy red onion. A body fed overlong on dainties grows stale. Asparagus and artichokes dressed by knowing cooks, served on fine china with dull-gleaming silver, are the poetry of food; but the time comes when a vague memory stirs within the depths. Earth speaks to earth: "Please give me an onion."

Properly to enjoy an onion, it must be eaten raw between slices of home-made bread, and the niceness of our acquired custom requires that we go to the open and secret places to enjoy our vulgar taste. But a gentle comfort steals over us as we make friends once more with our sulking bodies. Even in the isolation of retreat we are not deserted. Friendly and sympathetic birds recognize in us the brotherhood of nature, and they hop close and cheep merrily, picking up the crumbs. The sun grins down in warm appreciation, and the cool breeze sets an edge on blunted appetite.

Dwelling overlong with the æsthetic starves

the healthy body. The tang of earth, the spice and bite of its crudity, are meat and drink to the spirit of labor that must maintain its vitality and vulgarity, its delightful commonness, from which true beauty springs. Bodies are not separated from souls until they pass through the churchyard, and till then they profit by a taste of the simple heartiness of plain talk, delving people, bread and onions.

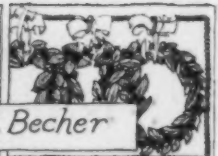
As long as we live, there stirs in us a vague memory of the mother to whom we shall one day return. To her, within her, there is nothing ugly or mean or unclean, so long as it fulfills a hunger of her children. To her, common things are dearest. She holds them closest to her breast.

When we have lived too long with the remote and the austere, when we have stayed too long with our dreams, striven too hard, strained too far, it is no time for further starving in the house of our mother. It is time to turn to her and the simple satisfying things of blithe and hearty living. I would say it was time to go out to the garden and pull up an onion.





# The Singing Heart



By Strickland Gillilan

Decoration by Arthur E. Becher



LET us make this winging world,  
This swinging world—a singing world;  
Let us make a happy world with love possessing all.  
Let's create a laughing world,  
A chaffing world, joy-quaffing world;  
Let it be a world devoid of wormwood and of gall.

Let us make a smiling world,  
A whiling world, beguiling world;  
Let's prepare a pleasant place for human folk to live.  
Let there be a songful world,  
No longful world or wrongful world:  
Not a selfish getting place; instead a place to give!

Let us have a soulful world,  
Cajoleful world—no doleful world;  
Let it be a jocund world from which 'twere grief to part.  
None will reck what song we sing,  
How long we sing, how wrong we sing—  
Any song is music, that bespeaks a singing heart.



*Fragrant  
Creations!*

# L' ORIGAN COTY

*The supreme creation of matchless  
fragrance — Parfum L'Origan  
is internationally favoured by women  
who surround themselves with the  
expression of exquisite elegance, of  
distinguished loveliness. To use  
the one odeur throughout gives a  
subtly repeated accent to the effect  
of individuality —*



ESSENCE  
COMPACTE  
FACE POWDER  
TALCUM POWDER  
EAU DE TOILETTE  
BRILLANTINE  
HAIR LOTION  
SACHET

"ROUGE"  
*A booklet illustrated by  
CHARLES DANA GIBSON  
mailed upon request*

**COTY** INC.  
714 Fifth Avenue, New York.  
CANADA — 55 McGill College Ave., Montreal  
Address "Dept. R. B. 9"

# Beauty— safeguard it

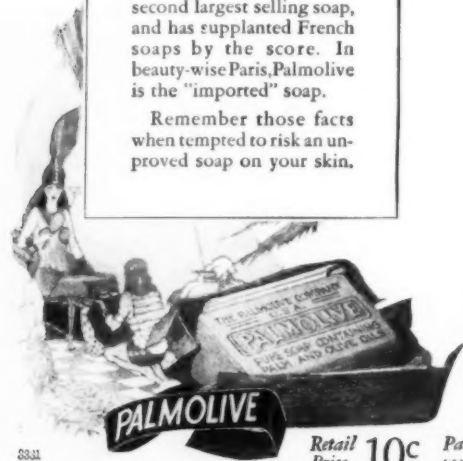


Do as all the world is doing—preserve the natural loveliness, which even sunlight cannot rob of its charm, by following this proved rule in skin care

**P**ALMOLIVE is a beauty soap made solely for *one* purpose; to foster good complexions.

In France, home of cosmetics, Palmolive is the second largest selling soap, and has supplanted French soaps by the score. In beauty-wise Paris, Palmolive is the "imported" soap.

Remember those facts when tempted to risk an unproved soap on your skin.



**A** BEAUTIFUL complexion lost is hard to call back again. A beautiful complexion safeguarded, and made *more* beautiful, is a simple matter in skin care.

Women all over the world have found that to be true. The thousands of pretty skins you see everywhere today overwhelmingly prove the point. Nature's way is the only true complexion insurance.

Start by ending artificial ways in skin care. Follow natural ways as foremost skin authorities urge. The most widely advised skin care of today starts with the *proved rule* below. Just the simple rule of keeping the pores open, and the skin gently cleansed every day, with the soothing lather of Palmolive.

*Follow this rule for one week—  
Note then the changes in your skin*

Wash your face gently with soothing Palmolive Soap, massaging the lather softly into the skin. Rinse thoroughly, first with warm water, then with cold. If your skin is inclined to be dry, apply a touch of good cold cream—that is all. Do this regularly, and particularly in the evening. Use powder and rouge if you wish. But

never leave them on over night. They clog the pores, often enlarge them. Blackheads and disfigurements often follow. They must be washed away.

*Avoid this mistake*

Do not use ordinary soaps in the treatment given above. Do not think any green soap, or one represented as of olive and palm oils, is the same as Palmolive.

And it costs but 10c the cake! So little that millions let it do for their bodies what it does for their faces. Obtain a cake today. Then note what an amazing difference one week makes.

*Soap from trees!*

The only oils in Palmolive Soap are the soothing beauty oils from the olive tree, the African palm, and the coconut palm—and no other fats whatsoever. That is why Palmolive Soap is the natural color that it is—for palm and olive oils, nothing else, give Palmolive its natural green color.

The only secret to Palmolive is its exclusive blend—and that is one of the world's priceless beauty secrets.

THE PALMOLIVE COMPANY (Del. Corp.), CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

Retail  
Price 10c

*Palmolive Soap is untouched by human hands until you break the wrapper—it is never sold unwrapped*



# A COMMON-SENSE EDITORIAL

By BRUCE BARTON

## Quick Starters

AS a gawky kid from the country, I was taken to lunch the first day in New York at a club where publishers, writers and advertising men used to congregate. It was hard to eat because of the excitement of seeing in the flesh the men whose names one had seen so often in the magazines.

At length a handsome, well-tailored man passed us. My host leaned over and whispered in awe-struck tones: "That is So-and-So. He's a twenty-five-thousand-dollar man!"

The intervening years have furnished more than occasional glimpses of So-and-So.

He has always held good jobs, but lately they have not been getting better. The grand career which seemed to lie before him fifteen years ago has somehow failed to develop.

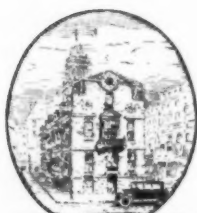
A friend of his offered this explanation:

"So-and-So is a quick starter. He can get up steam faster on a new proposition and deliver more business in the first six months than any other man I have ever known. But by the end of a year he loses interest."

The record of "slow starters" is very

encouraging to us commonplace folks. One of the richest men in the United States told me that he never had made a dollar until he was past forty. Cervantes was nearly sixty when he wrote "Don Quixote;" De Morgan did not become an author until he was nearly seventy. With few exceptions the Presidents of the United States have been well past fifty; and while we are occasionally thrilled by the story of some boy wonder who has climbed to the top of a great corporation, we are likewise often discouraged by reading that one or another of those boy wonders has collapsed.

I think of these things a good deal in connection with my own two kids. I rejoice that they show no signs of exceptional brilliance, but that they seem to be laying up the good sound health that will stand a long pull. And I intend to commend to them the example of old Sam Pepys, who wrote in his diary: "Joyful beyond myself that I cannot express it, to see, that as I do take pains, so God blesses me;" and again: "Busy till night blessing myself mightily to see what a deal of business goes off a man's hands *when he stays at it.*"



No one can really know America without knowing Boston—its traditions, its historic buildings, its fascinating shops and its charming women.

She asked *Boston*, too . . . .  
and salespeople in smart shops said: "There is one  
SURE way to keep fine garments lovely"

SUMMER folk flitting from cottages in Maine often stop in Boston to shop.

Here they find lovely scarves of homespun and cashmere. Here on Boylston and Tremont Streets alone are more blouses than you would find in a day's shopping in another city—for tailored wear is popular in Boston.

Characteristic of New England thrift is the exquisite quality which will wear gracefully through one season into the next. Characteristic, too, is the advice which the salespeople give you about caring for these fine garments—

"For safe cleansing, to keep colors and fabrics fresh—use Ivory Soap," is the recommendation of salespeople in Boston's finest shops, just as it is elsewhere—in New York, Chicago, Philadelphia. This fact was recently discovered by a young woman when she questioned them about the safest way to cleanse hosiery and sweaters and all kinds of feminine wearing apparel.

In many cases, the salespeople had not been instructed to make official recommendations. But in their desire to be of genuine service and to give advice which their own experience and that of their customers had proved to be sound, they recommended Ivory, with absolute confidence. "Ivory," they said, "is as harmless as pure water itself."

"You would do well if you always laundered your sheer hosiery in pure Ivory and lukewarm water," was said in one exclusive specialty shop. "Anything stronger than Ivory is likely to start the color in very sheer hose or any very fine fabrics."

"For fine blouses, use Ivory Soap or Ivory Flakes.



They are equally good—really, the best thing you can use for delicate colors." (Large department store.)

"There is nothing better than Ivory. It is the purest soap you can find and it is safe for fine silks. As a matter of fact, it is the one soap I can use on my face—it never irritates my skin." (Silk department of a large department store.)

#### A conclusive test for a soap for delicate garments

Ask yourself: "Would I use this soap on my face?" For today—when feminine wardrobes are chiefly of silk with here and there a scarf or sweater of fine wool, a frock of soft kasha or flannel—garments need as gentle care as do complexions.

Ivory, of course, is so pure and mild that women have used it for generations for their complexions and doctors recommend it for babies' soft skin. So, in flake form or cake form—it is safe for any fabric or color that can stand the touch of pure water.

PROCTER & GAMBLE

#### FREE—This booklet of tested suggestions

"What is silk? How and when to wash it. How to prevent streaks, 'bubbling', yellowing. How to make silk stockings wear twice as long. How to keep woollens soft and fluffy." A charming booklet, "The Care of Lovely Garments," gives tested suggestions on these and many other subjects. It is free. Send a postcard to Section 28-IF, Dept. of Home Economics, Procter & Gamble, Cincinnati, Ohio.



Cake Flakes  
IVORY SOAP

99 4/100% Pure & IT FLOATS

© 1926, P. & G. Co.

# The RED BOOK Magazine

September 1926 • Volume XLVII • Number 5

KARL EDWIN HARRIMAN, *Editor*

EDGAR Sisson, *Associate Editor*

## A Novel of Ruthless Love

# We Live but Once

By  
Rupert Hughes

Illustrated by Will Foster

Here begins Mr. Hughes' new novel—a love-story of today set in a world of wealth, fashion and intelligence. Valerie Dangerfield is destined to capture the imagination of every reader just as certainly as she captures the interest of the men and women whose paths she crosses in the pages of this captivating story. And Blair's prototype may be found wherever men and women of fashion gather.

THERE was a beautiful noise of laughter at the table back of her. Some man that she could not see went almost into convulsions over something that she could not hear. It was none of your uproarious guffaws, nor a wooden *ha-ha-ha*, nor a miser's *he-he-he*, but a deep-burrowing gurgle, a thorough torment of delight, the very attar of hilarity.

The gay pulsations of it irresistibly tickled the elegant ribs of Miss Valerie Dangerfield and gave reality to the smile she had been sustaining with increasing difficulty. Her chatterbox companion, Lucy Livingston, had been running on and on as merrily as a forgotten faucet, and with as little merriment, until Miss Dangerfield was beginning to crack under the strain.

But just as she was on the point of snapping Lucy's foolish head off, this anonymous laughter redeemed her spirits. Giving Lucy the full benefit of the new vivacity in her attention, she sat and enjoyed a vicarious felicity.

She listened with the comfort she took sometimes from

She trapped in her  
mirror the image of  
the man alt.



Lucy felt it safe to whisper: "A wife, eh? It's a good thing you didn't meet him."

riding her horse breast-deep into the surf on the Santa Barbara beach and watching the frothy foam-bells roll and snicker about her dangling stirrups; or when she found a brook in the woods and laid her cheek on the horse's mane and stared down at the tumbling waters holding high jubilee over nothing at all.

By and by she began to wonder what the man was like who could enjoy anything so heartily. Some other man was with him, murmuring what must be a very funny story, but in the morose tone of those pathetic humorists who purvey laughter and never share it. It would have been easy enough for Valerie to twist round in her chair, pretend to be looking for the waitress, and steal a glance at the stranger. In a better managed world she could have pleaded to be taken in on the joke. But she nursed her curiosity while she beamed on Lucy Livingston. Lucy talked all the time, but she had the virtue of answering her own questions, and cackling at her own denatured wit; so she made few demands upon her listener.

Knowing that the rest of the Dangerfield family had gone up to San Francisco, Lucy had descended on Valerie that afternoon with the expectation of being invited to dinner. Whereupon Valerie, well aware of how hard it would be to get Lucy out of the house once she was ensconced there, had told her a lie about trouble in the kitchen and had dragged her off to the Hotel Samarkand for dinner. Afterward she would allege a headache, drop Lucy at the Livingston mansion and enjoy an evening alone for once.

She had lingered longer than she had planned before she made the declaration of pain, for the charm of the place had softened her impatience and made her perhaps peculiarly susceptible to the appeal of the invisible man who laughed. There was such a spell upon this unusual caravansary that even Lucy had put the soft pedal on her shrill volubility here. A Persian magic might have swept in from the broad gardens a host of flowers and changed them into furniture. Blue chairs were drawn up to orange tables loaded with civilized plants and strange desert blooms; for it was spring in the wastes across the mountains, and even the cactus, the sage and all the sinister paupers of the Mojave sands were permitted a brief while of color.

The guests at the various tables were as free of the notorious despondency of hotel eating-places as of their occasional offensive clatter. They whispered together in a kind of garden hush, while



the waitresses and the Filipino bus-boys moved about with a reverent stealth.

The man who was in the throes of inextinguishable laughter was doing his best to bridle his mirth; but the restraint only emphasized its power. There was something in his tone of the boy let out of school for a short recess. He was telling something, an experience, an observation, a story so ridiculous that he could hardly get on with it. Even his doleful companion was snorting a little.

By now Valerie had learned to like the laughter so well that she must venture a peep at him. She found a way, being of the new school of girls, a school that pretends to have no pretenses, no secrets and none of the ladylike hypocrisies once accounted virtues.

Instead of painting and pretending not to, as women have done since women were, Valerie, like the rest of her generation, used her rouge in public. So now she lifted from her lap what was candidly dubbed a vanity-bag, turned out the little looking-glass sewed into it, held it in front of her nose, and with a tiny cylinder of red lead incarnadined her lips to a perfectly honest, since perfectly impossible, crimson.

But just as she trapped in her mirror the image of the man aft, his hilarity ended in a sigh of exhaustion, and all the upward lines of his face drooped low. The tears left over in his eyes from his laughter added the last touch of tragedy.

He had as sad a face as Valerie had ever looked on. And this, of course, was far more fascinating than any mirthfulness. He was manifestly a gentleman, but a sad one; educated evidently,



but in disappointments, too; immaculate, but clouded with abstruse tragedy.

As Valerie spied upon his soul, wondering, the tragic mask was suddenly whipped away with eagerness, for his fellow-guest spoke again, and he began to laugh once more, whole-heartedly, frantically. Valerie had a suspicion that he was famished for laughter.

She wondered at that thwarted look of his. Here was one who was capable of abandonment to laughter yet whose features had never acquired, or had lost, the habit of it. Why? Who and what oppressed him that such sorrow furrowed his cheeks? She continued to study him as she absently plied the rouge until Lucy Livingston broke in:

"In heaven's name, Val, quit dabbling yourself with that lipstick! What you trying to do—smear your mouth all over your face? But as I was saying: He said to me . . . I said to him . . . he said—I said—we . . . I . . . he . . . I—"

Her voice trailed away unheeded as Valerie put down her vanity-box, and the man oversoulder vanished—but not from the retentive mirror of her memory, nor from her thoughts.

Valerie was the very soul of audacity. If she had any religion, it was an implicit faith in her impulses. At the moment of their birth they were always inspirations revealed by an approving Providence. She had been saved—as yet—from any disasters by the fact that her impulses were curbed by breeding. But once she set her heart on a thing, she went after it by the least devious ways that good manners permitted.

Her salvation or her damnation would depend entirely upon the hazard of what happened to strike her fancy. If it were something noble, she would storm heaven; if ignoble, hell.

Now she was deciding that she wished she knew this man. It would be easy to introduce herself, and he did not look like a Joseph. But neither was she a Mrs. Potiphar. Still, it ought to be possible for a nice woman to meet a nice man nicely.

She was wishing that he might know somebody who knew her, so that— She heard two chairs pushed back. She heard the waitress back of her say with a pleased astonishment: "I thank you very kindly, sir." She heard him say with a wonderful gentleness: "Good night!" The other man mumbled "Night!" and they moved toward the elevator.

SO he was kind to servants, at least—even to a waitress! This amused and amusing man of sorrow and generosity must be really quite a nice man. The elevator door opened and shut, and she felt that it was a guillotine knife chopping off the life of some one who might have meant much to her. Well, good-bye and good-luck to him, whoever he was!

Who could he be? He did not belong in Santa Barbara unless he had lately arrived; for the town was so small and so sharply divided between the opulents and the merchants that a newcomer could not be long unknown in either class.

Probably he was motoring through from San Francisco or Del Monte—to San Diego, perhaps—or vice versa. She hoped he had not run up from Los Angeles, for it was the custom of the other California communities to look down on the people from that too rampant parvenu.

Still, what did it matter who he was, or what, or whence? She tried to rid herself of this shopgirl interest in a handsome stranger. But he had somehow struck an unsuspected chord of interest—a suspended chord that cried for resolution. To lose him thus was as annoying as ending a catchy tune on the next to the last note.

In her excitement she forgot discretion and whispered:

"Lucy, did you notice the man who sat just back of me?"

"The one you were piking off in the mirror so cleverly?"

"Why, yes."

"Well, no, not particularly. Nice eyes, nice nose, pathetic mouth; shows taste in ties, has a good tailor, broad shoulders, graceful table-manners—but I didn't notice him especially. Why?"

"I want to meet him. Go get somebody to present him to you—then you introduce him to me."

"Well, I like that! Pick up your own, my dear, pick up your own!"

"But I can't. Please do the white thing for once and help a fellow out."

"Those gardenias have gone to your head, darling. I'll telegraph your mother to hurry back and lock up her idiot child."

"But something tells me I should like him awfully well."

"Good Lord, another one? Series D, Number Thirteen."

"All right for you! —The bill, please!"

The latter half to the waitress, whom she paid while Lucy fussed and fumbled at her purse. She added a whacking big tip just to show her that a woman could be generous to a woman.

When she and Lucy came out of the elevator into the big lounging room below, Valerie studied the people lolling in chairs or dawdling over the magazines. No man among them resembled her man, and she steered Lucy (whose tongue was wagging so fast that she did not care where she went) out on the wide terraces, flower-fleeced, and studded with tall round-shouldered Persian jars that might have held the forty thieves. The girls drifted arm in arm from terrace to terrace, descending step by step between the long enfolding wings of the building to the drowsy lake.

An almost too appropriate moon was in the star-scattered sky, and if she mused on the earth as she seemed to, she must have wondered at finding this Persian dream here in California.

In pools at various levels, little fish of living enamel, gold-encrusted, silver-plated fish that might have been turned out by cunning goldsmiths, flashed as they promenaded their pellucid cells. And everywhere was a carpet woven of blossoms chanting perfume, and stone vases riotous with petunias of purple velvet exhaling clouds of sweet scent that drugged the air.

About the lake tall flowers leaned above their watery doubles. Against the farther shore two swans with their black beaks curled round beneath their wings slept in reflected snowdrifts. The night was so overbearingly beautiful that it needed the *brek-ek-ek-ex* of the prosaic frogs to make it credible.

VALERIE hesitated whether to turn to the right or the left at the beginning of the circular path, but chose the right because it would keep Lucy from coming between her and the lake. They sauntered for a space of fifty yards or more through a colonnade, a moon-dappled tunnel of roses. On marble benches here and there, dimly visible, people sat and murmured tenderly, or kept a fitting silence as if in a temple where some priest had uttered his "*Favete linguis!*"

Lucy alone disgraced the scene by talking through its repose, or praising it with silly adjectives and mawkish rhapsody till finally Valerie simply had to groan, as she dropped on one of the benches and stared at the sky through pleached roses:

"Lucy, for heaven's sake, shut up! And listen!"

"Listen to what?" Lucy maundered as she sat beside Valerie.

"What is there to listen to—except the frogs? What do you hear?"

"You! Only you, Lucy."

"Oh, I beg your pardon! But—well, what do you want to hear?"

"The silence, if you don't mind! The silence!"

"Oh! Well—of course! I can take a hint! It is beautiful, isn't it, perfectly lovely—divine! A touch of the Orient, you might say. Reminds me a little of Venice, though. Speaking of sudden infatuation for total strangers, I remember one moonlit night on the Grand Canal under the Rialto bridge—there was an Italian—with a mouth like a baby's and eyes like stilettos; and what do you suppose? He—I—we—"

Valerie broke in on the unbelievable climax:

"I wish I were in Venice. I'm about fed up on this place."

"It would be too hot in Italy by the time you got, there. But what's the matter with Santa Barbara?"

"Nothing. That's it. I feel the way Eve must have felt that long, dull afternoon in the Garden of Eden. She'd had nobody but Adam to talk to all her life, and the talking serpent was a novelty—and a gentleman. And he had a new idea. No wonder she did the one interesting thing there was to do. The trouble with Santa Barbara is that it is paradise. And so far as I know, there's not a single apple tree in town."

"Maybe not. But there are plenty of forbidden things to do, if you're looking for thrills."

"But there's no fun in shocking people just for the sake of shocking them. It would be like letting out a yell in this garden, or turning a somersault in church. It would only disturb the peace, and not get you anywhere."

RISEING, they strolled on around the circular path. Emerging from the pergola, they were confronted by the universe. Before them the unlighted valley rolled away to the distant sea, and above them the sky leaped from the mountains to roofless heights so unfathomable that the farthest stars seemed near.

Valerie's restlessness was not so much appeased as shamed out of her by the sudden realization of her midgelike unimportance in this infinite indifference. Space mocked her. And then she heard a low laugh ahead of her, as if man mocked space. Lucy clutched her elbow and whispered:

"That's the snake you're looking for. Shall I tell him so?"

Valerie laughed: "You dare!" But she did not turn back from where he and his companion stood by an alabaster Buddha set at the head of the circle like a precious stone in a gigantic ring.

His cigar was aglow, and the early night wind that carried his laughter along, carried off the smoke in misty wisps. Heedless of the two girls approaching dimly, the other man was saying:

"That reminds me, Blair, of a—oh—ahem! Gorgeous night. Yes sir, it certainly is one grand little night!"

Valerie supposed that the "Oh!" was a check he had set on his ribald tongue at the sight of women. When they had passed, he resumed his story softly. Valerie stopped short at a little distance as if to gaze at the stars and admire the Pleiades while she listened to the bubbling laughter that welled up anew from the depths of—so his name was Blair!

Foolish things flit through brains, and like a whiff of his moonlit cigar-smoke, "Valerie Blair" floated through her thoughts and out. Rather a pretty name! And then in the still air she clearly heard the other man's low murmur:

"That's a story you can tell your wife."

The last word jarred Valerie so that even Lucy felt it in her arm. Valerie was even more stunned to note how the word had abruptly quenched the fervor of the man's laughter. Her keen ear noted the immense little difference between the spontaneous gayety of his first reaction to the story, and his forced effort to keep on laughing as he answered defensively:

"Oh, very likely—very likely!"

Valerie stood stock still until Lucy dragged her along the path to a point where she felt it safe to whisper:

"A wife, eh? He's got a wife. It's a good thing you didn't meet him."

She was hardly so startled as Valerie was by Valerie's grim response: "Oh, I don't know. That might make him more interesting!"

Lucy got all the diabolism implied in this defiance, and stood off to stare at Valerie. Then she stepped close, and peered into Valerie's eyes, put her hand on Valerie's brow and said:

"High fever, my dear—"

Valerie snatched Lucy's hand down with a brusque gesture, then clung to it as she pondered aloud: •

"When a man with a priceless laugh like his, is struck dumb at the mere mention of his wife, it's the duty of somebody—"





He could only lean forward and marvel at the courage of this dauntless woman.

"Duty? Great heavens, Val, where do you get your ideas of duty?"

"Not from the copybooks, anyway."

She moved on, heeding Lucy's croaking no more than that of the other batrachians. She went to her car, whipped it out of the line of cars, drove to the Livingston manor in the hills, ousted Lucy with difficulty, and then swung down the steeps and through the town and south along the ocean to Montecito, in whose dense woods the home of her parents was established.

Her father and mother and her two brothers being away, and the servants in their quarters, she was enabled to wander at will about the house and the balconies and the heavy shadows of the gardens. She was as restless as a prowling cat, as graceful, as dangerous, and as vaguely frantic for somebody to love or to fight, or at least to play with.

She dropped to the ledge of a dim fountain where a little bronze Cupid fondled an arrow and a bow. The gardener had left the water running, and there was a mischievous laughter in the dulcet clamor the ripples made as they gushed along the small green body of the supreme maker of mischief and spilled into the lower pool. Laughter again! It might be his!

It enveloped her as the streaming water enveloped the Cupid. In the moonlight, tremulous through the shaken sieve of the

trees, his flesh seemed to shudder, but with delight. A quiver ran through her own frame. It was better to shiver than to be bronze. . . .

She made a bad night of it. She read at half a dozen books but tossed them all overboard to the floor beside her bed. The authors struggled so hard to give their people reality, and there was that Mr. Blair real without writing. Reading love-stories and intrigues was like studying a guidebook instead of looking at the passing scenery.

Calling herself a fool and vowing that she would forget the man and return to sanity, had no effect whatever. He persisted in her thoughts with the gentle stubbornness of the water in the fountain. She too had forgotten to turn it off, and from her window above the garden she could hear it tinkling and chuckling, chuckling and tinkling. And all the while there was a miserable pathos in its mirth.

The imbecile fascination of it irked her so at last that she flung from her bed, tipped her bare feet into her mules, threw on a wrap as thick and warm as a moonbeam, and ran down through the dark house and out into the chill of midnight, to shut off the water.

She hurried back in an ague of cold, but when she was in her warm bed again, the remembered laughter of the unknown



The music seemed to affect him profoundly, and the mute sorrow of his posture affected her profoundly. . . . She studied the women inside again.

man and the silenced fountain haunted her more than ever, postponing her sleep and then usurping her dreams.

In the morning she congratulated herself that her foolishness was gone. She would motor over to see Lucy and tell her that the whole affair was forgotten. On the way, she remembered a duty-call she owed on a friend of her mother's who was stopping at the Samarkand. The dear old frump was out, and Valerie was much obliged to her. While she was there, she took a turn about the gardens. They were empty—that is to say, there were only a few children and nurses and basking invalids about. No man.

Valerie climbed back into her car as if she had received a bit of bad news, but instead of pushing on to Lucy's, she turned back into the Santa Barbara streets. She might as well pay off another debt at the hotel El Mirasol. She hurried through its tropical gardens into the ravishing interior. There were no strangers in sight. While she had her name telephoned to the woman she was calling on, she idly scanned the register beneath her eyes. The name "Blair" was not inscribed on it. To her dismay, the clerk told her that Mrs. Updyke was in and delighted to see her. Valerie suffered a page to lead her around a path bordered with papyrus and palms and lemon trees to the little bungalow where her friend was established, full of troubles and dying for an audience. It took an hour to break away.

She went to the country club in the hope of finding somebody interesting. But who was interesting nowadays? She glanced at the card-players, the knots about the luncheon-tables. She was

invited to take a hand, to "draw up and cut herself a piece of cake." She declined the prayer of a recent suitor to take a walk with him, or a spin, or a horseback ride.

She wandered along the high spots of the golf-links. She noted that a childhood sweetheart was getting fat and wheezy.

She went to the tennis-courts, where there was a tournament. The game that had almost given her heart-disease now struck her as inane.

She drove out to the polo field. Nobody was at practice. She went home, shifted to breeches and boots, saddled and bridled her horse and galloped off to the beach.

Here she saw a man who had broken her eighteen-year-old heart because he believed her when she said "No" for the third time just to have him make love a little longer. Today he was trying to keep his twins from bashing each other's heads open with tin sand-buckets, while his wife—a rather hummocky woman now—slept under the little tent they had pitched on the beach.

Valerie passed him a vote of thanks for jilting her. There was grave wisdom in the simpleton's remark that "pins have saved many people's lives by not being swallowed." What enormous gratitude we owe to the people we have never met—what calamities they have rescued us from in passing by on the other side! "You'll never get drowned in Lake Champlain so long as you stay on shore." It was really chivalrous of Mr. Blair to vanish so promptly.

Glad to be free from him and everybody else, she urged her



horse along the bridle-trail that wound up through long lanes to the Santa Ynez foothills and on up and up to La Cumbre peak. But the solitude oppressed her, and she turned back from the heights, no wiser, no freer than she went up. She put her horse to the run on the way home, and he was all a-lather when she turned him over to the groom and went to the house. It was suddenly a most enormous and cavernous loneliness. Her father had a famous library, but there was nothing in it to read.

There was a dinner to go to, and a man was coming for her—an ideal man to marry, and more than willing. He offered her a honeymoon in the South Seas, or in Paris, Egypt or Mexico. She had liked him, too, and been tempted to marry him to get rid of herself.

But tonight she wanted to cut his throat.

The dinner should have been a feast of delight. Salisbury Field was there, and Teuila, his wife; and the wittiest things were said in the most natural way. Valerie laughed and drank and smoked—all three too much. But she was not assuaged.

**A**FTER the dinner one of the guests proposed that they all go over to his house for a while. It was a Santa Barbara custom, and they piled into cars and shot off to another home in Montecito. Later they moved on to another house. And so they went from place to place, winding higher and higher into the hills, where the moonswept ocean and the sky-embracing mountains and the heavens athrob with planets were all assembled

in divine majesty to lift up the soul—and then left it where it was. The dawn was setting forest-fires ablaze along the serrated horizon when she set out for home.

She was dead for sleep; yet the moment her head touched the pillow, she wondered why the fountain was silent. When the gardener came at last, she leaned across the sill and asked him to turn the water on.

But its laughter was not the same. The daylight showed up her folly once more for what it was, and when she staggered back to bed, she was yawning so furiously that she seemed to be trying to swallow herself backward.

She fell asleep and woke in time to be late for another dinner. She was also in a friend's bad books for ignoring a luncheon date. She was as tired and sore as if she had been horsewhipped.

But she felt that she had slept off her fever, and was as sane as ever she had been. Which, she told herself, was not saying much.

She joined a motor-raid on San Francisco *via* Del Monte and Burlingame, and returned home with her parents. Perhaps nobody ever forgets anything; for now and then her heart would jolt her as she thought she recognized a certain distant laughter or saw a certain man coming toward her. It was never he nor anybody like him. In fact, she was not quite sure by now just what he looked or sounded like. But he was none the less real for being a ghost.



By and by somebody gathered a party for a descent on Tia Juana before the races closed for the season. Having nothing else to do, Valerie accepted the invitation. The journey was to be made by easy stages, a night in Los Angeles, a night at La Jolla, then the Coronado as headquarters. The talk was all of the horses that were to be bet on, and nobody thought it pitiful that so many wealthy people should go so far to so poor a village to escape from such a paradise as they dwelt in.

When Valerie went to Los Angeles to shop or see an opera or a play, she always had to stop with her Aunt Ada, Mrs. Pashley, who was horribly musical and made a religion of the Philharmonic orchestra in the winter and the Hollywood Bowl concerts in the summer.

Valerie telephoned to ask if Mrs. Pashley could put her up for a night, and was not only welcomed but promised a treat.

"Oh, my dear, how lucky! Spirovitch—the great Russian pianist, you know—is just back from Java—and round the world—and Felix Raleigh—the great English 'cellist, you know—well, he's in town, and they're giving an evening of 'cello and piano sonatas—oh, such a treat—so rare a treat! How lucky you can be here tonight!"

"Thanks, dear—I'll just go on to the Ambassador for the night," said Valerie, who had a dread of musical evenings.

"Good heavens, darling, it's an experience of a lifetime! Of course, you don't have to go. But I won't let you stop at the hotel. You simply must come to me."

So Valerie consented. While Aunt Ada listened to 'cello sonatas, she could dance at the Ambassador to Abe Lyman's saxophony.

The next day the company assembled, breakfasted at noon, and then sped south at a mile a minute, except when the sight of a motorcyclist filled them with temporary reverence for the law.

MILES and miles of travel—and at last Hollywood, whose serenity and domestic beauty are always a dreadful disappointment to the tourist, hopeful of being horrified by the peculiar fable of its impossible viciousness. A drive past countless little homes and moving-picture factories brought them to Wilshire Boulevard, where Valerie's car turned in through the columned gates of Fremont Park, and deposited her at Mrs. Pashley's palm-embowered ranch-house disguised as a palace.

Valerie bade her friends good-by and promised to join them at the dance in the Cocoanut Grove. She made so many promises that she never kept!

After a bath and a siesta in the great high-walled patio, and dinner, she fought a losing battle against going to the musicale. Her aunt would never be denied where she was concerned with somebody's spiritual welfare.

She was as tyrannical in saving souls by art as other missionaries are in enforcing religions. Valerie dared not mention her plans to dance. Mrs. Pashley accounted jazz the slums of music. She would not listen to Valerie's lies about her extreme fatigue, the doctor's orders that she must have more sleep. Even a splitting headache failed to serve its purpose. And so Valerie was dragged along—haled, as it were, by the hair of her head, into the presence of the man she had given up with more regret than she had realized.

## Chapter Two

THEY were driven deep into Hollywood and along a lengthy avenue that wound its way at last up a twisted road in the hills. The car came to rest at an angle of thirty degrees under an ancient pepper tree that seemed to be draped with a thousand silken Spanish shawls.

They climbed out with difficulty and faced a flight of ragged steps through dense shrubbery. This led them to a kitchen and a sidelong walk to the other side of the house. Then more steps confronted them.

Mrs. Pashley was fat and scant of breath, and she clung to Valerie's arm for support while she waited for her heart to come down from *presto* to *andante*. Valerie felt angry and put upon, and in for a dreary evening. She had been brought along for lack of other escort, and to help her aunt in her mountaineering.

"Where's your alpenstock?" she demanded.

"Shh!"

From overhead music descended upon them, the thunder and the bell-like carillon of a piano, and the skidding tones of a 'cello on a mood of whooping gayety.

"It's César Franck, I think," Aunt Ada panted.

"Which one, the pianist or the 'cellist?" Valerie whispered heedlessly, not that she cared, but to show an interest.

"The composer, I mean. It's a César Franck composition they're playing."

"Oh, of course. A Belgian—wasn't he?" said Valerie hastily, to show that she was not quite so ignorant as she really was.

"Yes. He was a Belgian. And that's a scherzo, I think."

The skittish 'cello raced the cascading piano to the finish, and there was a racket of applause in the clouds. Mrs. Pashley resumed the ascension with every promise of apoplexy.

On their left was the house, a lawless Spanish hill-climbing structure concealed by the gloom. On their right was the ragged horizon only a few yards away, with cactuses in silhouette against a moon-wan sky broken with a distant cross of electric fire.

"That's over the cañon, where the Passion Play is being played," puffed Aunt Ada.

The switchback stairway turned the corner and climbed back again. And now Valerie saw a piazza filled with men and women dimly illumined by the light from the music-room.

There was a low jumble of conversation against the sound of the 'cello being tuned anew for its next onset.

VALERIE braced herself to heave Mrs. Pashley up the last flight, when she was staggered by a peal of laughter. His laughter—unmuffled, unrestrained!

She stopped so short that Mrs. Pashley almost went backward to disaster. Valerie managed to uphold her and began to boost her onward and upward with all her might.

As the full red moon of Mrs. Pashley's face dawned above the horizon of the piazza, a man leaped up from a crowded swinging-bed, throttled his laughter and hurried to her assistance.

It was the man, quick with gallantry even to a fat old woman. And he had tipped that obsolete waitress handsomely, too!

"Why, it's Mrs. Pashley," he cried. "Come right up to heaven and take my throne."

Mrs. Pashley faltered:

"It may be heaven, Mr. Fleming, but it's a hell of a climb!"

Valerie blushed for her aunt's mistake in the nice man's name, but dared not correct her. Besides, he was whirling with laughter at Mrs. Pashley's profanity. Rough language was so unexpected from her that people always laughed at her when distress or anger drove her to blasphemy. The laughing Samaritan took her by the arm with a power that fairly lifted her out of Valerie's clutch.

"Awfully sweet of you, Mr. Fleming," Aunt Ada gasped. "You're taking a great weight off my niece—just down from Santa Barbara—Miss Dangerfield. Valerie, this charming person is Mr. Fleming. Let him help you too."

"If you'll wait there, Miss Dangerfield, I'll come back and get you as soon as I've landed Mrs. Pashley."

"I'm in the way, I see. I'm always in the way," Aunt Ada groaned as she made the ascent.

Valerie had not spoken. She climbed on, angry at breathing so hard and wondering why her aunt kept calling Mr. Blair, Mr. Fleming.

The group on the piazza was turned into a crowd by the arrival of Mrs. Pashley, who sank into the strait space lately occupied by the narrow-hipped Mr. Fleming, and almost smothered the women on either side of her.

Some man rose and invited Valerie to take his place while he stood up with Mr. Blair, but she preferred to drop down on the top step and lean against a post. She was so strangely agitated that her knees were weak.

Mrs. Pashley's first remark was curiously pat to Valerie's curiosity:

"Is your wife with you, Mr. Fleming?"

"Er—yes. She's inside there somewhere."

Glancing at him quickly, Valerie noted again that instant dampening of his spirits at the mention of his wife. He tried to be cheerful about it. But the candles in his eyes were snuffed out. Valerie was somehow glad of it, especially when he asked if he might sit beside her on the step. Before he could speak, the pianist within struck a few premonitory chords and silenced the babel. The next moment the sonata commenced. It was very sad, winsome, tender as only music can be, full of woeful yearning that the 'cello alone can voice.

Valerie was glad she had been compelled to come. The music petrified the guests and she amused herself trying to decide which was Mrs. Blair, the candle-snuffer.

From where she sat, she could see only half of the music-room, but women of every character were (Continued on page 108)

# THE Stooping Men

By

Illustrated by  
Charles Sarka

Charles G.D.  
Roberts

TO Gort, sitting in the shade of the mango tree which grew beside his cave door, came a young man running heavily, and fell crouching before him in an attitude of desperate supplication. Gort rested his great hands judicially on his knees, and eyed the newcomer with cold suspicion.

"Surely it is Arn I see before me," he said in a voice like steel, "Arn, the friend of Mai-wân, the traitor. And where is Mai-wân, then?"

"Water!" panted the fugitive hoarsely.

Gort shot a curt command over his shoulder, and an old woman hobbled from the cave, carrying a small skin bowl of water. The fugitive drank greedily, then straightened up and sat back upon his heels.

"Let Gort protect me, save me from the vengeance of Kran; for I have many interesting things to tell."

To Gort, ever avid of knowledge, this was the one irresistible appeal. The fellow's life was forfeit; but living, he might be useful, while dead he would be but carrion.

"Speak truth, and I will ask the Chief to spare you. Where is Mai-wân?"

"Dead," replied the fugitive.

"And the other traitors who went with him?" continued Gort.

The young man drew a shuddering hand across his throat.

"They are all dead," he answered. "Dead—and—and roasted in the cooking fires, and eaten, and their bones split for the marrow. I only have escaped—and have fled to you, because you alone are wise, and think before you act. Had I come in by the other way and gone to Kran he would have killed me first, and taken thought afterwards of what he wanted to know."

Gort's eyes had opened very wide. These men of whom Arn spoke were traitors all, and it was well that they were dead. But they were men of the Tribe. They had been roasted and eaten. That was a horror unheard of, an indignity not to be borne.

"And the foolish women who went away with you?" he demanded.

Arn answered with a snarl of rage: "They are in the caves of the Stooping Men, save the fortunate ones who fell in the fight."

Gort's face reddened, and he rose slowly to his feet. For some moments he was silent, controlling his fury. At last he spoke, very quietly.

"It was well you came to me," said he, "or we would never have known of this dishonor put upon the Tribe. Come into the cave. I will explain to the wise Säg, my father, and he will dress

*OUT of the mists that enshroud mankind's beginning, Charles G. D. Roberts, in this story, employing all his splendid scholarship, has evoked a picture of what life meant to our cave-dwelling ancestors. The present tale is a continuance of those others in which he recounted the taming of the first dog, and of the first horse.*

your wounds with healing herbs, that you may quickly recover your strength to lead us to the Stooping Men. When you are rested and refreshed with food, you shall tell us the whole story. Meanwhile I go to the Chief. I will claim you as my captive. You shall have the chance to wipe out your treason and perhaps win back your place in the Tribe."

"It was because I knew Gort was wise, and would hear me, that I came to him," said the young man. "I seek nothing for myself. I seek vengeance

upon the Stooping Men. My woman is in the cave of their chief. She tried to kill him, but her knife only went through his arm. He laughed, and threw her down, and bound her hand and foot, and carried her into the cave. I saw her set her teeth into his shoulder and her long bright hair fell about him. Let me kill him, Gort, and I am your slave for always."

It was some eight months before the opening of this story that the plottings and jealousies of Mai-wân, a crafty subchief and supposed wizard, had come to a head. Finding it impossible, with all his craft and his mystery-mongering, to gain any influence over the straightforward and masterful Chief Kran the lion-hunter, and seeing his prestige fade swiftly in the face of Gort's achievements, he had schemed with patient cunning to disrupt the Tribe and at the same time aggrandize himself. To this end he had managed, by promises and cajoleries and clever tricks of magic, to secure the adherence of a circle of lawless and ambitious spirits who were tired of mere prosperity and who saw no chance of advancement for themselves while the alliance of Kran and Gort held sway.

When Gort had conquered the horse and taught the Tribe to subdue and breed and train and ride that swift and savage animal, Mai-wân perceived a mighty instrument given to his hand. Having an alert intelligence which stored up and coordinated all rumors which came his way, he knew there were fertile regions far to the north and west, occupied, as he had reason to believe, by a race of men much inferior to his own in advancement and in the arts of war. To his hot-head followers he held out the prospect of making friends with these people and establishing an ascendancy over them by superior intelligence and by teaching them to live in greater comfort than they had known. Arriving among them, as he planned, on horseback, those simple people would take them for gods, and serve them, and reverence them, and give them the pick of their women.

The picture had proved sufficiently alluring to the malcontents, athirst for wanderings and adventure. But Mai-wân judged it

prudent to say nothing of his ultimate purpose, which was to teach the savages the use of bow and spear, perhaps even the handling of horses, and then lead back the hordes of them to overwhelm the followers of Kran and Gort, and seize for himself the lordship of the pleasant Land of the Caves. Moreover, with young Borg, Gort's friend, out of the way, he would be able to seize the girl Ee-la, whom he had so long desired.

Mai-wân had taken so lively and efficient an interest in Gort's new art of horse-taming that, at Gort's own suggestion, he had been put in charge of the system of sentries who kept watch over the stockaded paddocks by night to protect them from the lions and leopards. Thus he was able, when the night of the secession came, to have his own men on guard at all the paddocks. The only exception was the remote stockade, at the extreme north end of the line of limestone cliff, where Borg kept his young stallion and Gort kept his untamable old wild mare and her foal. This stockade, midway between Gort's big cave and the small abode of Borg and Ee-la, was always guarded by Borg or Gort himself, or by one or another of Borg's close comrades. As for Gort's special favorite, the young mare Windrush, she was as much a member of his family as the dog Fanna, and was always stabled at night within the cave, near Gort's couch.

It was on a night loud with wind, in the darkness before a late moonrise, when the fires had burned low before the mouths of the caves, that Mai-wân noiselessly led away his band of deserters, numbering nearly a third of the young men of the Tribe. They took all the horses with them, except the three belonging to Gort and Borg. At the final moment, delayed to the last to guard against betrayal, about a score of young women, who had no children to encumber them, were persuaded to flee with the deserters.

Long before moonrise the band had stolen away, soundless as the cloud-wrack sweeping across the dim sky. They followed the river westward for several miles till the cliffs were passed, then fled to the north, along the grassy plain that skirted the forest, as fast as their heavy-laden horses could carry them.

With the first pale rose and misty pearl of dawn upon the cliff-face, the Chief's big council-drum throbbed furiously. Depleted at a stroke of a third of its strength, robbed of its precious horses, tricked, defied and flouted with an insolence unheard of in all its history, the remainder of the Tribe was beside itself with grief and rage.

Young Borg, stuttering with wrath, would have it that he and Gort, the only warriors left with mounts, should start alone in instant pursuit. The Chief himself, for a time, saw red, and declared that all the Tribe, saving only the women, the old men and the children, should follow the trail of the traitors though it should occupy six moons to overtake them, and should utterly blot them out. Reason and prudence were all forgotten. Then, at last, spoke Gort, standing grim-faced and sternly self-controlled, beside the Chief's lion-skin seat. His words, slow and quiet and penetrating, stayed the madness.

"Treachery," he said, "has dealt us a deadly blow. Shall we, then, complete the work of the traitors by destroying the Tribe? It is what Mai-wân would wish. It is what, doubtless, he thinks we will do, not stopping in our first heat, to count the cost. But consider: They have the horses. We can journey but slowly. We can never overtake them till such time and place as they may choose, when they, refreshed and in ambush, will fall upon us, weary and surprised. Then, if we should overcome and destroy them it could only be at the price of as many lives as theirs, at best, for they are all fighting men, and cunningly led. There would be at most but a poor remnant of us to return here to the Caves.

"Meanwhile a handful of traitors, on our horses, would have been



here, sweeping around swiftly. They would have put the old men and children to the knife, and carried off the women. And the Tribe would be no more. Not so, I think, O Kran, and you, O my brothers, would counsel us our great father Grôm, who taught us our wisdom and gave us the gift of fire and delivered us from so many perils!

"Rather, I would say, let our vengeance wait. Let us recover our strength, that the vengeance may fit the measure of our wrongs. Let us not, in our blindness, play into the hands of Mai-wân. I have spoken."

A murmur of assent, reluctant but convinced, rippled through the ranks of the council. There was none who could rebut Gort's argument.

"So be it," said the Chief. "Fools pluck at the fruit before it is ripe. We will bide our time and get us new horses."

THE story which Arn told to Gort and old Säg, beside the night-fire in the mouth of the cave, was brief but terrible. The deserters had at first fled fast and far, till they had found a position where they could lie in ambush. Then they had sent swift scouts back along their trail to learn if they were pursued; and even as Gort had foreseen, Mai-wân had declared his purpose of raiding the caves if they were left defenseless. Finding there was no pursuit, the band had moved on northward by easy stages, halting frequently to hunt. It was not till after a month's leisurely journeying that they met with any signs of the barbarous race which they were seeking. They came upon the remains of recent camp-fires, with piles of bones and refuse, evidently abandoned at their approach.

As the band of deserters journeyed further on, these traces of encampments became more frequent and larger. Mai-wân was annoyed at the elusiveness of the barbarians. He wanted to come in touch with them, and impress them, and win their confidence. He was impatient to get on with his great design. Once two of his followers, scouting far ahead, sighted a party of five of the barbarians, grouped about the carcass of an elk which they were skinning and cutting up, and crept near enough, through the underbrush, to observe them accurately. They appeared to be





"Treachery," he said, "has dealt us a deadly blow. Shall we complete the work of the traitors?"

game was abundant and a ridge of rocks with an open meadow below, watered by a clear-running stream that swarmed with fish, reminded them of the home they had forsaken. Mai-wân decided to curb his impatience and consolidate his power. There were no caves in the ridge, but a number of huts, of poles lashed together at the top and covered with sheets of bark, were built along its foot; and here the band rested contentedly enough for nigh upon four months. Strong guard was kept about the huts and the tethered horses. But in all that time nothing was seen or heard of the Stooping Men.

Then the grumbling began again, for inaction bred restlessness. There were quarrels. There were not enough women, only eighteen, among more than two score turbulent and lawless men. Mai-wân waited judiciously, then once more led his band northward on the quest of lively adventure.

After a week's leisurely marching adventure began. Once

strange, shaggy, grayish men, of low stature but massive in build, with long arms and immense bowed shoulders, and heads set so far forward that they seemed to be always looking toward the group.

Their heads were large, and low in the crown, with sloping foreheads and a great projecting ridge over the eyes; and their mouths were huge and projecting, like an ape's. Besides their flint knives they carried clubs and short spears. They moved with such a crouch that the scouts at once dubbed them the Stooping Men.

But they certainly looked exceedingly formidable. And the scouts crept back with the most prudent stealth to make their report to Mai-wân.

Though the report was not altogether reassuring, Mai-wân was not disturbed. Such men would make good fighters, and he had no doubt of his ability to win them over. But his followers were by this time beginning to grumble. They were tired of the ceaseless traveling. They had come to a pleasant region, where

more the abandoned camp-fires of the gray Stooping Men grew frequent. Then two of the advance scouts—Mai-wân sent them out in pairs—failed to return. Their disappearance was complete and sinister. But its only effect was to make the adventurous band press forward the more swiftly, though more warily.

The band traveled, of course, on horseback, in a long column with the women in the center, and scouts on foot flung out to the front and on either side of the march. Mai-wân rode at the head of the column.

At length came a day when the march led through a narrow, grassy defile, between walls of dense green jungle. The jungle reeked with heavy scents under the blazing afternoon sun. The column moved drowsily. The heads of horses and riders alike drooped in the lazy warmth. Suddenly something strange in the jungle reek caught and offended Mai-wân's supersensitive nostrils. He threw up his head and sniffed suspiciously.

Far back at the rear of the column arose a startling tumult, hoarse, throaty yells, shouts of warning, shrill cries of rage and

anguish. The whole column shuddered, and crowded up. Savagely Mai-wân wheeled his horse to gallop back and direct the unexpected struggle. But in that instant the death-scream of one of his scouts pierced the jungle. The defile in front, the dense green wall of foliage on each side, swarmed suddenly with long-armed, stooping, grisly shapes.

There was no space for the advantage of arrows and thrown javelins. (Arn's eyes flamed in the firelight as he told of that battle.) The horses themselves fought, with savaging long white teeth and slashing hoofs, screaming in their excitement. Mai-wân, swift and agile as a snake, stabbing downward with his javelin in one hand and his long flint blade in the other, spread death about him, till his horse came down, speared, and Arn fighting close behind saw a great stone club crash down upon his leader's skull. The young women, too, fought like she-wolves, shrieking their hate at the beastlike stooping men. Then Arn himself, blinded with blood from a knife-stroke across the forehead, but still stabbing blindly, was dragged from his horse. Struck on the head by a lashing hoof as he fell, he knew nothing more of the battle.

ARN was restored to consciousness by being dropped heavily on the ground. He realized he was a prisoner, bound hand and foot. Rolling on his side so that he could see, he perceived half a dozen of his comrades in like case with himself, lying or sitting, securely bound, beside him. Close by huddled four of the women, their arms tied to their sides, their legs lightly hobbled so they could stand up but could not run away. All but four had succeeded in getting themselves killed on the battlefield. Arn ground his teeth impotently as he realized that his own woman was there in the group, her head held high, her long bright hair and her strong brown arms smeared with blood, her eyes venomous with loathing as she stared at her hump-shouldered captors. Near by, securely tethered, and knotted each to the other with thongs of hide, stood some half-score weary horses, survivors of the fight.

Some way to one side, laid out reverently in the shade of a clump of trees, were the bodies of the Stooping Men who had been slain—and Arn noted with satisfaction that these were very many in number. At the other side of the bunch of horses lay the bodies of his comrades, thrown in a careless heap. He wondered, at the moment, why the Stooping Men had troubled to bring them in (but on this point he was soon to be enlightened—hideously). Cooking-fires smoldered along the bank of a small river. Rude huts, little more than shelters from the winds, were dotted about irregularly. And everywhere slouched the heavy, grizzled, apelike forms of the victorious Stooping Men, their little eyes fiercely agleam beneath the overhang of that massive and portentous brow-ridge.

That night water was brought to the prisoners, in bowls of hide; and some lumps of scorched flesh, from their own horses, were thrown to them contemptuously. The captive women were treated with consideration, being evidently regarded as choice booty, and were bestowed in a hut adjoining a large one that seemed to belong to the Chief. The tethered horses were led down to water, and fed with armfuls of grass. Then the grizzled hordes gave themselves to mourning their dead, whose bodies, at sunrise, were carried off with ceremony, and deposited in a cave whose mouth yawned in the hillside behind the camp. But the following day was devoted to preparations for a great feast, an orgy to celebrate the defeat of the invaders. Then came the horror which froze the blood of Arn and his comrades in their veins. They saw the body of Mai-wân, first, then those of the other slain Cave Men, being deftly cut up and prepared for the cooking-fires. And they realized the fate for which their own lives had been spared.

ON the following day the tall, fair captive women—superb in their contrast to the squat, repulsive females of the horde—were apportioned out to the leading warriors, the chief appropriating the one who had been Arn's mate.

"During the next moon," Arn continued, "there was more great feasting. Food seemed to be abundant. Two or three of the horses were killed and eaten; and from time to time one of my companions would be knocked on the head, like an animal, and dragged off to the cooking-fires of the gray chief and his friends. I, being thin from my wounds and in a fever with hate and fear, was left to the last."

"And how did you escape?" asked Gort.

"A woman," answered Arn dully. "She was one who always brought us food and drink. From the first she had always looked kindly upon me. Conceiving, at last, a hope in that, I had

looked gratefully and very kindly upon her. She was young—taller and straighter and not altogether so uncomely as the rest—and she seemed very angry about something. Perhaps she was one of the chief's wives. At last, one night when it was very dark and hardly a glimmer of the fires remained, and some small wind made confused noises in the trees, she came to me softly and laid a hand upon my mouth for silence. She cut my bonds, and rubbed my arms and legs till I could move freely. She put a knife and one of our spears in my hands. She led me out of the camp. I was free.

"In the whispering darkness I felt with my hands and found she was armed with a knife and a light club, and carried food—strips of dried meat hung from her girdle; and I realized that she intended fleeing with me. Then I was afraid; for I knew that she could not run as fast as I could, and we would surely be overtaken. But what could I do? She had been kind to me. She would be killed if she went back. All night we traveled, very fast, for she knew the trails; and to my joy, I found she could run almost as swiftly as I. I realized that none of those heavy, short-legged Stooping Men could run like her, but only, perhaps, some striplings of the race. My hopes rose. At dawn we caught the faint thunder of the alarm-drum, very far off. She laughed, and we ran on. I saw that she was leading me *not* straight south by the way we had come, the way our pursuers would expect me to flee, but far to the eastward of that path. She led me over rocky places where our steps left no trace; for an hour she led me down the bed of a shallow brook; and we left the brook by swinging up into the trees and making our way for a time through the branches. It would take long for the cleverest hunters to follow our trail. The woman was very cunning and wise. I was amazed.

"In the heat of the day we rested and fed, in a secret place where none could come upon us unawares. The woman gazed upon me, Gort, with that in her eyes which is in the eyes of your dog Fanna when she looks up at you, her master. I began to forget the woman's hideous and hateful race. She no longer looked so uncomely to me. A great kindness for her sprang up in my heart. I took her in my arms.

"SHE could travel, that girl," continued Arn, "—she could tire me out—but I was not strong, and my wounds troubled me. I don't know what her name was—it sounded all clicks, and I could not understand it. Her language did not seem language at all, except when she said 'Arn,' which she did often. And I liked her. We traveled so fast we knew her people could never overtake us. We turned south, to work our way back here.

"Maybe we grew careless, feeling so safe. We forgot there were others of the Stooping Men, not living with the tribe—lonely hunters, maybe. One late afternoon we had made a fire, and I was cutting up a young wild pig which I had speared, while she sat by me. Suddenly, with a scream, she sprang to her feet and jumped in front of me. In the same instant a great stone-headed club, hurled from a thicket a dozen paces away, struck her full in the chest, and she fell backward, over me. Once more she had saved me.

"Two of the hideous grizzled men, grunting like pigs, burst from the thicket and rushed at me. I threw my spear, and the leading one went down and lay yelling, with the spear through his body. The other brute, startled at the fall of his comrade, hesitated. I snatched up the woman's little club, which lay close beside me, and darted at him. He turned and fled, jabbering with terror. I was upon him in a dozen strides. I dropped the club, and drove my knife into the back of his neck, between the hateful great humped shoulders. He crashed forward on his face. I turned back to the fire and picked up the woman.

"She was dead. I was very sorrowful. I laid her at the foot of a great rock, with her knife (it was a beautiful knife) and her little club beside her, and what was left of our store of dried meat, for I knew not how long might be her journey to the land of the spirits. But I begged her spirit first to fare on with me and guard me as she had done in life, on the lonely way I had to travel before I should come again to my own Tribe.

"I covered the body with many green branches, and built over it a great pile of heavy stones that she might be safe from the claws of the hyenas. And I think her spirit must have given ear to my request; for hither through many perils have I come at last, and Gort has taken me in and sheltered me from the just anger of the Chief."

"It is well," said Gort, heaving a deep breath, for he had seen it all in the eyes of his imagination. "Mai-wân, and the fools whom he misled, have met with their reward, and the treachery

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"What my father wills, that would be my wish also," she said. The Chief laughed dryly.

to the Tribe is avenged. But it is not to be borne that such monsters as these Stooping Men, eaters of human flesh, should survive upon the earth. And there are those women of our race to be snatched from their defilement. While they remain in the hands of those monsters, we are all dishonored. Tomorrow, Arn, you shall tell your story again, to the Chief in council."

"But," put in old Säg shrewdly, "it would be well if Arn should say but little of the woman who fled with him."

Gort smiled, and then his face grew grave and troubled; and Arn gazed at him.

"My father is very wise, always," said he at length. "Life is often very difficult. Often there are two rights, at enmity with each other. Arn had a great kindness for that woman, who loved him and gave her life for him. He gave her what he could in return. And Arn was right. For that he stands the higher in my esteem. But the Tribe would fiercely resent that kindness for the woman. And the Tribe, too, would be right. For at any cost our blood must be kept clean from mingling with the blood of that low and bestial race. It is clear to me that this is another law.

It will conflict with the law of gratitude and loyalty under which Arn acted toward the woman. Which is the more binding law—that is a question too hard for me. But plainly it was the will of the gods that the woman should die. I think it is also the will of the gods that you should not tell the Tribe that you let her flee with you."

"I understand," replied Arn, though the problem seemed to perplex his mind. "After all, she *might* have stolen back to her hut undiscovered, and never have been suspected of having set me free. And I *might* have made good my escape without her guidance and devotion. But then again I might not—and then, what little chance would have remained that our women should be rescued from their defilement and the abomination of the Stooping Men blotted out? Truly, it is all too hard for me. I must tell the Chief I would not let her flee with me because she was abhorrent to me. And I will ask her kindly spirit not to hold the lie against me, for I see it is a necessary one."

"The young man has learned much wisdom," muttered old Säg, "since the days when he followed Mai-wân."



"I think," said Gort, rising to turn in to his couch of furs, "that tomorrow he will be reinstated in the Tribe, and will be of great help in our plans. The planning will be difficult, and will require long patience; for it is a heavy task that is laid upon us, if the race of the Stooping Men is to be blotted from the earth."

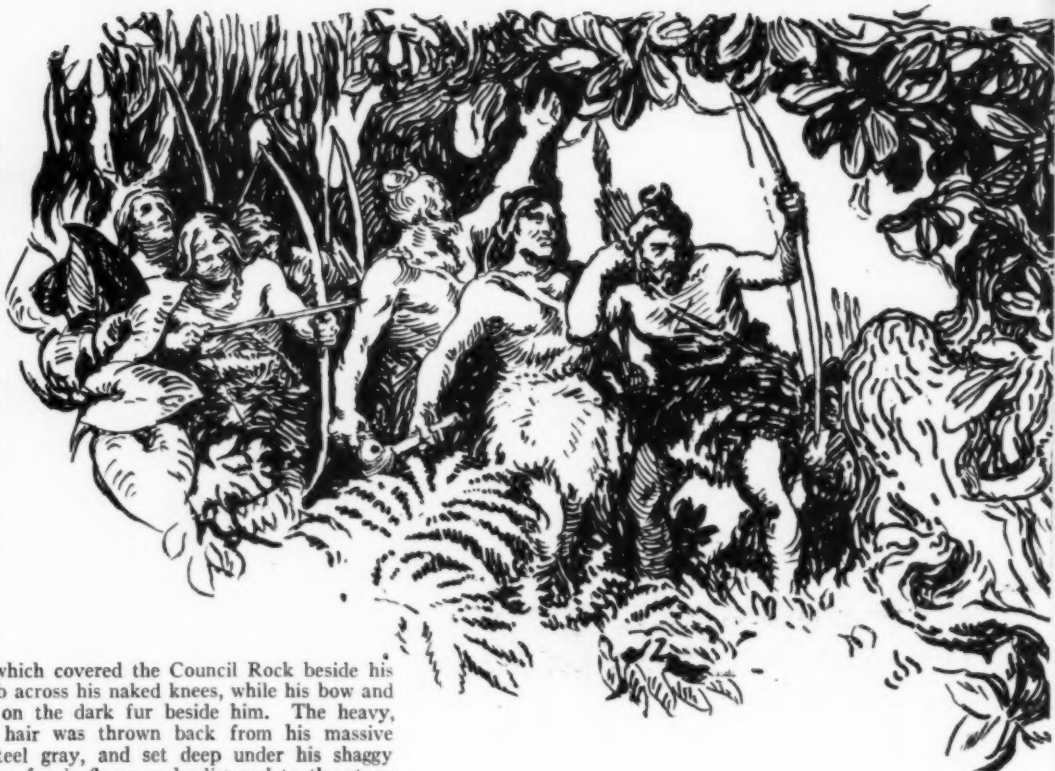
THE men of the Tribe were in council, squatting, rank behind rank, in a wide semicircle, all facing Kran, the Chief. Kran the lion killer, seated on a great black lion skin which covered the Council Rock beside his cave door, held his club across his naked knees, while his bow and his long spear rested on the dark fur beside him. The heavy, grizzled mane of his hair was thrown back from his massive head, and his eyes, steel gray, and set deep under his shaggy brows, were like points of pale flame as he listened to the story of the young man, Arn, standing weaponless before him.

Facing the silence of the Tribe, ominous and menacing, Arn at first spoke stammeringly. His story having been already accepted by the Chief, and by Gort, the wise counselor and revered hero of the Tribe, he was assured of their protection. But the grim hostility which confronted him was sufficiently daunting. He hurried over, as quickly as possible, the details of the flight of the traitor Mai-wân and that little band of young men and women, Mai-wân's misguided followers. But when he came to their meeting with the grizzled Stooping Men, when he told of the dreadful ambush in the defile of the green jungle, then in his bitter rage he forgot his audience. His voice rang clear and penetrating. These were warriors of his own blood, his own kin, to whom he spoke. His fiery words turned their anger from him to his enemies. They seemed to see that little desperate band, traitors, but of their own fine breed, fighting madly to the death against the overwhelming hordes of the loathsome foe; and their mood changed. At the picture of Mai-wân, swift and deadly as a snake, bending over his horse's neck and striking to both sides at once with spear and knife till the dead lay piled about him, they gasped deep breaths in sympathy. They forgot that Mai-wân was a traitor, a murderer and a trickster. They only remembered that he was one of themselves, and had proved himself a hero. When he fell, dragged down with his horse, and his head was beaten in by the clubs of the horde, they growled with vengeful wrath.

Sure now of his hearers, Arn paused in his story further to inflame them by description of the Stooping Men. Then he went on to tell of what took place at the huts, after he had recovered consciousness to find himself a prisoner. At the picture of the four young women who had survived the massacre being apportioned out, bound and helpless, as mates to the chiefs of the beast-men, a wave of fury swayed the listening ranks. But when they heard of their slain kinsmen dismembered and cut up for the cooking-fires, and of the hideous feasting upon human flesh, they stiffened with horror, their hands clenched upon their weapons, and a low groan arose from the whole council. It was followed by a deadly silence.

The rest of his story the young man dismissed in few words. He had made his point—he had aroused the thirst for vengeance. Having spoken, he moved away out of the council and sat down apart, as one having no right to a place in the Tribe.

With keen, sagacious eyes the Chief studied the faces of the squatting warriors. His own mind had been made up beforehand, in consultation with Gort; but if his followers, after hearing Arn's story, had come to the same mind as himself, he was willing that the initiative should come from them. Gort, too, kept silence. An uneasy stir passed over the council, as a wandering wind



lightly moves the grass-tops. All were waiting for a lead. At last a grizzled warrior stood up, resting both hands on the end of his club.

"O Chief," said he, "Mai-wân paid for his crime. They all whom he led astray have paid for their folly. The young man Arn has come back to us, has given himself to us, asking only vengeance upon the Stooping Men for the dishonor they have put upon our blood. I say, let him be received back into the Tribe, that he may guide us, and that quickly, to our vengeance."

He sat down abruptly. A murmur of assent passed over the ranks. A younger man sprang up. He shook his long spear.

"Lead us, Chief," he cried savagely, "against those beasts who have defiled our women and feasted on the flesh of our kinsmen. Shall we rest under such dishonor?"

The Tribe roared approval.

"So be it," said Kran. "Let Arn take his place once more in the council." He looked at Gort. Whereupon Gort rose, stepped over to where Arn sat alone, took him by the hand, and led him into the ranks of the warriors, where he squatted himself diffidently with a look of immeasurable relief upon his scarred countenance. He had hardly dared to hope for such a reception. Then Gort turned to speak—and the excited audience was hushed to hang upon his words.

"It seems to me, O Chief," he began calmly, "that my brothers have both spoken wisdom, and that we all are of one mind in this matter. The young man Arn has expiated his crime and has shown his loyalty; and we welcome him back among our warriors. He has asked for vengeance." He paused a moment, and then went on in a voice that thrilled and shook his hearers. "We, all of us, demand vengeance, O Kran. Our women demand it. Our children, and the yet unborn, demand it. Our ancestors, in their tombs among the rocks, in their lone barrows on the windswept hills, demand it. They cry to us that the stain upon the Tribe be washed out. Never before was such indignity put upon our race. So, such vengeance must be ours as never before was known. The beast-men, calling themselves man yet eating the flesh of man, must be blotted from the face of earth, with their women and their children, lest they corrupt our blood and bring upon us the wrath of the gods."

He paused again; and the warriors leaped to their feet, waving clubs and spears, yelling wildly; and Kran himself half rose from his black lion-skin, his fingers clutching upon his massive club. At length Gort raised his hand, and the tumult died down.

"But now," he continued more quietly, "we must take thought, not in the heat of our anger but in the coolness of our fixed reso-



The Cave Men stood stupefied. Then they loosed a flight of arrows and darted forward.

to us. Their fathers, many generations back, separated from us when the hunting was bad and went far south to seek new hunting-grounds, while we pushed on toward the setting sun as Gröm had ever put it in our hearts to do. They are as tall as we, as fair of skin, as swift and high of carriage. When their traders come, once in each year, to barter their shapely flints, their fine spearheads and arrowheads and knives and graving-tools, and their sacred cowrie shells, for our beads and carved ivory, and our needles of bone, and our barbed harpoons of horn, they speak our speech and are received by us as brothers. Save for their skill in working the flint (in which they far surpass our best), they are not so advanced as we. They have not the art to carve strange figures in ivory, or to paint, with colored earths, the likenesses of living beasts upon the smooth wall of the rock. But they speak truth, and stand by their word; and they are very brave in battle. It is in my

lution. Such vengeance as we purpose is not to be accomplished today nor yet tomorrow. We are not strong enough. We are few; the Stooping Men are numberless; and as Arn has told you, they are as wolves in battle. As we are, under Kran's wise leadership (for Mai-wân, though brave, was the fool of his own folly), we might indeed defeat them and scatter them, but we could not utterly destroy them; and the Tribe would be ruinously weakened. What is to be done in such a case?"

There was a heavy silence. A wet blanket had fallen upon the fiery warriors.

"My brother is very wise," said Kran presently. "He has some great thought in that deep heart of his. Let him tell us of it quickly, for we burn."

"As the Chief knows well," said Gort, "the Tribe of the Flint-workers, who dwell beside the great Bitter Water and fashion so cunningly the flints that abound along their coast, are kin

heart that we might send an embassy to them, with rich gifts—a horse, a pair of dogs, many barbed harpoons, much graven ivory and beads—and tell them Arn's story. They will remember then that they are of one blood with us, and come and help us in our vengeance upon the Stooping Men. I have spoken."

"It is a whole moon's journey to the home of the Flint-workers," said the Chief, pondering. "It will mean three moons' delay."

"It is not too long if we would make success sure," answered Gort. "And we cannot risk failure. We are already greatly weakened."

"Moreover"—and here he half turned, to let his eyes roam over the ranks of the younger warriors—"I have heard it said that the women of the Flint-workers are many in number and not less comely than the comeliest of our own. I have thought, many times, that if some of our young men (Continued on page 161)

# The Eyes of the Blind

By  
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Illustrated by  
Dalton Stevens

OF all the world-read stories by the famous author of "The Green Hat," that charming young Anglo-Armenian who calls himself Michael Arlen, none carries in larger measure the engaging quality of surprise than this, the second story of the new group that he is writing for this magazine. Mr. Arlen himself believes it to be one of his three best stories, but—he refuses to define the other two!



THE baronetcy that was conferred on Mr. Israel Sack, unfortunately but a few months before his late lamented death, met with general approbation. His son enters upon his inheritance with the fair prospect of popular esteem. Mr. Israel Sack had long been known for the good he did and caused to be done unto his fellow-men. He came of a long line of men distinguished by their riches and their piety. Israel Sack was regarded, by even his closest friends, as a man almost saintly. He had his burdens to bear, and he bore them with proud humility. Afflicted with total blindness at the height of his happiness and career, he was never heard to complain. The tragic death of his dearly beloved wife in a motor-accident left him with only one companion, a son of ten. It was not difficult to imagine that the child Raphael was, perhaps, the sharpest point of Mr. Sack's affliction. For what, to a man who dearly loved domestic contacts and who, inspired by that love, had largely interested himself in improving the housing conditions of the poor, could be more tragic than the fact that he had never seen and could never see his son, who was born but a few months after disease had eclipsed his father's sight?

Of rare charm and gentle, though fine, intelligence, Israel Sack was a man who won and kept devoted friendships. Throughout his life, Major-General Sir Jeffrey Hawke was his most intimate friend. The General's tenderness and care for his blind friend, particularly after the death of Mr. Sack's wife, was no more than was to be expected of a soldier whose loyalty, self-sacrifice and singular serenity in the face of danger have lent luster to the noble profession of arms. Like General Gordon, Sir Jeffrey Hawke was a good soldier because he was a good Christian; he bore before him into battle the gonfalon of God; and in conference with the savages who every now and then descend on the frontiers of this vast Empire, was wont to display a craft that, in one so frank and simple, could only have been inspired by a lofty zeal for the teachings of Christianity.

ONE evening about a year before Mr. Israel Sack's unexpected death, the two old friends were sitting together in Mr. Sack's house in Cambridge Square. Quiet and sober as was the scene, the occasion was a glad and notable one. The only child of the





"I came in—as you said, very quietly—and saw my wife in your arms."

house, young Raphael Sack, had that day attained his majority; and Sir Jeffrey had dined with his old friend and his godson in honor of the great occasion. After dinner they had insisted on young Raphael joining a party of friends of his own age at the theater; but he had left them only on the condition that he be allowed to rejoin them later.

The General, helping himself to the port, said:

"Would you be twenty-one again, Israel?"

"I would not," said Mr. Sack, with singular decision in answer to a question so trifling. However, a smile played about the blind man's mouth as he went on:

"Jeffrey, even were I given the chance, I would not relive a second of my life before I became what I now am. I mean that honestly."

"But surely," said the General, "you wouldn't mind, after all these years of—darkness, reliving those days when we were rivals for the hand of Rosanna? I wouldn't mind, I can tell you! Why, I feel young again even as I think of it."

Mr. Sack said gently:

"There are compensations for the loss of youth, Jeffrey."

"Such as?"

"The power, and more than that, the *wish*, to forgive and to understand men."

It was sometimes difficult to think of Israel Sack as a blind man. The ascetic features were always eager with life and interest. The brown eyes, of that soft ancient brown that is the heritage of the race of patriarchs and prophets, were often as though alight with the rare understanding born of sincere goodwill for the human race. The thin, suffering face of Mr. Sack, always at the service of pity and sympathy, was to his friends a part of the light by which humanity walks.

The clock struck ten. And as the chimes softly mingled with the calm atmosphere, Mr. Sack said slowly:

"The most important second of my life—"

The General looked sharply at his old friend.

"What's come over you tonight, Israel? I do believe that for the first time in years you're thinking about yourself!"

"Yes," said Mr. Sack, "memory is betraying me tonight."

"Heavens above, you can't forever be thinking of other people, Israel! Let memory betray you all it can for once! I'd like to know why you said, as the clock struck ten, that it was the most important second in your life."

There was a moment of pulsating silence.

"Don't you remember?"

The General looked across at his friend with some surprise. The blind man was unusually solemn.

"Don't you remember," Israel Sack repeated, "that it was on the stroke of ten, one evening, that I became totally blind?"

The General remembered. The present, the room wherein he and his old friend were sitting, dwindled to a shadow. It was as if the intervening years perished in the firelight, and Jeffrey Hawke stood again with his friends Israel and Rosanna in the darkness of that day.

Mr. Sack said very gently:

"We have never spoken of these things, Jeffrey, but I do not think it will be hurtful to speak of them now."

"What's on your mind, Israel?" asked the General brusquely.

"Love and friendship," said Mr. Sack.

"Yes, we have had both blessings," his friend agreed.

"We have had more!" said Israel Sack almost sharply, and also he said:

"You got yourself transferred to India all those years ago, didn't you, because you loved Rosanna and because I, by the grace of God, won her?"

"Yes," said the General.

"But you came back," Mr. Sack said gently.

The soldier's keen blue eyes rested on his old friend in astonishment—and, as he looked and listened—in despair.

CAPTAIN HAWKE, on long furlough from India, had naturally gone to spend Easter with his old friends Israel and Rosanna Sack, at Marly Priory. Israel Sack was at that time a member of Parliament for a North Country division. Although not yet thirty-five years of age, he had already impressed himself, in a very quiet way, on the public and political mind as a man of exceptional industry and of an unusual depth of good-will for those who, in a world stalked by poverty, are so quaintly called the "poorer classes." The Sacks had been married for five years, but as yet the boon of children had not been granted them.

Captain Hawke was welcomed at Marly Priory most gladly. The defeated rival returned as the happy friend. All three were older, wiser and more indulgent. Some days after his arrival, however, Captain Hawke was distressed to observe signs of something like nervous strain in his friend. Candid to a fault, he therefore addressed himself to Israel Sack one evening as they sat together after dinner. He said:

"Listen, Israel. I value your friendship, as you know, more than that of any other man or woman I have ever met or am ever likely to meet. Now, I've noticed, these last few days, that you don't seem at ease, and I can't help wondering whether perhaps my presence. . . . I shall understand, Israel. After all, we were rivals once for Rosanna's hand, and perhaps you—"

The sincerity of the laughter with which Israel Sack greeted these halting remarks could not be questioned, least of all by the frank young soldier.

"Jeffrey, what a suspicious dog you are! You don't think, do you, that I couldn't help liking you more rather than less for having loved Rosanna? I assure you, my friend, there's no man we know who retains more completely our respect and affection."

Mr. Sack's laughter, however, was only too short-lived. It was with despair, that quality of despair that is the father of resignation, that he went on:

"I am going blind, Jeffrey."

His quiet, serious voice overbore the other's exclamation of amazement.

"There is no doubt of it. Specialists have informed me that I have an incurable nervous disease that *must* prey on my eyes. Haven't you already noticed, Jeffrey, anything strange about my right eye?"

His friend had indeed remarked a certain fixity about Israel Sack's right eye, but that had been merely a slight impression. Now, a surge of sympathy compelled him to stretch out a hand and grasp his friend's.

"Yes," said Israel Sack, "I have already lost the sight of one eye. It is the will of God. In the last few days the doctors have warned me to expect total blindness. They say that the eclipse of the left eye may happen at any moment—they cannot tell exactly when." He added: "There is no pain. It's a stealthy, creeping—and suddenly leaping thing."

The soldier was to remember the next few days all his life. Israel Sack, his delicate sensibilities undoubtedly revolting from the idea of parading his apprehension, passed most of his time



in his study dictating the necessarily large correspondence of a man of affairs. Thus it fell to Captain Hawke to mingle his sympathies with those of the beautiful and desolate Rosanna.

Those days of apprehension passed with feet of lead. Israel Sack's great fortune enabled him to afford the luxury of an eye-specialist in continual attendance, but Dr. Ironway could give the wife and the friend no hope.

The weather was beautiful, that Easter, at Marly Priory; yet to the wife and the friend on their endless walks and drives it was an ever-darkening world on which the sun shone. They failed to persuade Israel to join them outdoors. How could they say to him: "Come, Israel, and see the sun, for perhaps you will never see it again?"

"Oh, merely that, as I do think back to that unhappy evening, I remember quite well that it was just striking ten o'clock when you came into the room and after a second or so of dead silence said quite calmly: 'God's will is done.'"

"Yes," said Mr. Sack. Suddenly he rose from his deep chair—a tall, lanky man he was—and standing above the General, looked straight down at the General's eyes with the exact direction of years passed in darkness, as he said:

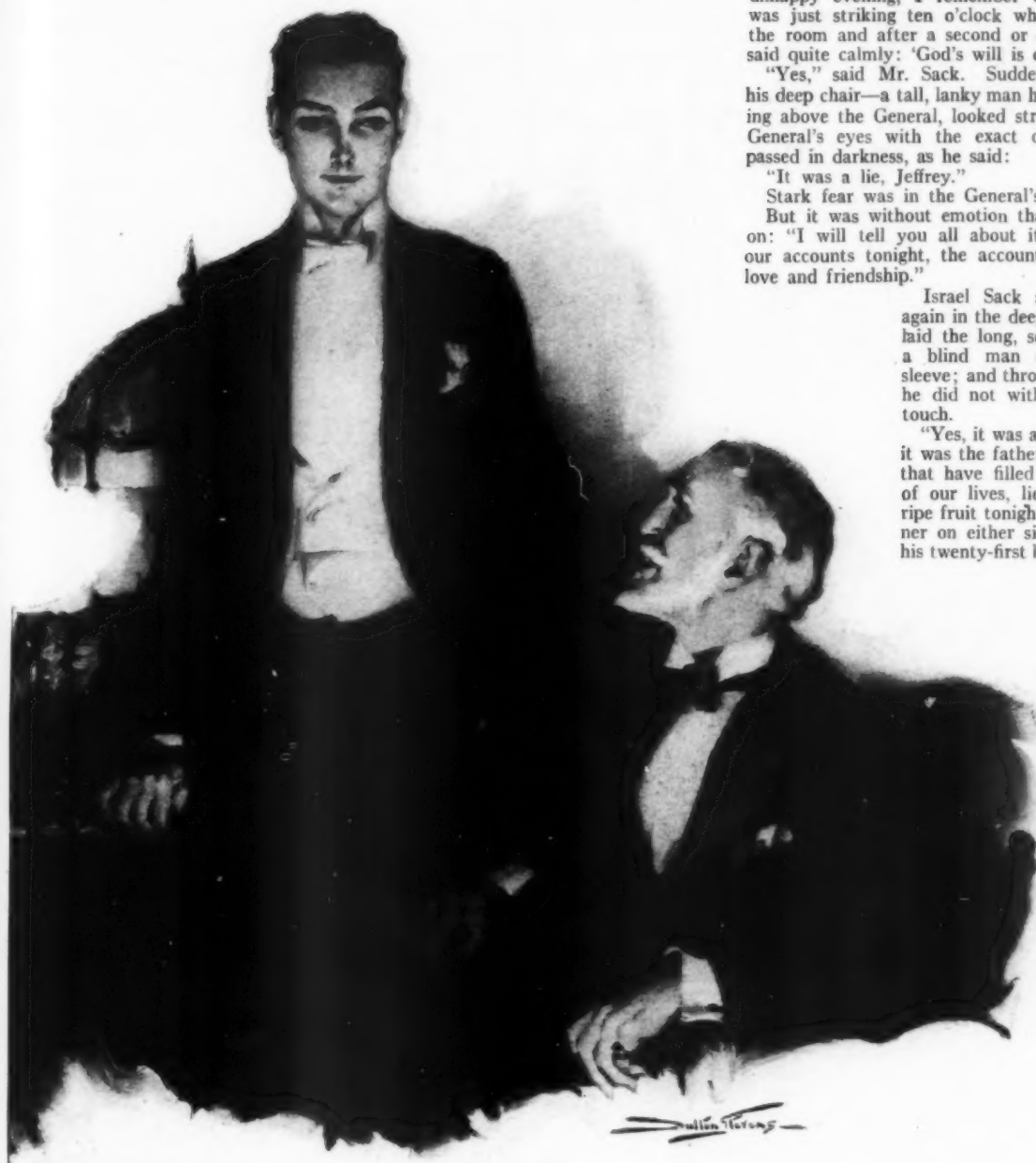
"It was a lie, Jeffrey."

Stark fear was in the General's cry: "Israel!"

But it was without emotion that Mr. Sack went on: "I will tell you all about it. We will settle our accounts tonight, the accounts of our lifelong love and friendship."

Israel Sack sat himself down again in the deep chair and gently laid the long, sensitive fingers of a blind man on the General's sleeve; and throughout all he said, he did not withdraw that gentle touch.

"Yes, it was a lie, Jeffrey. And it was the father of the many lies that have filled twenty-one years of our lives, lies that bore their ripe fruit tonight as we sat at dinner on either side of Raphael on his twenty-first birthday."



It was with something like relief, as a clap of thunder is a relief after a tormenting day, when at last Israel Sack gave a sigh, and it was known that he must walk in darkness thereafter. . . .

The General, as these memories rose to his mind so starkly, found himself recalling every detail of that sad evening: the dim spacious room where they were wont to spend the after-dinner hours at Marly Priory, the tall windows wide open to the dark spring night and the gentle winds that blow southward over the Berkshire Downs; Rosanna and himself; and Israel coming in so quietly and saying: "God's will is done."

"Do you know," said the General, "that I've tried never to think of that evening—"

"I have thought of it often," said Mr. Sack calmly.

"Yes, of course. But now, as I do think of it, I can recall every blessed detail, even to the chime of the clocks. I say, Israel, what a house of beautiful sounds and chimes Marly Priory was! Why ever did you sell all those old clocks that you'd spent so many years in collecting?"

"Idle vanities!" smiled Israel Sack. "But go on with what you were going to say."

It was not with laughter that the General's voice trembled as he said almost inaudibly:

"We are changing places, Israel. It is I who am blind now."

Israel said, smiling affectionately:

"I shall open your eyes, Jeffrey. But will you first give me a cigarette? I haven't smoked one for nearly twenty-two years, but the fragrance of one of yours will remind me of that second when I came in—as you said, very quietly—to that room and saw my wife in your arms. I was smoking at that moment, if you remember, and that was the last cigarette I ever smoked."

The General's mind, as he looked in despair at his blind friend's suffering face, was revolving a thousand swift thoughts. But he only said:

"Israel, how could you have seen—anything, when you told us as you came in that you had at that moment been struck totally blind?"

"Before I said a word, Jeffrey, there were a few seconds of dead silence, weren't there? You recalled that yourself only a few minutes ago. In those few seconds, Jeffrey, I had to forget the past, to ignore the present, and to (Continued on page 106)



# The Delectable Mountains

By Struthers  
Burt

Illustrated by Ernest Fuhr

IN this delightful novel Mr. Burt reflects his own double geographical interest. Born in Philadelphia, like his hero, he fared forth to the then wilds of Wyoming twenty years ago, again like his hero, and acquired a ranch. Ever since, he has commuted between Jackson's Hole and the Atlantic seaboard, with occasional interludes in France, as now—and has varied ranch life with the writing of books like "In the High Hills" and "The Interpreter's House."

## The Story So Far:

IN the beginning is this strange romance of a ranchman and a chorus girl: of, first, Stephen Londreth, born of the wealthy old Philadelphia Londreths, who had fled a narrow life of old-family conventions for the solitude and freedom of a Wyoming ranch. When his sister Molly, who had made a failure of one marriage, wished to marry a very decent French nobleman and asked her family for the conventional European *dot*, and was refused, Stephen journeyed back to Philadelphia in an endeavor to straighten the matter out. And on that trip, at the home of his old friend and instructor the critic Vizately, Stephen encountered Mercedes Garcia.

Mercedes was the daughter of a janitor and odd-job man who had lived up to his name of Wiggins except when he married the daughter of a Spanish fruit-merchant named Garcia. The Spanish girl had become a Wiggins too; but the daughter Mercedes had eventually fled the janitorial ménage; and possessing much beauty and some brains had achieved place in a New York chorus. She lived with a sister chorister—and had learned how to keep men in their place.

"I—I'm stupid at this business," said Stephen, talking alone with Mercedes at a party shortly after his first meeting with her. "I—I don't know where to begin."

And finally: "It's you I want," he finished breathlessly. "That's what I'm trying to say."

"Because you really like me?"

"Yes."

"For long?"

"As long as you want."

Her averted eyes were covered by her long lashes. She raised them suddenly.

"All right. . . . You— Yes. . . . All right."

She threw back her head and smiled at him, but back of her smile he could see nothing except a dumb and dogged sort of acquiescence.

The lights swam in Stephen's brain. He felt his heart leap.

"I don't believe you understand me," he stuttered. "I'm d-doing my best to ask you to marry me."

A few weeks later the marriage took place; and after perfunctory visits to the Wigginses and to Stephen's annoyed family in Philadelphia, Stephen and Mercedes set out for a new life in Wyoming. (*The story continues in detail.*)

STEPHEN was coming home with his mind filled with the future; but in the meantime the future, as is usually the case, was unrolling with but little thought of Stephen.

Stephen and Mercedes having breakfast in the dining-car the following morning were ignorant of the fact that in a small town in Idaho—Dahlia by name—still hundreds of miles west, Mr. Axel Weassel, known among his friends as "A. W." or "The Silver-tongued Swede," president of the Dahlia Circumloc-

utory Club, senior member of the firm of Weassel, Welkins and Bossert, in the large Western Way, Real Estate, Water-power and Construction, was at the same moment sitting in his office on the main street, reading with evident approbation a letter he had just taken from its long official-looking envelope.

Mr. Weassel read the letter through twice and then with what for him, considering his bulk and senatorial mien, was childlike agility, jumped to his feet and turned toward his partner, Mr. Welkins, who was at work at a desk across the room.

"He's come through, Jud!" he shouted. "Yes sir, he's come through. . . . That Lost Cabin proposition. Here's a letter from Washington. We can begin work on that dam over there jes' as soon as we've a mind to. I thought that last argument of ours would fetch them back there—especially with Watson sup-portin' it."

Mr. Welkins, who was the technical end of the firm, a small dry, dusty civil engineer who crackled like a bundle of old newspapers, looked over his shoulder.

"Let's see," he said briefly.

He took the letter, glanced at it and handed it back.

"What are you going to do?"

"Begin at once. Ee-mediately. If we have any luck, we'll be sellin' water this time next year. We can put a temporary dam in, anyway. We've waited long enough. It's nine years now since we first had the idea. Look at all the money we've spent in preliminary surveys an' keepin' the title open." Mr. Weassel sank back into his chair and grinned up at his partner. "Say," he asked slowly, "I wonder what that damn' dude over there will think of it now?"

"Londreth?"

"Yes."

"He'll have to shut up and quit, I guess. . . . At least, he'll have to quit that place of his up by the lakes where he lives. I suppose he'll try for a reversal of the decision, the way he did right after the war. You remember the way he stopped us then?"

Mr. Weassel's radiant countenance became grim. "Yes, I remember it darn' well," he observed dryly. The smile conquered again. "But he wont stop us this time, Jud. Not by a long sight. For one thing, old Cardon's a different commissioner from the boy we had then—no sentimentality about him, a real busi-



Mercedes did not answer. He wanted to apologize, but her silence prevented.

ness man. An' he's got a good Secretary above him. An' in the second place, we've been careful how we chose our time, boy. The dam'll be half built before Londreth can get into action. Washington's quit for the summer. It wont do him no good to go back there now. An' his own Governor isn't like that feller a few years ago. He's like ol' Cardon, a real business man. I'd like to see Londreth go up an' tell him his little ol' ideas—the blamed dude! How many places has he got over there now, anyhow? I haven't been in since we made the first survey."

"Four. The other three are eleven miles down the river. We wont affect them. He's got a pretty big outfit for that country. Runs about a thousand head of cattle."

"Rich, I suppose? Got a daddy who lets him play with it?" Mr. Weassel's voice was succulently sneering.

Welkins shook his head. "No, I wouldn't say that. He's been a pretty hard worker, Londreth. He's a pretty good rancher. . . . So you're thinkin' of starting at once, are you? Got all the money we want?"

"Not all, but we'll get it."

Mr. Welkins reflected.

"I just ran into Duffield down at the hotel," he said. "Like to talk it over with him? He's looking around for investments."

"Duffield, of Elder, Duffield and Company? That's a good idea, Jud. A mighty good idea. See if you can get hold of him."

Mr. Duffield, entering the office ten minutes later, proved to be

a quietly dressed silent man of about forty, with the heaviness and whiteness that for some curious reason seems to assail the indoor man in an outdoor country. He looked at Mr. Weassel without smiling, and two minutes of solemn mutual flattery being over: "Oh—eh—you—was it anything special you wanted to see me about, Mr. Weassel?"

"Oh, nothin', Mr. Duffield, nothin' much. Jes' a little scheme of ours I thought maybe you might be interested in. Like to see it?"

"Why, yes. What is it? Irrigation?"

"You've said it, Mr. Duffield. Say, you investment fellers are mighty quick at that sort of thing, aren't you? Bring over them maps an' blue-prints, will you, Jud?"

Mr. Weassel arose and spread out a map.

"Now look here." A pencil traced a river course. "This here is the Lost Cabin Country, Mr. Duffield, and this is the Lost Cabin—you know about it—which stores water for the Haileyville Irrigation Project two hundred miles below—Haileyville over in this State. Well sir, that dam, as you may also know, never has stored water enough and never will. There's never a year when them Haileyville fellers aint clamorin' for water an' when some of 'em don't lose money. Now look at this." The pencil moved southward and west. "Down here in the mountains, forty miles further on, are these two lakes, an' the stream they empty into runs into the Lost Cabin five miles from their outlet. The minute Jud and I saw 'em, we said to ourselves if we can dam those

Mr. Duffield found his eyes resting on Mercedes, who had suddenly appeared.

lakes, we'll have an extra supply of water for them Haileyville fellers and we can jes' about—within reason, Mr. Duffield, within reason, of course—charge 'em what we want. When a feller's crops are dyin' on his hands, he's likely to be generous. Moreover, Mr. Duffield, the dam won't be anythin'. Not if I know dams. The country's just built for one. A narrow cañon. We can put it in in a summer an' at practically no expense. You see, Mr. Duffield?"

He stood back and regarded his visitor triumphantly.

"Yes, I see," said Mr. Duffield, but for a moment he was thoughtful. "And the Government will have no objections?"

"Objections? What for?"

Besides, that's all settled. I'll show you a letter we got this morning. Oh, we've had our enemies, Mr. Duffield, jes' like everyone else, an' they've told lies about us, but when the thing was explained to the Government and properly backed up, as it has been recently, they saw what we were tryin' to do. It aint nothin' but supplyin' a want. Now, jes' below this ridge here—the pencil moved again—"there's a big flat of about twenty thousand acres—an' we're goin' to run water out on it an' sell it to homesteaders. Oh, it's a legitimate irrigation scheme, Mr. Duffield!"

For a moment Mr. Duffield was silent, tapping thoughtfully with a pencil of his own on the desk before him. Finally he turned his eyes upon Mr. Weassel. "It is certainly an attractive proposition," he said. He straightened up. "I'll have to see Mr. Elder, of course; and a personal investigation would be necessary. But as the thing stands now, I must say it sounds like a very sure investment. Do you think there would be any trouble getting homesteaders? There usually isn't."

Mr. Weassel shrugged his shoulders. "There's no reason why we should pay for our ditches an' development out of our own pockets. But we won't have to. No sir. You know that as well as I do, Mr. Duffield. You never have any trouble getting homesteaders. All you have to do is to shout homestead in any of them big cities back East, like Chicago or Denver, to have 'em flockin' in here like crows. You know how it always is."

Mr. Duffield stood up. "Well," he said, "I must be getting along." He paused halfway to the wicket gate. "I take it for granted that there aren't many big expenses, are there? Not much land to buy out, or condemn, or that sort of thing? It's a pretty wild sort of country, isn't it? Anyone to pay off?"



Mr. Weassel shook his head. "Not a thing but the scenery, except a feller named Londreth, an' he won't amount to much."

"Who's he?"

"An Easterner—a kinda damn' fool. He's got a ranch stuck away up there by the lakes. In fact, there's nothin' but some timber that separates him from the lower one, and a wooded ridge from the upper. The dam will about submerge him. His place is in sort of a mountain meadow before the outlet runs down into the cañon. He's dealt us a whole lot of misery in the past, Mr. Duffield, but he won't this time. We've got him sewed up."

"You've offered him a price?"

"In the past, of course, but not recently. Now it won't be any too good a price, I can tell you. His place, you see, don't amount to much as a ranch—mostly pasture. He lives there because he likes it, an' homesteaded it when he first came into the country. Uses it as a kind of cattle station. He's got some fine buildin's on it, all fixed up—big log cabins and that sort of thing. But they won't be worth much either."





"What are his especial objections?"

Mr. Weassel paused for a moment and allowed his eyes to grow large with quiet humor. "Well sir," he said finally and with emphasis on the two first words, "you wouldn't believe me if I told you. He says it isn't his ranch so much, although he home-steaded it—he says it's the lakes."

"The lakes?"

"Um-hum—the lakes. Says they're two of the finest lakes in the world, an' that he knows because he's seen a whole lot more, an' that he hates to see a fool government give 'em away for nothin'. Says they're a future business asset, if you want to look at it that way. But, that's the kind of feller he is, Mr. Duffield."

"Oh, it's probably not his real reason," said Mr. Duffield. "He's probably got another that doesn't sound so good. I'm for lakes

myself when they don't stand in the way of other things—I go camping on a lake every summer. He's got something else up his sleeve."

Mr. Weassel thrust his hands into his trousers pockets, and jingled some keys. "Perhaps," he reflected, "perhaps. But he's sure dealt us some misery, as I told you before." A sudden idea seemed to strike him. "Look here, Mr. Duffield, if, upon further investigation, you'd like to come in with us, sir, why don't you go over with Jud and talk to this fellow yourself? Yes sir, that might be a mighty good idea. Jud, here, will be goin' in immediately to look over his surveys an' let contracts an' get things started. He's often stayed at this feller Londreth's ranch, an' I want him to stay there especially this time an' see if he can talk him into a little sense about selling out. I don't want a lawsuit if I can help it. Jud and Londreth get on real well. Perhaps you and Londreth might get on even better. He might listen to you."

Mr. Duffield hesitated. "Well, I'll see," he said. "I'll see. I'll write you in a week or so. Meantime, good-by, gentlemen. Good-by!"

Mr. Weassel watched the neat figure as it disappeared through the door and reappeared passing the window.

He sank back into his chair and sighed.

"The ol' West is changin', Jud," he observed sadly after a little pause. "Yes sir, it's changin'. Too much business an' not enough sentiment. It's losin' its pep an' nerve. Twenty years ago a feller like that would of jumped at our proposition, an' now he wants to investigate."

"Oh, he'll come in," said Mr. Welkins soothingly.

"Yes, I know, but it's the attitude I object to. Sorta losin' our bigness of vision, as you might say."

## Chapter Ten

IT is difficult for a normal man to be greatly discontented, let alone greatly unhappy, in the first month or so of his marriage. Marriage under any circumstances is, to begin with, too much of an adventure to permit of immediate tedium, of many immediate questions, of too serious immediate irritations. Stephen,

moreover, was luckier than most. Not only had he the adventure of trying to discover what this mysterious creature who, like all her mysterious sisters, had suddenly determined to follow a man about, was up to, but he had the surer adventure of disclosing bit by bit to this same mysterious creature, through the sweet summer months—green June, multicolored July, tawny August, golden September—the country he loved. He and Mercedes did not have to go away for their honeymoon; they were in a country of perpetual honeymoon.

There were at least twenty well-known trails that Stephen had to show, and at least six known only to himself; there was the river winding for forty miles through the valley, sometimes rapid and shallow, with wide dry cobblestone edges, and sometimes deep and quietly formidable, where it ran between high banks—in places cañons of red and gray soil—it had cut for itself. There was the valley to be explored in its entire open, sagebrush-dotted warmth—twenty miles of length and fifteen of width, with its surrounding immense forest-covered hills and its scattered ranches, on some of which lived people to whom Stephen was devoted, and on others people whom, in the hearty frontier fashion, he detested without reservation. Rather nervously he watched how Mercedes was received.

Mercedes fell in love with "Uncle" Dan Pallet, Stephen's nearest neighbor, five miles down the river. Uncle Dan obviously fell in love with Mercedes.

"She's too good for you, Londreth," he said in his solemn twinkling way. "Yes sir, too good. You're jes' a plain ordinary man—we're all plain ordinary men. But a woman—well, if they get real stirred up, they can do things men don't even think of. Yes sir—these women!"

Mercedes asked Stephen if she could ride down to see Uncle Dan whenever she wanted.

"Yes, of course, if you get Laplace to give you a good safe horse. Old Betsy will do; she never moves off a trot." But Stephen felt a little hurt that Mercedes wanted so much to go, and alone. "What do you two talk about?"

Mercedes sighed as if with rapturous memories.

"About Indians and mines and cowboys."

She might also have added, although she herself was not articulately conscious of it, that Uncle Dan had the Southwestern way of expressing to a woman, without saying so, the fact that he found her charming and essential. Mercedes felt herself very important at Uncle Dan's. He asked her opinion about cooking, about the arrangements of his bachelor house, even about farming.

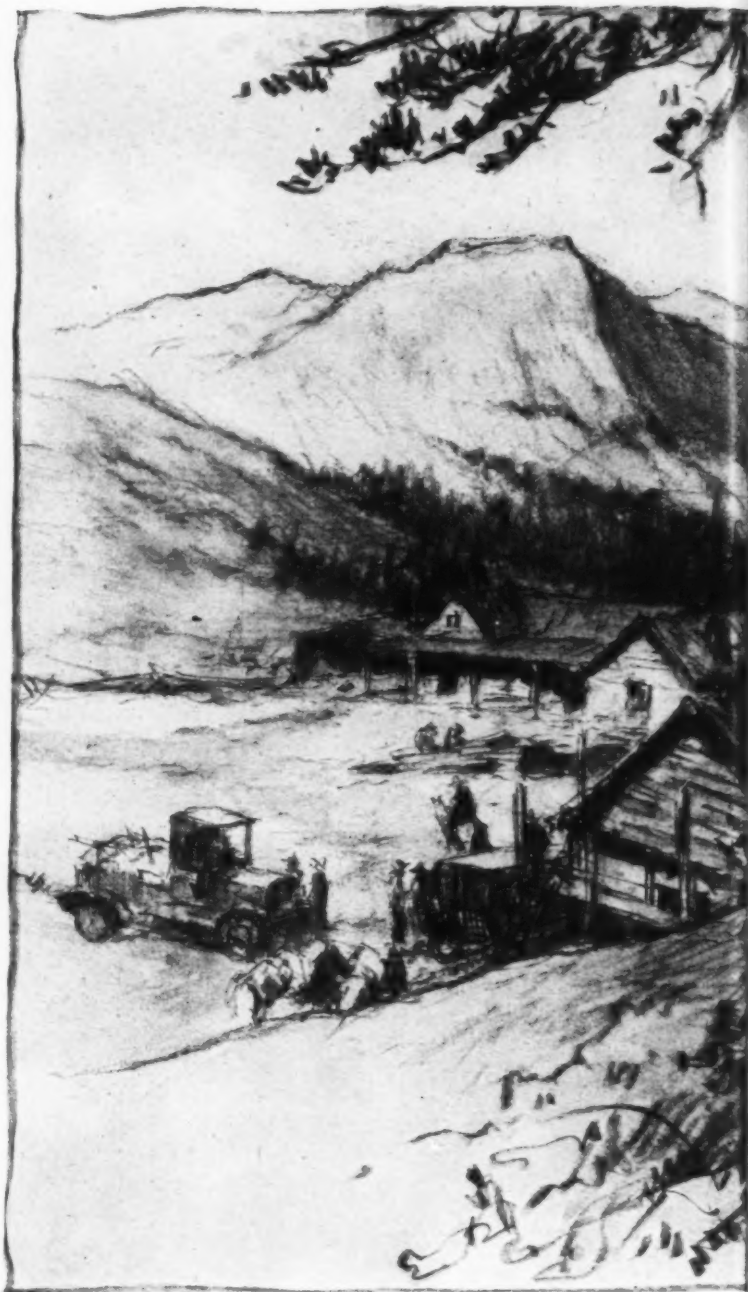
"Now, about this yeah fence, Mercedes? I'm agoing to take the jog out of it, see. What'd you advise? Had I better run off to the east or the north?"

Coming back from one of these excursions, Mercedes asked Stephen if she couldn't take charge of the kitchen and of "Sluff" Dennis the cook.

"Oh, darling, darling! Sluff's been here ten years. He's the only one of the outfit who calls me Steve. I don't even dare tell him that I hate fried eggs for breakfast." And then Stephen added hastily: "If you only knew what having the house dusted, the way you've been doing it lately, means to me!"

He was glad, however, that Mercedes wanted to do things, although he couldn't think of a single thing for her to do, and he was delighted that the countryside liked her so much and that she fitted into it so well. He had had his doubts about the latter. Stephen's neighbors did not seem to think, as Stephen did,—and hated himself for so doing, but couldn't help it,—that Mercedes' checked riding-coat and breeches were queer and painfully reminiscent of a motion-picture queen's. They were so used to queer costumes on the part of Easterners.

How to tell her, without hurting her feelings, that he didn't like that riding suit? Stephen did not know. She was so proud of it; it was the first one she had ever had. She liked to slap the too red, badly fitting boots with a little quirt Laplace had given her.



"What's the matter with you?" he demanded

It was difficult to tell her that and several other things as well—discriminations of conduct that Stephen originally had thought could be easily pointed out. Not vitally important things, but fairly necessary sooner or later in a wife. . . . Yes, in reality, damnably important—for her own sake if for no other reason, if for nothing else than to save her future embarrassment. He and Mercedes would not be on the ranch all the time. Besides, sometimes people came to the ranch. For instance, he had had a letter from Joan's friend Mary Ward, saying that she wanted to stop over sometime in September on her way from the East to California. Apparently very young creatures like Mercedes had to be spoken to distinctly. They did not learn altogether by observation.

Strange how subtle such matters were, how delicate the dividing line—how impossible to put them into words or explain them. All the more irritating for that reason. Stephen at the moment was so close to being completely in love with Mercedes that he resented in an exaggerated fashion these detractors from the person he wished her to be.



fiercely. "You ought to be whipped!" "Try it," said Mercedes, staring up at him.

There was, for instance, the subject of the use or abuse of one's mother tongue. About birth, death or war a person could be frank, but to complain of a gesture required incalculable diplomacy.

Between the condition of being "tight" and being "boozy" (and the reformers were uncannily acute when they made the substantive of the latter a synonym for wine) there seems little choice, but it shocked Stephen to hear his wife describe, in her soft clipped syllables, a famous sculptor as a boozy old thing she had once seen at a real party.

On this occasion he adventured into open criticism. There were other implications. He had a vision of that party: of fat Silenus-like men who didn't care what little girls thought or how they spoke, so long as they ended badly. Heretofore, circuitously, somewhat ponderously, but, as he thought, very adroitly, he had made his suggestions obliquely—by means of long parables, or books, or gentle irony. The poor absurd creature! As if you can ever make suggestions to a woman without her knowing it.

At the moment, he and Mercedes were riding side by side down

the late afternoon dimness of a deserted logging road. Before them, at the distant end of an aisle of gigantic pines, an oblong of orange sunset sky lay between feathery black branches. There was no sound but the soft *clop-clop* of the horses' feet and the jingling of bridles and spurs, the creaking of leather.

Mercedes did not answer Stephen when he had finished; she kept her face turned to the sunset. He had a sinking feeling that she had not understood in the least what he had said, that she would never understand—also, vaguely but warmly, he detested himself for what he had said. A nightjar somewhere in the distance uttered its booming cry, and Stephen thought it the loneliest sound he had ever heard.

He wanted to apologize—he wanted to lean over in his saddle and take Mercedes in his arms; but her silence prevented him. He was very miserable, but he only looked a little prouder than usual, and more aloof.

It occurred to Stephen that far from any danger of Mercedes' talking too much, of any of the Broadway flippancy he had imagined he might have to combat, there was a danger of her not



talking enough—at least to him. He had an impression that she had a good deal to say to Laplace and others, but to him she was singularly nonexplanatory. And yet he had not thought her so silent to begin with—noncommunicative, yes; shy, yes; but not silent. He realized that the past three weeks had been largely a monologue on his part, not that he himself was ordinarily a talkative person. But there had been so much to explain and describe and recount.

And Mercedes had been very good. She had been very attentive. She had followed Stephen around wherever he had gone, looking gravely at his views and trails, his forests and waterfalls and mountains and fields. She had also looked gravely at his cattle and, with a grave calmness that concealed fear, had begun to ride. But she seldom expressed any opinion about what she saw. Sometimes this apparent lack of appreciativeness irritated Stephen a little, especially when, up some green tangled path or on top of a hill, they had reached a spot especially dear to him. He forgot that he had once said he hated people who exclaimed over scenery.

He would stretch out beside her—she sitting bolt upright, her hands about her knees—smoking a cigarette he had just rolled, one finger of an idle hand touching her lightly, his long length infinitely more beautiful in its stained old "chaps" of orange leather, its faded blue shirt and neck-handkerchief than it had ever been in Eastern clothes. The sunburn of his cheeks seemed darker out here, his green eyes grayer and more brilliant, his whole face sharper and keener. Even his nondescript chestnut hair began to take on more vivid, lighter shades. He was that way in his actions, too. He was exceedingly graceful and powerful as he got on and off a horse; he was obviously the owner of this upper ranch, with its foreman, its gray-haired, broken-nosed, sardonic cook, its seven or eight ranch hands and cowboys; of his three lower ranches with their separate "outfits" of from two to five men each. Very gentle and well liked, smiling, humorous and sympathetic, but decisive and respected.

"Jean adores you, doesn't he? He was telling me so yesterday."

"Of course he does, just as I adore him."

"He makes me want to cry sometimes because he loves you so much."

Ah, this was the way a woman talked when she really cared for a man! Stephen leaned closer, his eyes shining.

"Or laugh," added Mercedes hastily, in the curious way she had of withdrawing at just the wrong moment, as if she was afraid of giving herself away, was afraid of saying too much.

"Thanks," said Stephen dryly.

**O**FTEN in the mountain dusk, after supper where everyone sat at one long table in silence, except for Stephen and Mercedes, Stephen would join his men squatting on their heels near the well. Mercedes would perch on a fence near by. Dusk would change to a night of brilliant stars. The neighboring ridges covered with pines and firs would grow black and raggedly bearded. The giant mountains behind them would increase in somber stature and seem actually to cut a pointed pattern from the sky. It would be very silent except for the sound of the stream that came down from the lakes above Stephen's place and divided his meadows in two, and very cool, with a gentle coolness full of smells. In the darkness the cigarettes of Stephen and his men would glow in a circle near to the ground; above them Mercedes' lonely cigarette would glow meditatively.

Mercedes had never heard such talk. The voices, to begin with, were so slow and beautiful and convinced, searching for just the right figurative words, quaint or funny or tragic. And the listeners were so gravely attentive and polite, although at the end of the story or description, if it was not entirely pleasing or accurate, destructive criticism would snap out like the crack of a whip. Mercedes had never heard people describe other people so aptly; nor had she ever heard animals made so amusing and understandable. And yet there was no pathetic fallacy: animals were animals, not men and women, animals acutely understood in the earnest, humorless, passionate, fearful, heartbreaking world in which animals live.

The stars would come back again, the sound of the stream, the rustle of the small wind filled with the scent of timothy and alfalfa and mint and pines, and in the shadows "Doge" would say something amusing and double-edged—Doge Sarcy, slim, thin, very debonair, demurely cruel and mysteriously grammatical. "You don't always have to swear at women. I've met three or four in my life who understood gentleness. And a couple of 'em were young, too."

Stephen felt that a good many of Doge's remarks were directed

toward Mercedes, the remarks of a man who knew women too well—provocative and delicately tentative, establishing an undercurrent of understanding. The thought made him uncomfortable.

**I**T was in the great foothill forests just back of the ranch, and in the granite cañons and peaks beyond that Stephen took the greatest joy, and to which, whenever he had the time, he went with Mercedes. The forests were turning toward July; the moss and the pine-grass were taking on a deeper, more assured green; the purple lupin was thicker in the open meadows, and in the glimpses one had from time to time, as the trail twisted, of giant rock masses cutting into a blue sky, one perceived the faint haze of summer.

Stephen led Mercedes to his two beloved lakes, the one not far from the ranch, the other a mile above. The farther one lay in a bowl of sharply descending, heavily timbered ridges with, to the west, a soaring cañon down which poured a waterfall.

"I've always lo-loved these la-lakes," said Stephen thoughtfully and hesitatingly. "They've always seemed a sort of symbol for what I've been looking for. I—I used to ride up here a lot when I was tired or worried."

He sat up in the grass, and locked his hands about one knee, and as always, when excited or greatly interested, he forgot to stutter.

"I tell you men have to have some space, and they have to be let alone a little, and they have to have beauty around them. All else is of comparatively small importance. Men and women are all right. The stuff they're made out of isn't so bad; it only becomes dreadful when it is twisted out of shape."

Mercedes caught some of the passion hidden behind these casual, disconnected words. What a fighting face, like a hawk, like a falling ax, this strange man her husband had when he talked like this! It frightened her but stirred her. If only she could stir him in the same way! But women didn't mean much to him. She stared at him with big eyes, her chin cupped in her hands.

"You think so much," she sighed. "Most people don't think at all."

Six miles north of the lake and upper ranch, deep in the mountains and reached only by a rough cañon trail of half a mile in length that followed the bed of a rushing stream, Stephen showed Mercedes what he called his "Last Ditch Ranch."

"That will be its official name," he said, "if ever I have to come and live here. And maybe some day I'll have to. It's hard to stop ugliness and stupidity. . . . See, it's nice, isn't it? You can't get in except on horseback, and there's a mile of the best trout-stream in the country. It was homesteaded by an old fellow named Ralston, and I bought it from him four years ago."

A long slender valley opened up before them as they came out of the pines of the trail. The stream, quiet before it took its final plunge, flowed deep and clear through a soft meadow land starred with wild flowers. To the east was the forest, to the north and south huge rough hills heavily timbered; to the west was the main range of the mountains.

"Fairly well protected, isn't it?" chuckled Stephen. "And right at the end of the valley—up there where we are going, in that clump of firs and aspens—are the buildings, not bad, and easily made comfortable. If I'm bothered, I'll move everything I have, lock, stock and barrel, and come up here. And then I'll hire a boy to lie out along this trail with a rifle and shoot everyone I don't like."

Stephen and Mercedes bathed in the streams and lakes to which they came. A heavenly coolness, breathless laughter, the smell of wet ferns.

It was in such moments as these that Stephen found himself satisfied and close to Mercedes and sure of an intense happiness. Sure, too, that Mercedes was happy—something of which at other times he was frequently not at all sure. Moments like these, and sometimes at night when he reached out in the darkness, or the clear moonlight, and drew her to him. But he did not understand all her gestures, although they delighted him. About some of them there was a convulsive fierce tenderness, a yearning entirely apart from her somewhat disillusioned ordinary self, that left him puzzled. It was as if she sought to capture an intangibility that eluded her; and he, Stephen, knew that he was not intangible.

He asked her if she was happy. She shrugged her shoulders and smiled and said she supposed she was as happy as anyone was; and then she suddenly kissed him.

**A**T the end of June, Mr. Welkins and a stranger arrived in a dusty motorcar early one evening. Stephen, at a loss to account for the visit, invited them in. (Continued on page 126)



# Scherzo

By Harold Mac Grath

Illustrated by Lester Ralph

As you read this new story by the famous author of "The Puppet Crown" and "Deuces Wild," he is motoring in France gathering new impressions of that land familiar to him of old, which he will reflect in the stories he purposes writing on his return—most of which will appear in the pages of this magazine.

CHARLEY HEDDEN was one of those chaps who will not grow up, no matter what Time says. I don't mean that he was a *Peter Pan*; he wasn't so simple as that. I mean that he was born with an inextinguishable light-heartedness. Do you go to the movies? Then you have seen the railroad train come rushing down upon the doomed heroine—to stop within a hair of her. That's the way Charley used to rush upon forbidden things. The whole community would gasp, believing they saw Charley running plump into the arms of the devil—then laugh themselves weak when Charley suddenly veered to the right.

Of course there were people whom Charley had disappointed so often that they hoped he would get a foot caught some day. You know how it is. We're a queer collection of animals. We all go to the aviation field: God forbid that we should want an accident—we merely want to be there if it happens. What's in the background? Stuff for conversation. Only a few of us can draw conversation from inward sources; so most of us have to see things in order to talk.

Had Charley's father and mother been gay, the town would have understood him. But nobody had ever heard his father go beyond a chuckle or his mother beyond a titter. Folks seem to forget that those with a true sense of humor are the least noisy about it. His parents understood Charley, but they never let him know it, nor abetted him in his whimsical adventures. They are gone now, and there's no completely understanding hand ever upon his shoulder. What wife ever understands a man so well as his mother?

Men liked Charley, and women did too. He was never dull anywhere, not even on the morning after. He was in life what Chopin is on the piano keys: full of unexpected runs, thundering chords, whimsicalities, little tendernesses, *crescendos*, *piu mosso*, *prestos*, *piu lentos*, *delicatissimos*; he was harmony and human-y.

Men said of him: "Best old scout in the world."

Women said of him: "He's handsome and lovable, but I shouldn't care to risk him as a husband."

Before I go any further, I'm going to ask you a favor. Never coddle a peeve. For growing, it has *Jack's* historic beanstalk among the Also-rans. Not so long ago a fiercely mustached man had a peeve which eventually cost humanity ten million lives. A second favor, while I'm about it: if you're married, never take the advice of another married man; it is never applicable to your case.

Hedden went away on a fishing trip in Maine, and came back married. We all said in our town that she was just the woman for him. She was the twine to his kite. To shift the metaphor,

she was rock; but I'm afraid that her sense of humor was in the middle of it. Norma Winston loved Charley; but it's my opinion that she married him chiefly to reform him. In music he was Chopin and she was Handel; and played at the same time!

She was pretty, petite, with a body as beautiful and boyish as *Puck's*. Odd, but little women are seldom more than pretty. Beauty must conform with certain mathematical computations; and Norma fell short of all these measurements. She played the piano exquisitely; and had she been half as tender to Charley as she was to the piano-keys, there would have been no tragedy in their lives.

She possessed a remarkable gift of speech. (I might say something mean here, but I sha'n't—about the gift being general.) She hadn't been in town two years before she was president of half a dozen women's clubs, and vociferated against war, divorce, bootleggers, flappers and sex novels. She was (as Charley put it) very againstable.

Beyond the fact that her father and mother were dead, we knew nothing about her antecedents. But we took her up immediately for his sake, and later began to congratulate him upon his luck. She was a corking good sea-anchor, which permitted him to drift, but never far out of the course.

She was bitterly down on divorcees. We had three in town who were as good women as ever drew breath; but never any one of them was invited to the old Hedden house. Oh, she was polite enough when she met them elsewhere; but in her house they were taboo. She was prim New England, and so we made allowances for her idiosyncrasies. In our part of the world we accepted divorce along with coffee and doughnuts.

It was easy to see that she loved our Charles; and he was clean mad about her. But out in society she was always rebuffing his bursts of affection. I have seen him emulate the movie hero by bending and kissing her hand, and heard her say impatiently:

"Don't be silly!"

You never can tell. Some men have to be tantalized, dangled, to be held in matrimony: the same tactics upon another man cuts the sea-anchor, and he goes upon the reefs. There's no formula for love. Josie thinks her man no longer loves her when he ceases to beat her; Mary knows hers no longer cares when he beats her. There's no standard pill for it; you have to invent your own medicine as you go along.

On the other hand, if Charley had a slight cold, a barked shin, a toothache, she was the tenderest darling a man could wish for. So Charley, the scheming rascal, would invent all manner of ills

just to bring her into his arms. I don't believe she ever tumbled—because he never overworked his play.

Charley and I grew up together, went to college together, to war. I am Peter Brent, general manager of the Hedden Mills. I am therefore in Charley's confidence in all things. When he has a trouble, he brings it to me, and we thresh it out.

Charley liked to play, and Norma didn't know how. That's the main tragedy in married life; from this apparently trivial thing all others evolve. I mean love-play. A man likes his woman to sit on his knees, to rumple his hair, to nuzzle him—not too much of it, mind you, just a good average. A man, a real man, knowing that his home-coming will be received in such a fashion, hurries home on racing clouds. Alone in the house with Charley, Norma would not romp; her queer dignity forbade it. Her New England upbringing, I suspect.

"Supposing the servants saw you?"

And Charley would mutter under his breath: "T' hell with the servants!"

**N**ORMA was a superhousewife. Every penny was accounted for; the servants took the mark. She was thrifty and economical, but no worthy charity was ever denied a contribution.

There was in her, besides her dignity, an odd streak of mulishness. There were times when she could neither be led nor be driven. She wasn't always in the right, either. If she formed a plan, she played it out, willy-nilly. If we men knew all about our sweethearts before we married them, perhaps we wouldn't.

Charley liked to fish and hunt; and Norma looked upon these diversions with horror.

"Good Lord, Norma, we have fish on Fridays—they have to be killed, don't they?"

"But they are not killed for the fun of it. Oh, you may go, if you want to; but I think it downright cruelty."

"You didn't seem to be so terribly against it up there in Maine."

Norma did not reply. She couldn't very well confess that she had purposed, upon marrying him, to cure him of this lust to kill things.

I put in my oar. "Norma, Charley is delicate."

"I know it," she replied. Her eyes filled. (Charley was as tough as a coastal oak!)

"This out-of-doors stuff is the best thing in the world for him. It'll keep him fit."

"Let him go on walking expeditions. His health doesn't require him to kill fish and birds. You men!"

"How about the feathers on your hat, the furs you wear?"

She got around that, and I gave up. It spoiled our trips. Charley, when he laid a fly, always recollected that Norma didn't like it.

And yet after two years he adored her still; and to her there would never be any other man.

Falling out of love isn't the real tragedy; it's loving and misunderstanding.

Norma had subdued Charley; but I knew that he was only a volcano resting.

**O**N Saturday nights he was permitted to go to the club and play bridge till midnight, and golf every afternoon at the Country Club, if he felt like it. She did not object to his pipes around the living-rooms nor to his cabinet of pre-war stuff. She did not drink; she did not smoke; she considered cards less an evil than a waste of time; but she did not object to others moderately using these routes to good times.

I often wondered about her parents, of whom she never spoke. Evidently they had battered her down pretty thoroughly; and it would require a genuine upheaval to crack this parental casing. For my part, I was sure that down below, she was all Charley desired. But how to get to it was beyond me, beyond Charley. Puritan bred, she was; but no woman with those eyes and lips was or could be totally without fire.

She was churchy, attending both morning and evening services on Sunday; and of course Charley had to go along, bored but uncomplaining.

When he came home from the mills, she always met him with a kiss; but he was inclined to sweep her up and waltz around with her, against which she protested. Her plea was that such exhibitions would break down the dignity of the servants.

"Let's go up to the woods alone for a week," he once suggested.

"What for?"

"So we can fool without damaging the damned help!"

"Charley!"

"**W**HAT am I going to do, Pete?" he asked one day in the office, where our desks were side by side.

"About what?"

"Norma. How am I going to wake her up?"

"Maybe she's afraid of waking up."

"Why should she be afraid to go with me? I'm her husband. Lord, I never saw a woman so afraid of what servants and other people think! What the devil do I care what they think? If she only liked to dance!"

"Why didn't you find out these things before you married her?"

I asked, being privileged to ask impertinent questions.

"You talk like a moron, Pete. What did you know about Kate before you married her? What's any man know except that he's in love?"

"Well, imitate her dignity. You've had your playtime; settle down. Out at the club strangers are always asking who that crazy fellow is, meaning you. On the job you're as dignified as Chesterfield. Play her game and see if she likes it. Supposing you had a whining, clinging one like poor old Diggs? Norma's the best thing that could have happened to you."

"Darn it all, you don't understand!"

"Nobody does."

"You and Kate are a pair of old stick-in-the-muds."

"Safety first," I retorted. "Anybody, to hear you talk, would think you were heading for the divorce court."

Charley laughed. "She wouldn't divorce me if I took a troop of Follies up to the camp. But Pete, it makes me restless. I can't help the whimsical notions that pop into my head. I'm young. In a few years the zest of life will drop. I want an honest, clean, good time while I'm young. Norma doesn't care to dance; she's cold toward the theater. When I come home nights, she wants me to stay in. Evening papers, pipe, slippers, when I want to get out somewhere and whoop 'er up. Twice a week would be enough."

**I** FELT sorry for them both. I began to worry a little, too. More than one marriage in our town had been scrapped by this combination of love and incompatibility. Charley craved for affection, and unless it was physical in expression, he could not sense it. Some women break their hearts because they don't get it, and some women break their husbands because they don't give it.

It would be useless to send Kate, my wife, over to coach Norma. Stuff and nonsense—that would be Norma's greeting.

"Pete," said Charley, "can we run the mills on four days a week through the summer?"

"I don't believe we'd break even."

Ever since the war, the Hedden Mills had been up and down. Sometimes we would be able to run six months on full time; then would come a slump, and we'd have to slice off three days. The men were very decent about it, and loyal. Charley was the sort who took his men into his confidence, told them the truth about the business, exactly as his father had. So the men trusted him absolutely, which is a high compliment to one so volatile as Charley.

"Well, I'll try the four-day stunt," said he.

"No regular vacations this summer. We can send the girls away and see them week-ends. There's a lot of psychology in this game, boy. To show the men that you care, that you're running the mills for their own sake, that your income from the business isn't even a beer-income, keeps radicalism out. But if you run away all summer, the men will feel betrayed."

"I know it. You can run the business better than I can; but I'm Hedden. I've a notion the old place will be on its feet proper this winter."

"My notion, too."

But it seemed Mrs. Charley had notions.

**S**HE tossed the bomb at his feet with all the nonchalance in the world. Bridegrooms should remember never to utter foolish promises.

He was given his regular kiss that night, a light and chaste salute, a soufflé sort of thing, of very little substance and of much tantalization.

"How was everything today?" she asked. Mere formula. She asked that each night, and having got the expected answer, dismissed the mills.

"How did the club meeting come out?"—with covert irony.

"As I expected. They are trying to force in Mrs. Chittenden over my head."

Mrs. Chittenden was one of the divorcées, whom Charley and I knew to be one of the dearest women in town.





I have seen him emulate the movie hero by kissing her hand, and heard her say impatiently: "Don't be silly!"

"Norma, I grew up with Nellie Chittenden. She's fine; and she had all the right in the world to leave Chittenden. Aren't you carrying this antipathy too far?"

"Why bring up that discussion?" Norma countered. "You know my opinions."

"On this subject they are not fair."

It was very nearly a row; but Charley had tact. Besides, she was so pretty that he threw his arm around her and laid a kiss on her hair. With a little laugh she slipped out of the embrace. The butler had opened the dining-room door to announce that dinner was served.

I do not hold that she was all to blame for what follows; but she was a good two-thirds to blame. Charley never would have made such an ass of himself if Norma hadn't fairly booted him toward it—the other woman. Oh, *she* hadn't arrived in town yet, but she was on the way. Trust to old Nick for that.

As for the bomb: "I went to the shipping-office today," she began animatedly. "We can sail on the fifteenth of July and return on the same date in September."

"Sailing?"

"Why, yes. You told me the day we were married that at the end of two years we would be able to have our belated honeymoon abroad."

He leaped toward the notion. He and Norma alone for weeks, without the fear of servants and acquaintances when he fondled her—with nothing at all to do but make love to her, to crack up that provoking dignity of hers. Stepped toward the notion, and then stepped back.

It wasn't the expense. He had plenty of money outside the mills. He could have closed the mills for good and not felt it particularly in a financial way. But the mills were his second love, a kind of orphan he had sworn to protect. He felt that if

he ran away now, he would lose this orphan. If he went abroad in the present crisis it would disintegrate the loyalty of the men; many of them would be leaving for other jobs of more permanency. But the knowledge that he was personally sacrificing his pleasures, the only way he could match the sacrifices of the men, alone was holding things together. No; much as he wanted this honeymoon, it could not be had now.

"Honey, we can't go this summer," he said gently. "But in February we can take the Mediterranean cruise." And he went on to explain.

"But Peter Brent can run the mills. It's all nonsense that you must be there this summer. You've plenty of money."

"It can't be done now, honey."

"Very well," she replied coldly. "I'll take the trip alone." And could have bitten off her tongue the moment the words were gone.

She knew that she was wrong, instantly. But retreat? No, thank you. After all, he had promised; and now he was begging off. The psychology of the situation passed over her head. Plenty of money in the banks, a general manager who could be trusted—it did sound like nonsense that Charley couldn't take her abroad. It appeared to her that he did not want to go.

"Why, honey, you wouldn't have a good time alone, would you?"

"I don't see why not. It's all nonsense about your having to stick to the office all summer. If it were a question of money, I could be patient. The mills, the mills, always the mills! You'll keep putting it off till we're too old to enjoy it."

Women often work themselves into a passion, in self-defense, when they have taken the wrong end of an argument. The angrier Norma became, the colder she grew, and the more stubborn.

"It's only six months' difference," said Charley. But he had already made up his mind not to weaken. He was in the right, and he knew it. "Italy in the spring—"

"I want London and Paris; and I'm going if I have to use my own money."

The threat didn't work, bend him, as she had hoped. He surrendered, but from an unexpected angle.

"Then I'll make the reservations in the morning," he said quietly; but he was badly hurt. He must stand firm now, or never have any authority in his house.

All Norma really wanted was a row big enough to warrant her stepping down. She did not want to go to Europe alone; but her man must be taught that when she said a thing she meant it. His tame acquiescence, however, astonished her and drove a bolt of doubt into her head. He wanted her to go; he wanted to be alone during the summer so he could go on his beastly fishing-trips! They reason like this sometimes.

Poor child! We know the whole story now. She couldn't help herself. Her peculiarities had been driven and riven into her by a mind full of diabolical ingenuity.

"I should like to see England first," she said icily, "and return in September from Cherbourg."

"How much money will you need?"

"I don't know!"—wanting to go to her room and cry her eyes out.

"We'll make it five thousand," he said. "You'll be wanting some clothes in Paris."

Thus the cleavage began. He did not argue with her, because he had long since recognized the futility of argument. And Norma would have given worlds to find a way out of the pit she had dug for herself. . . .

Next morning at the office he appeared pretty glum; and after an hour or so I was able to dig up the trouble.

"Norma's determined to go to Europe this summer, with or without me. What am I going to do, Pete?"

I thought for a moment. "Let her go, Charley." Trust the friend of the family to help the jam along!



The devil, whose tactics are pluperfect, directed him to the next table.

"Let her go alone over there? She doesn't know anything about travel."

"She'll learn fast enough. She can take care of herself. Certainly you can't go and hold the men. I can do the work, but I can't command the loyalty. The men stick because they know you're making sacrifices you do not have to make. Let Norma go."

"How about letting Kate go with her?"

"Look here, Charley, you can't let Norma win this time. If Kate went with her, it would be a victory. Norma has the notion that threats will get you to Europe. To let her go without opposition may work to cure these queer moods of hers."

All first-class advice, if applied to the right situation; but this wasn't. But how was I to know?

"It's easy for you to let my wife go to Europe alone." Would you let yours?

"If she were bent on it. I'm telling you what I'd do if she were set that way and I could not honorably go with her."

"I'll tell you what," said Charley, brightening. "I can slip over and bring her back."

"And spoil the whole show? Charley, for a year or more you've been complaining about this queer streak of stubbornness in Norma. I haven't been able to give you any real advice because I know nothing of stubborn women. Now I see light. She doesn't want to go alone. But she's said she would, so she will. Folks have lots of heartaches in this world for not knowing when to back down. Up to now, all the surrenders have been on your side. Be firm."

"Damn it, I've got to be!" Charley cast aside his pipe so furiously that it slid across the desk to the rug and lay there unheeded.



"Married life," said I, "is fifty-fifty; it isn't sixty-five-thirty-five. If you weaken this trip, it will always be sixty-five-thirty-five."

"All right. But if anything happens, I'll break every bone in your body, Pete. I'll worry myself sick for every minute she's gone."

"And she'll worry herself sick, too, or I don't know her. This is the best thing that could happen."

I fixed it properly, as you shall presently see. Norma desperately hunting for a loophole and all of us advising her to take the trip! All my plot.

When I reached home that night, I learned that Norma had been over to see Kate.

"What did she have to say?"

"That she was going abroad this summer alone."

"Did you suggest that she ought not?"

"No," said Kate. "Opposition doesn't get anywhere with her."

By this you will see that I had a collaborator; and Kate is twice as sensible as I am.

"But I learned something about Norma that surprised me," went on Kate. "She is insanely jealous, under that Plymouth Rock of hers."

"Jealous? Why, Charley hasn't looked at another woman in two years."

"I told her that. But she wanted to know if there was any girl in town he'd fancied before marrying her."

"Oho!" I cried. "Kate, she'll go, but she's going to be tarnation glad to get home."

"She asked me to write to her and tell her how Charley was getting along."

"And of course you'll tell her of each flirtation."

"Of course."

We both laughed. The trouble wasn't in our house!

So Norma went to Europe alone, and Charley returned from New York in a mood I didn't like. A gay recklessness seemed to possess him, a recklessness I had known in our bachelor days. I began to believe that in order to carry my plot to a successful conclusion, I must keep Charley on ice. He was never home a night; bridge till the cows came home, and frequent visits to his pre-war stock; dinners at the club, at the hotel, or occasionally with us.

Twice a week he received a letter from Norma, and dutifully he replied, but never wailed about his loneliness, which is all a woman wants from a husband she loves. She doesn't always resent his having a good time during her absences, but it grieves her.

One morning, two weeks after Norma's departure, there arrived at the Cheltenham Hotel—our fashionable hostelry—a woman with seven trunks. Ha! say you; and you may well say it.



She was beautiful. Her hair was a dark red. (We married men know how they do that.) Her face was oval, full and firm. (We know all about that, too.) She was neither plump nor slender. (Another mystery to the uninitiated.) Now, then, a beautiful woman, with seven trunks picturesquely decorated with far-off hotel labels, a woman with fine jewelry and plenty of money, is sure to find pleasant attentions from hotel managers and servants. Particularly when she orders an expensive suite and never argues about the price. She was registered as Mrs. Henry P. Stephenson, Rio de Janeiro, Brazil; but she was as much a Spaniard as my grandmother. She spoke American with a pleasant drawl which queerly suggested a chuckle behind each word.

Across the dining-room she looked about thirty; but close up you saw those little wrinkles, shooting from the out-corners of her gray-blue eyes, that nothing can eliminate, not even the knife. She kept her age the way the famous Ann did. You remember the old wheeze: "How old is Ann?"

SO here you have her, beautiful and attractive, formidable to the peace of any family. And here was our Charles, as moody as a bass in windy weather. Flint and hammer, all ready for the percussion which was speedily to startle the ears of everybody in town.

Everything is written, you know. If Watt hadn't discovered the energy in steam, some other beggar would have invented means of bringing Mrs. Stephenson to our town.

That Saturday night Charley went to the Cheltenham to dine, out of talk and wanting to be alone. He saw Mrs. Stephenson at one of the small tables; and the devil, whose tactics are pluperfect, directed him to the next table. He sat so that he could stare at her if he wanted to. That kind of a mood.

The music at the hotel is good. Charley ordered, and while he waited, he glanced below her table and saw a slender foot keeping time with the music.

*Scherzo.* In music, a whimsical, buoyant, jestful notion, with unexpected turns. In life—the same. The only difference is that you can lock up a piano, but you cannot lock up life. . . .

Charley got up hastily and went out into the lobby, thence to the manager's office.

"Say, George, who is that beautiful woman in the dining-room—quietly but beautifully dressed, reddish hair?"

"Mrs. Stephenson."

"Present me."

"What?" barked the manager.

"She's all right, isn't she?"

"How do I know? I only know that she landed with seven trunks and took the bridal suite without batting an eyelash. She deposited ten thousand with the cashier yesterday, and a necklace of Brazilian diamonds that'd make any Follies girl weep herself to sheer blindness."

"What did she stop off here for?"

"To break the journey to California. But you—what do you want to meet her for?"

"One of those notions."

Why do men get those notions when the wife is out of town? It is as unanswerable as the why of the constellation. Charley had entered the hotel because he had wanted to be alone. Now he had need to talk to a strange woman in a public dining-room. I pass.

"All right," said the manager, mildly bewildered. He knew Charley to be a lively chap, but he had never known him as a lady-killer. "I'll see if she's agreeable. But don't blame me if anything happens."

When Mrs. Stephenson heard the startling request, she merely laughed in an amused fashion.

"Bring him in. I am a bit lonesome."

THE manager, now doubly bewildered, for he had been certain of a rebuff, returned to Charley with the stunning news; and Charley was sorry that he had made this fool move. He grew suddenly suspicious; it was too easy. But he could not insult the woman by withdrawing his advances. So he met Mrs. Stephenson and asked if he might dine at the same table with her.

"This is very irregular," he said.

"I am glad to hear you admit it," she replied. "But for the fact that the manager declared that you were one of the leading citizens, I should have declined to meet you. What is there about me that made you break your rule?"

Charley smiled—he had a charming smile.

"An impulse."

"That implies trouble. I hope you are not hunting for it. It

is understood that I shall pay my own dinner check. Fancy an introduction in this style!" She laughed again.

"Do you dance?"

"Sometimes."

"May I have the next?"

Once more she laughed. Charley could not quite grasp the sense of it. Not the laughter of a woman susceptible to flattery, rather the laughter of one who was thinking humorously.

"I see no reason why I shouldn't," she said.

But Charley knew the very good reason why *he* shouldn't. There were others about who knew him, who saw what he had done and was doing, and were delighted. Nothing pleases our friends quite so much as to see us fooling around another woman when our wife is away. Knowing that he was committing a glaring indiscretion, he proceeded to fling himself into the affair. He realized that he was to have the credit; so he jolly well purposed to have the fun.

Perhaps some psychologist has analyzed this situation, the why and wherefore of it; but his name is unknown to me.

I should, I suppose, immediately transport you to the Hotel Crillon, Paris, and paint a picture of Norma with her tearful face against the pane, unmindful of the splendor of the Place de la Concorde. It can't be done. I don't know what she did in Europe, and probably never will. I am painting Charley from what I saw, and heard, and from what he told me. I am a narrator, not a poet.

Charley dined with Mrs. Stephenson twice. The first time he noticed that there was a bit of gray in her hair. The second trot revealed the wrinkles at the corners of her eyes. A married man has a merciless optic. But this information did not depress Charley; on the contrary, it exhilarated him. She was older than he had guessed, and correspondingly safer. The poor fish—as if any woman was safe!

HOW he felt, when he came to write Norma again, I don't know. I imagine he thought out each word carefully. A love-letter should be spontaneous; erasures and cross-outs mean nothing so long as the spirit is there.

No doubt Norma began to notice, for she wrote Kate asking if Charley was ill. Kate replied that Charley seemed to be about as usual—which he certainly wasn't.

The affair did not come to me till late. I lit into him, but got little out of him beyond a few *uh-huh's*. I became vastly worried. I was basically the cause of Norma's absence, you see; my little plot. It was ten to one that he hadn't told the woman he was married; it was a like wager that she knew he was. Still, she wasn't the ordinary type of adventuress. Charley never would have fallen for that breed. From what I could gather, she was highly educated, witty, and contemptuous of public opinion. Yet no one had seen her smoke cigarettes or drink cocktails at the summer resorts he took her to. None of our crowd had met her; Charley had brains enough not to commit such a blunder.

"Can't you talk to the woman, Kate?" I asked desperately.

Kate gave me an odd look. "I can see myself!"

"But Charley's going to the dogs."

"Oh, pshaw! He's just bitter and lonesome, and Norma has only herself to thank."

"But what if she hears of it?"

"I am sure there is nothing wrong."

"He and that woman were out at Wheadon's Roadhouse last Saturday night."

"That doesn't make it wrong," said Kate. "We four have gone there."

"A man can go anywhere with his wife, but nowhere with another man's. A fine way to cure Norma of her stubbornness! Charley's shot the whole show to pieces."

"She certainly will not divorce him, if that's what you're driving at. You know her opinions there."

"It all depends upon whose shoe it is that pinches. If you could explain Norma to this woman, she might pack up and clear out. She is certainly a stunner."

"Oh, you have seen her, then? Well, she is stunning, for I too have seen her. How old do you believe her?"

"About thirty-five."

Kate laughed. "She's fifty if a day."

"How close up have you seen her?"

"Across a tea-room."

"You just want her to be fifty."

"Are you defending her?"

"Defending her—just because I don't believe she's as old as you think?"



The three of us stormed into the living-room, where we found Charley and the woman.

"Well, I refuse to talk to her. That's final."

"All right. A little diplomacy now might save the whole business. I tell you, there's going to be a smash-up. I've seen these signs before. Norma will never believe the affair innocent. What's the matter with you women, anyhow?"

"It's you men," snapped Kate, starting for the stairs.

"I'm going to the club. If I find that darned fool there—"

"You'll probably ask him to introduce you to the woman," came down from the landing.

Kate and I in a row over a woman neither of us knew?

"Hey, Kate!"

"Well?"

"You and I can't quarrel! Throw me down a kiss."

Her slipper came bounding down the stairs, and I went to the club laughing. But I didn't find Charley. The Sunday newspapers told me why.

THE Federal men had raided the Wheadon Roadhouse, and Charley and Mrs. Stephenson had been caught in the net. It was only ten o'clock, too, when the Prohi's entered, looking for hootch. Coming so early caught Wheadon off guard; hootch was on half the tables.

But at that there wouldn't have been any scandal at all except for the fact that two reporters had been tipped off. Of course they published all the names, thinking it a great joke. If you want the truth, here it is: if you are mixed up in a hootch raid these days, you may go up a peg socially.

It wasn't the fact that Charley was caught at Wheadon's; it was because he had been caught with a woman who was not his wife. That's what stirred up our set.

There was no police stuff. The Federals wanted evidence through which to close the roadhouse, and they found it. The reporters made all the trouble; they always do. (Continued on page 145)

**G**OLF, say the social economists, has exerted a greater influence on the manners of business conduct, so to speak, than anything else that has come into the average business man's life. In this story of business and golf another element appears. It is needless to add that Mr. Walsh is a golfer and not one to be sneezed at—at least, when he's putting.



"It is so important," she said, "every time he can beat anyone like you."

# All Square

By  
Richard J. Walsh

Illustrated by T. D. Skidmore

**M**OST of the members of our club first heard of Henry Todd when he made, on the seventeenth hole, what they called the Three with a Thrill. It wasn't the score itself that startled the natives, for the par of the hole is only three—a mashie pitch to an island green. It was the inventive way in which he did it.

Mrs. Dot Sabine, who is our woman champion and knows a good three when she sees it, happened to be going round with him that day, and she told the tale:

"My dear, he drove the green, beyond the hump on the right. The pin was close to the left edge. He putted too strong, and the ball scooted all the way across the green and off into the deepest part of the trap. Then he clambered down out of sight with that gigantic niblick of his and exploded the ball out of the sand and onto the green and slap into the cup for a three!"

Well, that was Henry Todd's brand of golf at that particular period. Eccentric golf, at times tottering on the brink of lunacy. He was the wildest man ever seen on a course, tearing off prodigious hooks and slices and getting impossible recoveries out of the most depressing rough. He would follow up the sourest kind of flub with a run-up dead to the pin.

For a man of forty-five, he had a gorgeous wallop. He hadn't shortened up his stroke as men of that prime age usually do; nor had he wooed and won either control or conservatism. He went after the hard carries like a Sarazen, and often got away with one. More often he would dribble into the long, or pull a screamer far off the course.

Since he never hired a caddie, it was something of a strain on one's patience to play with him. And he was the prince of tightwads—the tightest this side the Firth of Forth.



And he was a ball-hound. Every time he lost his ball, he'd set out grimly to hunt until he'd brought it to bay, no matter how many people went through. The rule which says you may search for five minutes before giving up, was the law of the Medes and Persians to him. Well, even the richest man in the club will do that, muttering, "I don't care about the ball, but I don't want to lose the stroke." Henry frankly let it be known that he cared about the ball.

If it was your ball that was lost, he would join the searching-party with great energy and systematic skill. He could usually turn up at least one ball that had been lost by some previous unfortunate. Therefore he had disciplined his tongue never to cry out cheerfully, "Here you are," but always to inquire cautiously, "What ball were you playing?" When you told him, he'd come back quickly with, "Then this isn't yours. I guess it belongs to me," and pick it up to swell the hoard at the bottom of his bag. Unless, indeed, he happened to have found yours—in which case, it must be conceded, he was almost as well pleased, and pointed it out to you with the utmost courtesy and dignity. He just had a keen sense of the pecuniary value of vulcanized rubber; that's all.

Golfers speak of going round the course. That's certainly what Henry did; he went round and round it—on the outside edges. His progress was entirely in the rough. For even when his own shots had come to earth safely in the fairways, he would go scuffling along through the long grass, his eyes gleaming down at its very roots, looking and longing for lost balls. He found them, too, enough of them so that he never was known to buy any.

I first saw him one spring evening when I was playing with Tommy Sabine. We came to the fifteenth, hurrying to beat the twilight, and with no idea that anyone was ahead of us. There, a hundred yards from the tee, was a long, thin figure, all alone, in vest and shirtsleeves and blue serge pants, down on hands and knees in a patch of shrubbery, beating back and forth and across, with all the world forgot. We called "Fore!" and he promptly waved us through. As we drove over his head and went on, Pete Carabini, our smallest and most ambitious caddie, said:

"Us kids'll never get rich offen him. Always carries his own bag. He's got more golf-balls than ol' Water Hazard himself."

We got a glimpse of a lean face, brown as khaki, that did not smile as he looked up to say a gentle, "Good evening." The bright blue eyes were direct and piercing, but they met ours only for a moment, then turned back to the ground as he went on with his treasure-hunt.

By nature Tommy Sabine shrinks from such a sight. Tommy is the sort of youth who buys a box of new balls, takes them out to the practice tee and drives until he has lost the last. He invests in a new and more glittering club every third Saturday, and gives the discarded ones to the caddies, who love him and serve him indefatigably. So, as we left the ball-hound behind and reached for our brassies, Tommy snorted: "Who let him in?"

That being a proper question, the next day I sought out the chairman of the membership committee and put it to him. The chairman is Jim Harper, who is old enough to know that a golf-club does not live by champions alone, gruff enough to turn down the wealthiest candidates if they are bounders, and kindly enough to help finance the fees for good youngsters who ought to be in.

When I asked who let Todd in, he said shortly:

"I did. Works in my bank. Lives way out on the post-road—far enough to get by as a nonresident. Don't see how he affords the game, even at that."

Having seen Henry in action, if you could call it that, I thought I saw how he could afford the game. But I saw it better and with a friendlier eye a few weeks later, after I met the girl who was helping him to afford it.

A useful social rule is: never censure a man for his financial habits until you have seen his womenfolk. Ten minutes with the wife of a waster may suggest ten good reasons why he blows his money away from home. One long look at the wife of a careful spender, at the way she turns her head or plants her foot, may lead you to marvel that he dares even to buy a newspaper. In other cases a wife or daughter or sister will be revealed to you as a gallant colleague in a fiscal enterprise that rouses your admiration and envy. That was how it was when you met Frances Todd. To me, Henry was no longer a tightwad after that first golden evening when I rode down the bright path of the post-road, with a misty blur of white in the seat beside me, and a soft voice at my ear, mingling gay little chuckles with brave confidences as Frances told her father's story, almost, it seemed, without meaning to tell it.

Henry had no car, of course. He had no golf raiment, no locker, nothing that goes to make a golfer in these our suburbs, except an old bag full of mongrel sticks, and Lord knows how many dozens of scarred and mismated balls. He never showed himself inside the clubhouse. As Tommy Sabine put it with some exaggeration, he hung his derby hat on a limb, turned up his pants, hitched up his sleeve-supporters, spat on his hands and drove. After the game he never took a shower or bought such beverages as our sober nineteenth hole provides. He just put on his coat, tucked his rusty brown bag under his arm and trudged off to wait for the northbound interurban trolley-car.



My few securities repose in the vault of Harper's bank. Henry Todd was the presiding spirit of the sunless dungeons.

T.D.S.—

He had not been seen to enter an automobile until that first time that I took him home.

Knowing that few people would play with him, I had rather taken pity on him. Late one afternoon I picked him up at the second hole, and he gave me a good trimming. No bet on it, not even a nickel a hole. "Can't afford to lose," he said.

Frugal as he was with his money, he was generous to a fault with his muscles. Seldom have I seen a more bountiful swing, or a more ample conception of what a golf-ball might be expected to do. He carried, with a whistling spoon, the ditch on the fourth that few of us even roll into on our second shots. He curved a high and handsome hook over the trees at the elbow fourteenth. And as it happened, we didn't lose a total of over twenty minutes hunting for balls. His detached and unofficial explorations in the rough were carried out with sly tact and ingenious caution against wasting my time or distracting my attention.

When he holed a twenty-foot putt on the last green, and finished me off six down, I was feeling well humbled, and having nothing but a solitary dinner and a lonely evening ahead of me, I offered to drive him home.

"Oh, thanks," he said with his quick courtliness. "But it's a very long way."

When I insisted that a long drive was what I wanted, he added: "And my daughter is going to stop here for me in a few minutes, on her way out from the city."

"Take her too," I said.

Somehow I had a picture of a stiff spinster about his own age. I could hardly have anticipated the bright vision of youth that I saw when I came out a quarter of an hour later, after a quick change, during which Henry sat on a stump rewinding the grip of his ancient cleek.

The girl came drifting down the path. It was almost dark already, so that then I did not see the boyish smile, the fresh round cheek, the odd dimple. But the rising moon was kind enough to touch with a pointing finger of silver her tossed hair, and to set a tiny star in each of her eyes. As she came, I heard a blithe voice cry: "Lo there, Dad. How'd it go?"

"Well enough, daughter," said Henry, and turned to introduce me, adding: "He's been so good as to say that he'll take us home in his car."

"Oh, splendid!" she exclaimed. "I call that most clubby." It occurred to me, though I was sure it had not been her meaning, that she could not have seen much clubbiness toward her father on the part of our members.

My car had never before covered fifteen miles at a speed so leisurely. For Frances was in front with me. Henry dozed in the seat behind.

"It does me good to see Father drop off like that," she said. "A year ago he just couldn't have done it, no matter how tired he was. That's how golf has helped him already. When a game quiets his nerves so, you couldn't call it extravagance, could you?"

Extravagance! Henry's golf, extravagance? "No, I don't think I should," I replied, trying to sound judicial.

"That's what I tell him," she said quickly. "And oh, he does need it."

"I've seldom met a woman who admitted man's need for golf," I said. The commonplaceness of the remark is perhaps excusable, for my impressions were still badly mixed.

"You know he used to be State champion," she said, simply.

Even after the way he had beaten me that afternoon, I could hardly conceive Henry as ex-champion of any State, except perhaps of Nevada the year golf began. So I put this down to filial exaggeration and lack of sport wisdom.

"A good many years ago," she went on, "—before his break-

down. He says playing golf is mostly nerves. And he is sure that if he can get his old game back, he can prove to himself that he's got his nerves back too." She paused, her gaze turned away from me toward the moonlit river past which our road was winding. After a moment, she went on: "He has all sorts of old prize cups. He put them all away in the attic, after his trouble."

Suddenly a hand dropped ever so lightly on my sleeve, as she exclaimed: "Did you say he beat you today?"

I replied that he had.

"Oh, I'm so glad," she said—then, hand on my arm again: "I'm sorry, but what I mean is that it is really so important, every time he can beat anyone like you."

Anyone like me! I wondered how



she thought she knew what I was like.

"You see, every time he comes home with what he can count a fair victory, he goes and gets out another of those old cups and I polish it up for him, and he puts it right out on the bookcase. He has three of them there now. The other night he was sitting looking at them, and he said: 'Fanny, when we get the whole string of them back there, we'll have a party in town—and go to a show.' But he vows that he won't bring out the last one, the championship cup, until he's champion again."

She glanced back at Henry. He was fast asleep, and the hum of the motor was loud enough to keep her low voice from him. No amateur is keen on having his ambitions published, even by an adoring daughter. She was sensitive enough to feel this, for she said, without the least coquetry:

"I don't know exactly why I'm telling you this dark secret. I think it's because I'd like to have some one like you, among all those club people, really know about him. He wouldn't tell anyone himself, not even Mr. Harper. But that was why he was so eager to belong to a real club—so that he could try to beat a real champion. All last year he played on the public course. But you know he has no time from his work except Saturdays and these late afternoons, and the public course was so crowded that it was almost as bad for his nerves as not playing at all. And there weren't any tournaments there. It was so good of you to play with him. I'm sure you didn't just let him beat you."

I was glad to assure her that I had not.

She guided me to a little gray cottage, far out and just a jigger shot from the post-road. After I had declined an invitation to supper, because somehow I didn't want to have to talk to Henry just then, we roused him and steered him through the rose-hung gate.

As they waved good-night, and I swung away, it began to come to me that she had said hardly a word of herself and nothing of her own work and why it brought her homeward so late. But I seemed to be aware that her story could be no more than a part of the story of her father, and that I should do well not to think often of her so long as he remained a tightwad and an ex-champion, with a wallop and a case of nerves.

A DAY or two later I had a chance to see Henry at work. My few securities and other papers of real or imaginary value repose in a tin box in the vault of Jim Harper's bank. It had been months since I had looked them over, for there was little in that box to afford satisfaction. But something took me

there that morning, and so I learned that Henry Todd was the presiding spirit of the sunless dungeons.

His labors there seemed so incongruous for a nervous middle-aged athlete that before I left the bank I went to the president's office to gossip with Jim Harper about the case. As a result of our chat I had out of him the main outlines of Todd's story.

Some years before Henry had been holding a responsible job, and was well in line for a better one. Then one day he made a bad mistake—"Cost us five thousand dollars," said Jim. "Worse than a blunder, too. Fell down on a rule that every bank insists on. O. K'd a check presented to him for certification without having the account verified. There were crooks in it, but Henry Todd wasn't a crook. They put it over on him—got to him when he was rushed and absent-minded. Counted on his doing just what he did—broke a rule made to prevent that very thing. Worse yet, he let the blame fall on an innocent bookkeeper upstairs. Several days later he saw that the other fellow was in pretty bad. Then he came clean. Admitted it was his fault. After that, he went all to pieces. Nervous breakdown."

"How can you account for a man like Todd doing such a thing?" I asked.

"Only one way to explain it. Wife died just before. Lovely woman. Left him and his nice little daughter alone. Must have been about ready to bust, anyway. No other way to explain it—willful

disregard of our system. Followed it up with a piece of bad sportsmanship."

"But you've still got him working here," I persisted.

That part of it Jim was especially slow to tell. Where other employers would boast, he actually blushed.

"Sure. Why not? Honest man in a streak of hard luck. Not normal, of course. Bank took care of him. Sent him away for six months. When he came back, gave him that job in the vaults. Reduced salary. Told him flatly it was all he was good for until we could both be sure he was himself again."

Wise, kindly Jim Harper! Most bankers, I think, would have turned the man loose, a confirmed failure. Harper put him in the one right place—where everything is locked up and everybody under suspicion. There Henry Todd was learning all over again the banker's lesson, that Property is king, and that the laws which Property makes are not to be set aside.

T.T.S

NATURALLY I never talked about all this to Henry, although now and then I played with him and drove him home—with Frances. One such evening in midsummer when for some reason he had finished his round early and gone off home, I was trying some putts on the practice green, when Frances came down from the road. It was the first time I had been entirely alone with her.

For a little while she talked of herself. She was working these long hours in a market, as a sort of glorified bookkeeper. A dreary job, it seemed to me, but she would not agree to that, and blithely told off the list of her responsibilities, which were many and heavy.

"I've had three raises (Continued on page 120)



He held out his hand. "Congratulations! I moved my ball by mistake."





**ALTHOUGH** Mr. Benchley did not stop at the Indian Head House with the Peters', he was close by at the Ocean View. "The day of the fire, however," writes Mr. Benchley, "I was at the Indian Head, and did what I could." Whether what he did tended to retard the conflagration or increase it, he does not clearly state.

# A Pleasant Time Was Had

By Robert Benchley

Illustrated by John Held, Jr.

**L**AST summer, when the Peters' went abroad, was the first summer in twelve years that they had not spent July and August at the Indian Head House, Indian Head, Maine. For twelve years they had taken the hot trip from Dyke, Ohio, on the last day of June—which, for twelve years, had been next to the hottest day of the summer. The hottest had been July first, the day after they reached Indian Head.

Now, Indian Head is a cool enough place, as places go. Heaven knows, the water is cold enough to refrigerate the countryside within a radius of five miles. But the rooms in the Indian Head House, like the rooms in the Ocean View House, the Beach House, the Atlantic Hotel or the Tiverton Arms in any of the hundreds of seaside resorts from Maine to Delaware, are rooms which seem to have been built with but one idea in mind—namely, to absorb the heat of the sun and retain it for future generations.

On the first day of July, for twelve years in succession, Mr. and Mrs. Peters had stepped into their room at the Indian Head House, all hot and sooty from the long railway journey, had been greeted by a whiff of torrid air swept across a straw-matted floor, and had realized that Old Sol had been making this room his headquarters since those first warm days in May. And for twelve years in succession they had decided that next year they would go somewhere else for the summer.

Which explains why, on the first of July, 1926, they were back again at the Indian Head House, Indian Head, Maine.

Mr. Peters hadn't wanted to come. His summer abroad had made him even less gregarious than before, and the winter in Dyke, with several little unpleasantnesses which had arisen with

the neighbors, had implanted in his heart a great desire to put some shirts into a duffle-bag and go into the woods alone. He realized now that he could not trust himself with unpleasant people, and he felt that he was getting too old to be constantly upset by the nervous reaction following a murder. It was beginning to tell on his digestion.

However, Mrs. Peters rather wanted to see her old friends at Indian Head again, and tell them all about Europe, and it seemed little enough for her to ask after all that she had gone through for her husband. So when the bell rang for luncheon in the spacious dining-room of the Indian Head House on the first day of July, the head-waitress (a young lady who was taking a post-graduate course in Egyptology in Boston University) had the pleasure of showing Mr. and Mrs. Walter Peters to their seats at the table with Mr. and Mrs. Henry Samson, of Montclair, New Jersey, the Misses Kennedy, teachers from Brockton, Massachusetts, and Mr. George Gavin, an elderly and none-too-robust bachelor from Chicago.

The Samsons were old Indian Headers; so there were five minutes of jolly reunion before sitting down, during which it transpired not only that the Peters' had been abroad, but that Arthur Samson, the son, had been married in the meantime and was now the father of a remarkable child. It was easy to see that Mrs. Peters was going to have a tough time with her European reminiscences in competition with the Samson grandchild and the accounts of its many cute ways. To Mr. Peters the outlook was equally bleak, whether Mrs. Peters talked on Europe or the Samsons on Arthur's baby.

One consolation there was for Mr. Peters, and that was that

he could be partaking of his favorite brand of food, that which comes in such abundance from the sea along the Maine coast. He could stand almost anything at the table provided he might be working on a plate of steamed clams, with a succulent lobster waiting in the offing. So he confided to the waitress (a young lady who studied music in the Boston Conservatory during the winter months) that, as for him, he would take whatever sea-food there might be indicated in purple ink on the menu, with perhaps an ear of corn thrown in, and the sooner she could get it to him, the better. The waitress, after taking the other orders in a flustered manner, disappeared.

"So Ellen—that's Arthur's wife—said to him, 'What does the doggie say?' and — well, you should have seen the expression on his face to appreciate it—Billy said: 'Quack, quack!' I thought his father would die laughing."

"He must be darling," smiled Mrs. Peters. "He sounds like one of those little French children we saw in that town—do you remember, Walter?—those little ones in those funny little caps and big shoes?"

But Mr. Peters was thinking over how he would open his first clam, removing the rubber collar from the neck, and dip the rascal in the melted butter for as tasty a morsel as a Mid-westerner ever looked forward to.

After what seemed like a wholly unnecessary delay the waitress appeared, quite hot, with a tray loaded down with orders.



She looked as she must have looked in the Conservatory when suddenly asked to play an original composition in F minor.

"Let me see," she speculated, "yours was the steamed clams, Mrs. Samson?" Mrs. Samson took time out from Arthur's boy to admit that hers was the steamed clams. Mrs. Peters was too engrossed in her own account of the way they serve meals in French dining-cars to care whether she got steamed clams or steamed cuffs. As a matter of fact, she got chicken bouillon. Mr. Samson drew a nice mess of clams, and Mr. Peters pushed aside the salt and pepper to make room for his.

"Let me see," said the student, "yours was the cold roast beef, wasn't it?"

"Mine was the steamed clams," said Mr. Peters. He looked

anxiously. There were no more clams on the tray.

"Oh, I'm sorry!" said the young lady, and her tone indicated that she was about to break down and cry.

There was a pause.

"You don't want the cold roast beef?" she asked hopefully.

"I never wanted anything less in my life," said Mr. Peters.

"I think the clams are all served," whispered the girl. "Shall I bring you some of the pot roast?"

"No," said Mr. Peters, with a lump rising in his throat as he watched the Samsons' dipping clam after clam into the golden butter. "I think I'll go and lie down."

The porch, which should have (Continued on page 124)



Illustrated by  
C. D. Williams

# Tides

By  
Julian Street

**THIS** memorable novel of a so-typical American pilgrim's progress comes here to its climax. Readers have united in declaring "Tides" the most faithful and revealing drama of our changing times yet written—a series of striking portraits of America herself during the four decades most vivid to mature men and women today. And this last portrait is perhaps the most arresting of all.

## *The Story So Far:*

**I**T began in the quiet old-time Chicago suburb of Oakland, the coming of unrest and change—and the shadow of scandal.

For one fateful day Luke Holden brought the real-estate man Shire out to Oakland, and Shire saw his chance; moreover Holden met Shire's handsome daughter Florence that day; and though he had a wife and little girl of his own, a flame was kindled. Shire and Holden called on Zenas Wheelock, a pioneer and perhaps the most prominent citizen in Oakland; and after they had gone, the fine old patriarch shook his head. "I'm afraid," he said to his spinster daughter Martha (her fiancé, along with Zenas' son Lyman, had been killed in the Custer Massacre), "I'm afraid we're in for a bad spell."

The bad spell began to develop. Shire bought land and built—not the "mansion" he promised, but a block of garish close-packed houses. Luke Holden was seen more and more in the company of Florence Shire, and tongues wagged. And even to Zenas' grandson Alan, son of the bookworm widower Harris Wheelock, trouble came: An attractive boy from New York, Ray Norcross, had plainly made an impression on Blanche Holden. After Ray had gone, Blanche was caught in school writing a letter to him, and punished for it. To show his sympathy Alan sold his treasured cigarette-pictures and with the proceeds bought for Blanche a little silver "friendship ring."

A climax came at the housewarming which Shire gave with much ostentation. Holden conspicuously neglected his wife Nannie for the company of Florence Shire at that gaudy party. Even when Nannie was taken seriously ill, he allowed her to go home without him. And—next morning Mrs. Holden died. . . .

A scant year later Florence Shire and Holden were married. Blanche stayed with her beloved friends the Wheelocks for a time; but when her half-brother was born, she proved all too useful as a nursemaid, for the second Mrs. Holden was eager to resume the gayeties of life. . . . It was not long afterward that Holden took Florence and the baby for a trip to Florida, leaving Blanche with the Shires. She became more and more unhappy in that alien house, however, and Ray Norcross' impetuous wooing of her was made thus the easier by her longing for escape. Only when Martha Wheelock showed Blanche's letter to Alan, did he learn that his boyhood sweetheart had married Ray and gone to New York to live.

Thereafter Alan spent many of his evenings with Leta Purnell. After his graduation from business college he was given a place in the office of the Wheelocks' neighbor Colonel Burchard, and did well there.

Late one night Zenas' neighbor Captain Murphy of the Police Department came to see him. In spite of the hour the old man accompanied Captain Murphy to Napier Place, where was located Zenas' original Chicago home—now surrounded by the Red Light district. Here the old man found that when his former respectable tenant Mrs. Boddy had terminated her lease, Harris Wheelock—who had charge of the property—had allowed her to be replaced by the notorious Josie and her young women. Alan followed his grandfather, and was present when Josie accepted the old man's offer of money to get out the next day. The episode proved fatal to Zenas, however, for the exposure of the midnight winter excursion brought on a cold which rapidly grew worse. . . . It was some time after this that Luke Holden's wife Florence ran off with the bicycle-manufacturer Pritchett.

The Spanish war came. Alan married Leta Purnell the day he entrained with his regiment. And on his return his steady progress as a Chicago business man resumed its uneventful course. A son and daughter were born. They moved to a more fashionable neighborhood. And then, against his will but spurred by the ambitious Leta, he accepted a junior partnership in the New York firm of Broderick & Co. (*The story continues in detail.*)

**D**WARFED by surrounding skyscrapers, the building nevertheless had, by reason of its age and its massiveness, a look of consequence. The gray stone wall rising from the sidewalk's edge was pierced with deep-silled windows of plate glass polished always to a mirrorlike brilliancy, and alive, throughout the busy hours of the Wall Street day, with reflections of the passing crowds.

A critical eye inspecting the façade might have discovered but a single evidence of wear. The wide stone entrance-step, between the granite columns of the portico, dipped gently in the middle, hollowed by the tread of countless feet. John Broderick, president of the firm, recalled that there had been a slight depression in the step when, fresh from an apprenticeship in European banking-houses, he came back to New York and went to work here. His father, founder of C. V. A. Broderick and Company, had done his part in making this depression, and almost every noted figure in American finance since the middle of the last century had contributed the friction of his tread. Therefore the step with its little sag was a source of pride to John Broderick and his partners, a cherished symbol of the firm's substantial age.

At the double doors, however, the appearance of age abruptly vanished, the interior of the building having been elaborately modernized. Inside was a marble floor surrounded by marble sidewalks, breast-high like those at the shallow end of a natatorium. To the left this barrier was surmounted by a framework of ornamental bronze, outlining a series of plate-glass windows resembling those of tanks in an aquarium, behind which clerks and tellers swarmed solemnly about their business; but to the right the marble fence served merely as a kind of dyke, inclosing an area carpeted in seaweed-green out of which rose bulky roll-top desks like boulders of mahogany, perches for the more important monsters of this little sea, among whom secretarial young women, un-





"What's she putting over on you now, old dear?" she asked her father.

dulating to and fro, suggested fish of graceful and decorative species.

Shortly before one o'clock on this mild day in the early spring of 1921 a large man wearing a black felt hat came in from the street and looked uncertainly about the marble foyer. The messenger-boy preceding him, and the man behind, who caught the swinging door as he let it go, were evidently accustomed to the place, and having entered, hurried on their way; but the man in the black felt hat, unmistakably a stranger, hesitated until a gray-uniformed policeman on duty in the foyer approached.

"I want to see Mr. Wheelock," said the stranger.

"Will you let me have your card, sir?"

"I haven't any card. Tell him Frank Murphy."

"Have you got an appointment?"

"No—just tell him I'm here."

The policeman, indicating a bench, moved to the counter and in a low voice spoke to some one there who, glancing at the visitor, withdrew and spoke to some one else, who turned and entered one of the offices at the back of the green-carpeted area, whence presently came an efficient-looking young man with further inquiries.

"I'm Mr. Wheelock's secretary. Is there anything I can do?"

"Does he know I'm here?"

"He's just going out to keep an appointment, and—"

"All I'm trying to do," answered the other, rising, "is to get somebody to tell him I'm here. I'm an old friend of his."

"I see." The shrewd eyes behind the secretary's glasses had been estimating the caller. "I'm sure he'll see you if possible, Mr. Murphy. Will you wait here just a moment?"

Having vanished through the doorway from which he had come,

the young man emerged a moment later from another door in which, as he led Frank toward it, Alan Wheelock appeared.

"By George, it's good to see you!" he exclaimed, shaking Frank's hand. "Come in and tell me about yourself. I was out home a couple of months ago, and they told me you'd gone to Honduras to raise bananas."

"I've had to give that up for the time being," said Frank, dropping into the chair that Alan pushed out for him. "There's a fortune in it, though. It isn't just raising bananas—anybody can do that. I've got a formula for making banana flour that's going to practically do away with wheat flour. In the meantime Grant Hayes has given me the general agency for his cars in Mexico and Cuba. I'm on my way to Chicago now, to see about it."

"That's fine," said Alan. "Grant makes about the best medium-priced car there is. They used them for light ambulances in the war, you know."

"You bet I know! Makes me kind of ashamed yet, when I remember how we used to josh him about his horseless carriages."

"I heard about your getting decorated in France," Alan said, "and I looked for you once, but they'd just transferred your outfit to another sector." He broke off. "Look here, can you lunch with me?"

"I don't want to take up your time," Frank demurred, but Alan interrupted. "Branch!" he called; and when the grave young secretary appeared in the doorway, directed him to postpone to another day the luncheon engagement he had been about to keep.

At table in the club their talk turned naturally to Oakland; and Alan, whose business took him to Chicago now and then, gave Frank the neighborhood gossip, telling how, when the bicycle boom burst, Grant Hayes had bought the Pritchett plant at a bargain and started in to manufacture automobiles; how Pritchett with the remnant of his fortune had gone with Florence to live on the Riviera; how Willie Shire Holden, after years of quarreling with his father, eloped with a pretty girl from a milliner's shop; and how, contrary to Oakland's pessimistic prophecies, she had made a man of Willie, who was now proprietor of the best garage in the district.

"My Aunt Martha bought her car of him," Alan said. "In fact, about the only person around there who doesn't trade with Willie is his father. Luke Holden brought all his troubles on himself, but you can't help being sorry for him. He's old and



"I was never so ashamed in my life," she proclaimed hotly. "He practically dragged me out, in front of all those people."

broken, hasn't a friend left, and he spends all his time thinking up new ways to be mean."

"He had a row with the Shires, didn't he, after his wife ran away?"

"Yes, he's quarreled with everybody—didn't even go to Shire's funeral."

"I hadn't heard of his death."

"Died over a year ago. He was inspecting some cheap houses he'd built up near Forty-second Street, and a flimsy stair-rail gave way with him. Mrs. Shire still lives in the green stone house. Mr. and Mrs. Steinberg have stayed in Oakland too, but the chil-



dren have married and moved away. Jakie has a big retail-clothing business downtown."

Frank smiled. "I've always been sort of sorry I didn't take him to Alaska with me that time," he said; and upon inquiring about Mr. and Mrs. Purnell, was told they had moved back to their old home in Des Moines.

"I was sorry to hear about your father," Frank went on. "He passed away mighty sudden, didn't he?"

Alan nodded. "He was in the library repairing an old book. They found him there with his head on the desk, and at first they thought he was asleep."

"I read in the paper about the sale of his books. Nobody ever dreamed there was a library as valuable as that in Oakland."

"We didn't ourselves," Alan told him. "We thought his book-

collecting was just a hobby—a rather extravagant hobby, too. But he knew what he was doing. There were volumes he bought for a few dollars that sold up into the hundreds and even the thousands. I wish my grandfather could know about it—and about Napier Place."

"Cleaned up?"

"Yes, mostly sky-scrapers now. Number Twelve's the Wheelock Building—twenty stories." He glanced out of the window. "They were planning eighteen, but I remembered when I was a kid hearing Grandfather talking with Shire about how high buildings could go; Shire said eight or ten stories was the limit, but Grandfather said twenty; so"—with a little smile he turned again to Frank—"we added a couple of stories; made the building a kind of monument to him."

Alan found it curiously delightful to be with some one who had





known the Oakland he had known, some one whose interest in Oakland news was no less keen than his. In spite of his occasional visits, he usually thought of the old neighborhood as a place unreal and infinitely remote, but this talk with Frank made boyhood memories live again.

"How's Leta?"

With an effort Alan brought his thoughts back to the present. "Why, she's all right," he said. "The winter season in New York is so busy that she gets tired about this time of year, and she's gone to White Sulphur for a rest."

"I was counting on seeing her. Children well?"

"Yes—you and my boy Jim are fellow-veterans—he drove an ambulance over there."

"Doesn't seem possible he's old enough for that."

"Getting on toward twenty-two; and Kit, my daughter, came out last winter. In some respects she seems older than Jim, but that's the way with these modern girls. Everything's so different."

"Do you think it's the war?"

"The war certainly disorganized my boy," Alan answered. "I can't get him to buckle down to anything. He seems to be going on his nerves all the time." He leaned back, and his brow contracted in a troubled frown. "You know, Frank, as I began to make a little money, I was always planning what we could do for the children, but I've found out that you can't do more than just so much. A parent is infernally helpless. The thing I wanted most to give Jim and Kit was the kind of childhood you and I had. And that's the one thing I haven't been able to give them!"

"Oh, I guess each generation worries that way about the next," Frank commented consolingly.

"No, this problem of young people today is something different. They're out of hand. I don't pretend to know how deep it runs or how far it will go, but it's the kind of thing that, if it goes on, may mean the decadence of the whole race. 'Freedom'—'individualism'—'self-expression'—that's their talk; and it simply means that they resent discipline. Ray Norcross was one generation ahead of his time. I remember hearing him say to his grandfather that he intended to be his own master, and I can still see the look on Colonel Burchard's face when he said: 'You can't be—nobody ever is.'"

"Does Ray understand that yet?"

"I'm afraid not."

"He's done pretty well, hasn't he?"

"Yes, pretty well; but he's always on the wrong side of everything. Last time I saw him, he was all in favor of the Russian revolution—said it's just what we need over here." Alan smiled. "One night when he and Blanche were dining at our house, he told me that when the 'red dawn' came, I and my kind would be the first to face the firing-squad."

"Good of him to let you know in plenty of time! Did his radicalism make him turn down the money Colonel Burchard left him?"

"No, and it didn't prevent him from trying to break the will, either. The money was left in trust, and that made Ray furious. When he found he couldn't break the will, he mortgaged the in-



"They're fond of each other, dear," Blanche said. "We can't find happiness at their expense."

come to a shyster money-lender at an absurd rate, and promptly ran through what he'd raised. He and some other free spirits started a radical paper—anti-everything; and when the war came along, the Government suppressed them. For a while I thought Ray would get in jail and be a martyr, but he couldn't nag them into arresting him. He's been out in California for over a year—improving the movies."

"Still drinking?"

"I haven't heard anything to the contrary."

"Blanche has certainly had a lot to put up with," said Frank reflectively.

"Blanche is wonderful." Alan spoke with feeling. "She has stood everything a woman could stand. I've never heard her utter a word of complaint." He drew cigars from his pocket and gave one to Frank. "If there's anything braver than a fine woman when she sets out to be a stoic, I don't know what it is."

"Yes—and Blanche deserved the best. Back in the old days I had a sort of notion you were going to marry her."

Evidently Alan's cigar did not draw well, for he was turning it over in his fingers, inspecting the wrapper; and when presently the waiter brought the check, the two rose and left the club.

"I'll tell you somebody you'd see if you were going to stay a little longer," said Alan as they threaded their way through the bustling sidewalk crowds. "Old Delia's coming to pay us a visit, and Leta and I are going to have a grand time showing her the sights."

The mention of Delia recalled half-humorous memories to them both. Frank reminded Alan of the occasion when, hard pressed by the Micks, the Oakland boys retreated to the Wheelocks' back yard, where in the nick of time they were reinforced by Delia brandishing a mop. "And do you remember how she'd scold when we wanted to make lemonade in her kitchen," he went on, "and the way we used to raid that old stone cookie-jar on the pantry shelf?"

"Yes, and I have to praise her cookies all over again every time I go home."

(Continued on page 134)

# Just Real Good

Illustrated by  
Ralph Pallen Coleman

# Friends

By Thyra Samter Winslow

*One of the most widely praised novels of the year is "Show Business," in which the author with humor and reality traces the progress of a girl in that glamorous profession. It was written by Thyra Samter Winslow with the same penetrating analysis that the reader will perceive in this story of a girl who finally woke up.*

MARGARET ANDREWS first met Gerard Harding when she was nineteen. Bob Montague brought him to call on her one Sunday afternoon. Even then there was a little glow about meeting him—something different about it, than the meeting of any of the dozens of other men to whom Margaret had been introduced. Perhaps it was because ever since she had known Bob Montague—and she had known him almost a year—he had larded his sentences with quotations from Gerard Harding and praise of Gerard Harding and comments about him.

Even the name—there was something so much more poetic about the name *Gerard Harding* than the name of, say, Ralph Conway or Bill Duncan or any of the other boys in the crowd. Then, Gerard Harding was a chemist. That was different, too. Gerard, according to Bob Montague, was always making queer experiments and going to odd places.

"He made the most wonderful perfume you've ever smelled," had been one of Bob Montague's stories concerning him. "He could have had it marketed if he had wanted to, but he didn't pay any attention to it—just gave a bottle to a girl he was going with and let it go at that."

Margaret hadn't even known Gerard Harding at the time, but she was vaguely jealous of the girl who had received the perfume—as you are jealous of a girl in a story you are reading, when the hero proves extraordinarily attractive.

"Gerard Harding made the most wonderful cleaning-fluid," Bob said another time, "and didn't even try to do anything about it. Funny thing about that boy—he isn't practical at all. Just a dreamer." Nice!

"I've got to go to the hospital," Bob Montague had said, still another time. "My friend Gerard Harding—you've heard me speak of him—got hurt in an accident the other day. He had been working at night with another fellow on one of those queer experiments of his and something blew up; he got tossed clear across the room and fractured his leg."

There were other stories of Gerard too, of his travels, of his adventures, of girls who were in love with him.

Even before Margaret met Gerard, she had built up a whole story concerning him. He had become, in a way, as complete and familiar a person as if she had read a whole book about him. Then when Bob telephoned early one Sunday afternoon and said, "My friend Gerard Harding is here—may we walk over to see you?" Margaret had been all excited about it. She usually wasn't excited about meeting new men.

Dinner was over, and Margaret had finished helping her mother clear away the dishes—folks in Elmfield had dinner at one on Sunday. In spite of her mother's protests, directly after the telephone call Margaret had made sandwiches—tiny, dainty ones—and a cooling drink which she put on ice preparatory to the visit.

Other boys called, and Margaret didn't plan things for them. This was different!

When she first saw Gerard there had been a vague disappointment. Why, he didn't look any more remarkable—any more ro-

mantic—than any of the other boys. Good-looking, in a way, but not awfully distinguished-looking. Then, almost unconsciously, his charm seeped to her, his blue eyes, almost too blue a color for his tanned skin, his brown, rather rough hair. Yes, he was nice! He talked well, too.

Margaret was surprised to find that Bob, who usually had so much to say, lapsed into silence when Gerard was around. She didn't wonder at that. Gerard had something to say! Most of the boys in the crowd just chattered on about nothing at all. Gerard told a dozen interesting anecdotes. He had met a famous artist at a dinner. He had been on a fishing trip with a well-known humorist. One of the screen's best-known actors was a personal friend of his. In a hundred ways he was different from the other men Margaret had known. Unconsciously she found herself playing up to him a bit, saying the clever things she thought he would expect, smiling understandingly at his jokes, adding little anecdotes of her own. She wished she knew the sort of people he knew—knew just what to say to him. All of the things she said sounded so inadequate, so silly.

Elmfield was one of New York's smaller suburbs. Margaret went with the crowd there—was always going into New York for theaters and dancing, and yet nothing she knew seemed exciting enough to tell to Gerard Harding. Still, he seemed satisfied talking to her—not that he'd ever care to see her again, of course. She served the sandwiches, listened attentively, nodded brightly whenever Gerard spoke. She was a bit annoyed when Frank Williams came in, yet she had always thought Frank an awfully nice fellow. Now he seemed dull and boorish—talked too much, when she preferred to hear Gerard instead. Then the boys left—and life seemed different, somehow.

A few days later Bob Montague telephoned her.

"You made a great hit with Gerard Harding," he told her. "He said he wanted to see you again—and he's got a dozen girls crazy about him, too. He said he was coming over here to see me soon, and we'll be over to see you, then, too."

It was three weeks before Margaret saw Gerard Harding again. Oh, she hadn't thought of him all that time, but she had thought of him more than it was her custom to think of stray young men whom she had seen only once. Margaret, at nineteen, had never been in love.

When Gerard and Bob Montague appeared unexpectedly one evening, just as Margaret decided to go to bed early to make up some sleep, she gave almost a sigh of relief. She had been afraid that Gerard wouldn't—that he hadn't wanted to come again. Why should she care? What was he to her? Again she listened





"I've got into an awful mix-up—a girl. She doesn't mean a thing to me—honest."

attentively to his jokes, to his anecdotes of well-known people. Again she caught her breath with something very near anxiety, when, at the end of the evening, he failed to make an engagement to see her again.

Two weeks later, when she was least expecting it—she had been almost afraid that she had hurt his feelings or that he was not at all interested in her—the telephone rang. It was Gerard Harding. She was almost grateful when he asked if he might call the next night.

All day Margaret thought of Gerard's coming visit. In the office, where, on usual occasions, she was a competent secretary to Mr. Bragg of Duffield and Bragg, she spent most of her time thinking of Gerard. At noon she went out and bought a new beaded georgette blouse—they were wearing georgette blouses that year. She hurried through her work and was able to catch the train earlier than the one she usually caught. This gave her time for a bath before dinner—her mother didn't let her help much about the house, felt that she had enough to do in the office all day.

After dinner Margaret combed her hair and rolled it softly over her ears the way she always wore it. She put on the new georgette blouse. What if—if Gerard Harding really liked her? It would be the first time that she would be alone with him!

The evening passed quite as the other two meetings with Gerard Harding had passed. They sat on the front porch and talked. Gerard told Margaret his views of life, his ideas about people, a hundred other things. He quoted bits of poetry, told of authors he had read and enjoyed, while Margaret made mental notes of as many of them as she could. She'd read the books he spoke of, right away! She tried to be sympathetic, to respond to all his ideas. She didn't mind that he hadn't asked her to go out with him—that he didn't bring her a box of candy, even, though she would have been annoyed if any other fellow had treated her in that fashion.

That was the beginning of it. From then, Gerard called on Margaret on an average of once a week. Of course she could never count on him. There was no pattern or regularity to his calls. In a way, though, Margaret liked that. Better than the

way the other boys did. You could count on them only too well—stupid things! Sometimes for two or three weeks she wouldn't hear from Gerard at all. Seemingly he had forgotten all about her. Then, just when the fear that he wasn't interested at all would make itself felt, he'd appear again.

Gerard never took Margaret anywhere, although his conversation was always full of the places he had been and the things he had seen. All he ever did was to call—and talk! Outside of his conversation, he never did anything to make her like him. Yet Margaret finally admitted to herself that she was in love with him. It must have been sudden, almost love at first sight, because at first she had known Gerard simply through Bob Montague's stories—and then he had appeared, and suddenly the whole world seemed to revolve around him. His telephone calls became the most important thing in the world.

His voice was the only voice that meant anything. A man in a crowd of strange people or on the street looked like him or didn't look like him, and was interesting or uninteresting, accordingly. A dozen times a day—walking at noon or coming home from the office—she would see some one who would make her stop involuntarily—the way Gerard held his shoulders, the way he wore his hat—blue eyes, the curve of his chin.

Bob Montague became Margaret's best friend just because of his knowledge of Gerard. She asked him a million questions and was happy because Bob took such evident delight in talking about his friend. She learned little things about Gerard's boyhood,—he and Bob had known each other for years,—stories of his college life.

When Margaret had known Gerard three months, he kissed her good-night. She was surprised at the seeming warmth of his kiss, and yet it was what she wanted—what she expected, really. Other boys had kissed her, and although those were slightly pre-flapper days, Margaret had not thought of kisses as having great significance. Gerard's kisses were different. The memory of them stayed with her for days. Gerard always kissed her good night after that first time, and sometimes he took her hand and held it a little while. Of course he must love her, too—he wouldn't keep on calling, wouldn't kiss her, if he didn't.

As time passed, Margaret cared less and less about the other boys. She went with them, of course—one had to do something; going with them was just helping pass the time. It was Gerard's visits she waited for. She wondered a little because he never took her anywhere, never spent any money on her. He didn't act as if he were stingy. Still—oh, well, why worry about that? Wasn't he dearer than any other man she had ever known?

Gerard told Margaret a hundred times he enjoyed coming to see her because he found peace and restfulness. Perhaps that wasn't what she wanted him to tell her—but that was something, surely, and at least he did continue to call.



The scene was gay and colorful, even hilarious. She tried to fit in.

Summer passed, and then when Gerard came they sat in the living-room under the soft-shaded light. Margaret had made the shade herself. It was a nice gold color—she hoped it was becoming. All that Margaret ever remembered about that winter was Gerard's calls.

Spring came, and summer—and Gerard kept on calling. Once in a while he took Margaret out now, but it was to places he himself wanted to see, or where he wanted to go. They went to the theater on passes a friend of his gave him.

He took her with Bob Montague and Bob's newest girl to see some bachelor friends in Greenwich Village, and Margaret was enthusiastic over the quaint studio, although usually she thought the Village a bit tawdry. Still—they were Gerard's friends. Village girls helped the bachelors to entertain the guests. The scene was gay and colorful, even a little hilarious after the third round of drinks. She tried to fit into the evening. She was careful when she spoke, so that Gerard, if he overheard any of her remarks, would not think she was stupid and lacking in appreciation and understanding.

Gerard took her to the beach a couple of times, too. Such attentions from another man would have meant nothing at all. These, coming from Gerard—didn't they show he cared?

Winter came again, and still Gerard called. He must like her. He wouldn't call, otherwise. He wasn't the sort who wasted his



enough of them. There are only a few people in the world I can call my friends—and you're one."

That ought to have been enough for Margaret. It wasn't, not nearly. Why did he kiss her—if they were just friends? When Margaret felt herself in his arms when he kissed her good-by, when she tried to show him how she felt toward him, when the warmth of his kiss remained hours after he had gone—she felt this was more than friendship.

As time passed, Margaret found herself leading a double life. There were parties which she attended with the other boys. She was gay and pleasant enough when she was not with Gerard. And these parties, where she was outwardly so gay, seemed stupid and dull because Gerard was not there. What could she do? She couldn't stop going about because Gerard didn't take her—and she couldn't make him do much more than call. Well, even that—

Then, one evening, Gerard said:

"I've got into an awful mix-up—a girl. She doesn't mean a thing to me—honest. She's a sister of a friend of mine, Jack Barlow. You've heard me talk of him. Well, I started going out with her, didn't realize how I was drifting—and she seems to think—oh, well, it's all mixed up, anyhow. I'm glad I can talk it over with you. I couldn't if we weren't such good friends. This girl—"

A peculiar emotion went through Margaret, one she had never felt before—jealousy and something else, jealousy and impotence—and anger and helplessness too. She was surprised that when she spoke, her voice was outwardly calm.

"I think if you just didn't see her any more, it would be all right," she managed.

"Oh, I'm afraid you don't understand. She's a little thing—only eighteen. Not like you," said Gerard. (Margaret was twenty-one now!) "She isn't self-reliant or calm like you. She's a helpless sort of little girl, and when she looks up at me with her big eyes, I just don't know what to do. She sort of thinks, from some things I've said—"

"Oh, these helpless little things aren't helpless at all," said Margaret. "They know just what they're doing. They're usually awfully clever when it comes to men. In fact, their very helplessness is a part of their game. Of course she may not be that type, but—"

"Don't be a cat about her," said Gerard. "Why, you've never even seen her, you know. I'm surprised at you, Margaret—I thought you'd be helpful and sympathetic."

"Oh, I am, I am!" said Margaret. "Really!"

But she noticed that Gerard changed the subject.

He didn't call for two weeks, then. What if— When Gerard

time over people he didn't care for. Margaret wished she knew if he cared—how much he cared. She knew now that she cared a great deal.

As time went on, Margaret wished there was something she could do—something that would make Gerard more definite. She was afraid to do anything, to say anything, for fear he wouldn't care about coming to see her at all if she did. Still, this couldn't go on. There ought to be something that she could say, something—

Margaret tried to draw Gerard's attention to herself, to say little things to make him see how pleasant and desirable she was. Oh, he appreciated her, in a way, or he wouldn't be calling at all, but he didn't seem to see her—all of her, the part that she felt was best of all, even the things that the other men she knew saw and felt. She was always gay enough at parties, and yet alone with Gerard she felt a restraint, a peculiar inability to express herself. She would listen to him, wish she could say things—and find herself unable to express herself at all. It was almost as if Gerard put a peculiar spell on her; and yet he liked her—said he liked her—told her so nearly every time she saw him, in fact.

"You and I are just real good friends," he would say. "There aren't many girls I can talk to the way I can talk to you. A real friend is worth everything in the world—and none of us have



did call, he didn't even mention the little girl at all, and Margaret, after the two weeks of being unhappy, was so glad to see him then that she didn't think of questioning him about her. Maybe he had forgotten her! Maybe she had just imagined that it had been serious. Maybe he hadn't cared, really! After all, he hadn't said anything definite.

He called twice more. Both times he seemed a bit distraught. Then he telephoned.

"Could you meet me in town tonight?" he asked. "I've got something to tell you. I don't want to telephone it, and I can't take the time to run out there. If you'll meet me—" He named a small café where he had taken her, once before, for supper—one of the Golden Times of their acquaintanceship.

"Of course, Gerard," Margaret said. "I'll be there."

She dressed hurriedly. She put on her best white blouse and her tailored suit. She looked into her vanity mirror a dozen times on her way to the café. She wanted to look nice, wanted to be a credit to Gerard.

She found him waiting for her. It was a cheap little café, half of the tables occupied by couples, each couple eager over its own affairs, whispering close across the table.

As soon as she saw Gerard, Margaret knew there was something wrong.

"What's the matter?" she asked a bit nervously, but as gayly as she could manage, as soon as they were seated.

"It's—it's this, Margaret," he told her. "Well, the truth is, I'm—I'm married."

Margaret closed her eyes, but she didn't grow dizzy. There was, instead, a strange noise in her ears as if the word "married" were being turned around and around on a large wheel.

"Yes?" she said.

And then, a moment later: "Is it the girl you told me about, Gerard?"

"Yes, that's the girl. I—well—I couldn't get out of it. Her brother's a friend of mine, and you know how things like that are. Things had gone a bit too far to back out. I didn't want to get married. I really didn't. But—well, I'm married now, and—and I've got a new job in Cleveland that will last a couple of months, and we're going to leave tomorrow. I—I wanted you to know."

"I'm glad you told me," said Margaret. She held her hand out across the table. She hoped that he wouldn't see it was trembling. "I wish you all kinds of luck," she said.

"I knew you would," said Gerard. "That's why I wanted you to know. You and I have always been—well, just real good friends, and I hope we'll keep on. Margaret, I'm going to say something that sounds simply awful, but I—I want you to know it. I—I'll come back some day if you'll let me. You're the best friend I've ever had."

THEY talked then, but Margaret never knew what about. A sort of fog seemed to be closing in around her.

Gerard paid the check, and they left the restaurant together.

"You needn't take me to the station," said Margaret. "I'm quite all right—I don't mind going alone."

Gerard seemed a bit relieved.

"I do have to get back. She's—well, sort of jealous—a helpless little thing. I told her I had a business appointment. She'd never have understood if I had told her I was going to meet a girl. Remember what I said, Margaret—you and I—some day—"

Margaret never remembered how she got home. She felt the same way she had felt the day she'd a tooth pulled out and had taken gas. All noises were too loud, too distinct. People seemed to move with deliberate, mechanical motions.

Arriving at home she let herself into the house with her key and got to bed without her mother or father hearing her. That was something!

She was surprised to find the next morning, when her mother woke her up, that she had actually fallen asleep during the night. It had seemed, as she lay there, that she would never be able to sleep again. Yet she had slept—and Gerard was gone! Married! Why, he had been going with some one else even while he had been to see her—while he had kissed her good-night. Those kisses even, hadn't meant anything! A cad, of course. But then, he would undoubtedly have admitted that, himself. He liked to admit faults. What difference what he was, if she cared for him? And now—just real good friends!

There were weeks, then, when life went on almost automatically, when it was a task to dress, when every page she read in a book had to be read over and over again. She lost weight a little, and she couldn't afford to get any thinner.

Still, in the back of her mind, there was something else, and although she wouldn't have admitted it even to herself, she realized that she clung to it almost desperately. Of course she ought not to! Gerard was a married man—and yet he had said: "Some day I'll be back, Margaret—you and I—" Maybe he had meant that she was the real love of his life and that the other girl had really been forced on him. Maybe he meant— Why, he could have meant anything!

Bob Montague was the first one who spoke to Margaret of Gerard's marriage.

"Did you hear the news?" he asked one day when he met her as she got off at the station. "Did you know that Gerard Harding—that he—"

"Why, yes," answered Margaret, quite gayly, she felt. "He's married! Is that what you meant?" He telephoned me, and I met him, and he told me all about it."

"She's an awfully pretty girl," said Bob. "A sister of Jack Barlow. Did you ever meet her? A little thing with big eyes. Kind of cute. Gerard's been hanging around there a long time, I guess, but she always had half a dozen men on her trail."

"Yes," said Margaret, "he—he told me all about her."

A YEAR stumbled by. Margaret was twenty-two. Outwardly she felt that she looked just about the same. She had to keep up—in case Gerard—

She did not see Gerard. He was back in New York, she knew. A dozen mutual acquaintances told her that. He had been at a party—some one had seen him at an opening—he had made a success of a new fire-extinguisher and had some money. Another rumor, then—a mild one. He and his wife did not get along together. They fought "like cats and dogs." Six months more—another year.

Margaret still went in the crowd. No one noticed that she was any different. A little older, of course. Sometimes it seemed to her that those who knew her should have been able to tell that her mirth was false most of the time—and yet as days went on, it wasn't always false, either. There were times when she and Bill Duncan—good old Bill—had awfully good times together. Not that Bill meant anything, the way Gerard did—but after all, he was good company, took her to the theater, to parties, didn't mind spending money. Some of the crowd married. Bill didn't.

Another year—still another. Margaret was twenty-four. She still went with the crowd, though they were mostly married couples now. She still went with Bill. Grand old Bill—what would she do without him?

Then one day the telephone rang—without warning. When it rang, you couldn't have told but what it would be just an ordinary call. Margaret went to the telephone almost without interest.

"Hello," she said.

She waited. A voice, then. She grew a little dizzy.

"That you, Margaret?" the voice asked.

"Yes," she said, "this is Margaret. Who—who is talking?" She wouldn't be too sure.

"An old friend of yours. Been away all summer—just got back to town again. Thought I'd say hello. I haven't seen you in ages. Lots to tell you. What about coming in and getting acquainted again? Tonight, if you'll let me."

"Why—why, Gerard! Of course—if you'd like to come."

Gerard was back! He called! Things were just the same. His wife had run away with another man four months before, and Gerard was going to let her get a divorce. It was the only thing to do.

"We fought awfully. We never were suited temperamentally," he said, "but—well, she was always so kind of helpless. After all, I—married her—I felt, in a way, responsible for her. It sort of broke me up, though. I hadn't cared for her the way I should have cared. You know that—but somehow all this—I feel pretty much broken up. You and I were always such good friends, I felt that you wouldn't mind if I came back and talked things over with you."

"Of course not," said Margaret. "It was the only thing you could do. You remember—you said you'd come back some day."

"Did I?" said Gerard. "Well, it looks as if I'd kept my word. I don't always seem able to do that lately."

IT was as if the last years had been cut out of her life. Gerard called in the evening. He didn't call regularly, but when he felt like it, without making an engagement, likely as not, just as he had called before. Once again, when she met Bob Montague on the street, her heart would leap a bit (Continued on page 144)

# That Jocelyn Girl

By  
Samuel Merwin

Realized in  
Pictures by  
James Montgomery  
Flagg

## SYNOPSIS

**FAITH JOCELYN** puzzled much about her father, whom she knew only as an interesting-looking grayish man, always traveling. Twice a year her Aunt Ellen, with whom she lived, took her to meet him at luncheon. At their last meeting one Joe, a young man with a scarred face, had been present.

Just after Faith's graduation from a private school, her Aunt Ellen died suddenly. The evening of the funeral, with Grace Dealing, a school friend, Faith searched the dead woman's apartment for her father's address and came upon a typewritten paper headed, "LONGMAINE'S WORLD-EMBRACING SHOWS," with, below, a list of cities and dates. Her father traveled with the circus—and Longmaine's would be, the next day, not four hours' ride away. So, in the morning, she caught a westbound train.

On the train she met the strange young man called Joe, and he went with her to their destination. They found the parade just breaking up after its return from the streets.

"I don't come on the lot much," said Joe, queerly. "But I'll meet you after the performance right over there, at the end of the banners. It'll be your one chance." He looked about. "See that tall fellow? That's Frank Watson—Blanco, you know, the star clown. —Hey, Frank! Thought you wouldn't mind passing a good-looking girl in, Frank. Meet Miss Johnson."

"That's not my name!" cried Faith. Joe, with a mock bow and a, "See you later," strode away. "It's Faith Jocelyn. I've come to find my father," the girl went on.

She felt the blue eyes taking her in. She liked this man. "If you'll wait here," he said, shyly, "we'll find seats." In a surprisingly short time he was back in street dress.

He seemed a big, shy boy. And so, when they were seated, Faith surprised herself by telling him eagerly of her school life, of Aunt Ellen's death and her ensuing predicament. When he left to dress, he said gently: "If you should have any—well, trouble—look me up."

Faith watched him with deep interest during the performance. Later, outside, she met Joe again. "It's just a chance," said he. "If you see him, don't speak or move."

The crowd streamed past. Faith felt Joe's hand grip her arm. Her eyes rested on a big, red-faced man with a diamond in his shirt-front. Then she saw her father, moving with a leisurely dignity. She started forward, only to be jerked back. She heard Joe's harsh whisper: "Want to land him in prison?" The progress of the big man was



Faith Jocelyn



Jack Jocelyn,  
Faith's Father



Frank Watson  
(Blanco, the Clown)



Grace Dealing



Joe, One of  
Jocelyn's Gang



Charlie Jackson,  
the Circus Press Agent

checked momentarily by a group of others pushing through, John Jocelyn among them. Mr. Red-face came on again; then a friend spoke quickly, and he looked down. His diamond was gone. He cried out profanely.

"That's that," said Joe. "You won't see your dad tonight."

"But I must!" she breathed. "What has he to—"

"Simple enough." Joe smiled in his queer way. "He's got the rock. He's off in his car by now. He'll turn up tomorrow at the new stand."

Faith fled blindly—sought the railway station. Joe followed, and at the ticket office snatched a roll of money from a man buying a ticket at the window, thrust it into Faith's hand, and made his escape. Faith returned the money to the victim—but one Charlie Jackson of the circus press-department saw her take the money and did not see her give it back.

Later Joe sought Faith out again and promised to take her to her father. Suspicious and bewildered, she sought counsel of the only person in whom she had confidence—Frank the clown. And the clown punished Joe with a proper beating. But in the argument that followed, Jackson testified that Faith had accepted the stolen money; and Frank, believing Faith a crook like her father, left her to her own devices. (Now turn the page and read on:)



**F**AITH turned to flee, she knew not whither, but Joe pursued close after her.

"You've just got to listen," Joe kept insisting, stumbling eagerly along beside her. "I tell you it's all fixed. I phoned your dad. He's expecting us. I'm on the level about this. Think we want you blundering round making trouble for us? You meet me right after the show is over. And I'll take you straight to him—see?"

After a wretched evening in the big tent Faith fell in with his plan—drove unhappily off into the night. The circus was packing up. Lights flared. Workmen swarmed like ants. Canvas

billowed down about bare poles. Elephants pushed great rumbling wagons.

Frank, later, walked moodily toward the train. Had he judged too hastily? Surely that girl— He saw an automobile turn in on the lot. A tall man got out. Jack Jocelyn. This was odd—and risky.

Jocelyn spied the clown.

"Frank," he said, "Jimmy Reilly phoned that my daughter was here. Know anything?" The famously cool Jocelyn was plainly excited.

"I rather think Joe's driven off with her," replied Frank.





"That devil? Good God! But there's just one place he'd take her."

He leaped to his car.

Frank gave a swift instant to thought, then leaped after. "I'm coming along, Jack." Nothing more was said. Off they dashed at top speed.

**J**OE drove into the grounds of a secluded hostelry. All shutters were drawn, but some light leaked out on rows of parked cars, and Faith dimly heard a jazzy orchestra. She felt weak, helpless. Life, that had seemed a glowing thing, grinned savagely

at her. She thought crudely, as youth will, of heredity. Perhaps the sinister strain was in her blood—perhaps she'd end up a thief! Tears came to her staring eyes.

"Understand now, my dear," came Joe's whining voice, "we're working everything out the best we can for you. Nobody asked you to join up,"—this was true,—"and naturally your dad's worried. We can't have you spilling careless talk. Come with me now. And don't let anything you see frighten you. Naturally, it's a rough place. But remember I'm with you, and your dad's waiting upstairs."

The door opened at his knock.



**F**AITH entered, then shrank back at the sight of crowded drunken dancers, noisy women and evil-looking men. Joe hurried her up two flights of stairs to a door at the rear of the building.

Fright, dread, and the clarity that was the native sense in Faith's fiber struggled for mastery of her thoughts. It seemed odd that no clerk or page had accompanied them.

She heard steps and a tinkling sound, and cringed against the wall. It was a waiter bearing a tray. She saw sandwiches, glasses and a bottle. He stopped beside them. Joe, grinning with a curious air of excitement, tapped on the door.

Faith felt dizzy—what if she should faint? She found her hands over her face and put them resolutely down. She'd have to be braver than that.

Joe opened the door. It was dark in there. The waiter switched on a light. Then Joe took her arm—she couldn't help hanging back—and almost dragged her within. The waiter left his tray and slipped out, Faith didn't know how or when; she didn't even hear him shut the door. But this was the sheerest cowardice! She lifted her eyes. Joe, still grinning, stood between her and the door. Her father was not there.

"Well," said Joe, "how about a little drink?"



She couldn't speak or move. He came slowly forward, caught her arm as she shrank away and waved her toward a chair.

"Oh, come," said he, not whining now, but speaking shrewdly (she sensed the ominous change in him), "sit down and we'll talk it over. Don't be frightened, girl! Why, I'm not going to murder you!"

She found her voice. "Where's my father?"

"God knows."

"You lied to me!"

"Sure. What else is a fellow to do when he's crazy about a girl? I had to bring you round somehow, didn't I?"

"Take me away from here!" Faith demanded hotly.

He studied her, appearing to enjoy her high color and flashing eyes. He would have seemed cool enough now, except that his scar had assumed that unpleasant purple color.

"Thing for you and me to do, my dear," he said, "is to have a bit of supper and talk things over quietly."

He still held her arm. Now she wrenched it away. He laughed softly and lifted the plate of sandwiches. She darted toward the door.

He let the plate fall with a crash, caught her, and held her firmly in his arms.





**J**OHAN JOCELYN drove at top speed along the State road. Frank, sitting quietly beside him, thought deeply of the man's methodically criminal life and of the possible tragedy it had brought him to. This band of thieves had no place in the orderly life of the circus and never entered the tents; yet they had a certain odd standing.

But after a few moments Frank's somber thoughts turned back to the girl. He felt again her eagerness, her concern, her bewilderment. That child wasn't a crook—Joe had tricked him there! The thought that a quicker wit on his part might have saved her stung him.

They stopped at a filling-station, and in the glare of the lights there Frank noted how drawn was the father's usually cold face. Then he spoke:

"Jack, look here: that poor kid is up against it. Her aunt died, you know."

Jocelyn started at this announcement, and stared. "I've been thinking, Jack," Frank went on. "She's a good kid, and she's got to have some place to go to. Why don't you let me send her to my mother in Terre Haute? Until you can work something out for her. Mother'd be great to her."

Jocelyn didn't reply then—merely drove on. . . .



Back in that dingy roadhouse bedroom, Faith struggled in Joe's arms. He was laughing as he wrestled her from the door back to the table, laughing and talking.

"My word, but aint we the little spitfire! Now, look-a-here, kid, you'll do just as well to talk it over sensible. Here we stay tonight. Tomorrow we'll make our get-away. How about New York, eh? I've got money enough, and I know where there's plenty more.

"Now listen, kid," he went on. "I fell for you the minute I saw you. I said to myself: 'I'm for her, clean through—'

"Screaming, eh? All right. All right! It wont be the first little

screech they've heard in this place. I tell you I'm in right here. They know me. They're scared of me, see!"

She wrenched an arm free and struck him across the mouth.

"None o' that!" he cried. Drawing a pistol from a coat pocket, he laid it on the table. "I'll be just as rough as you like. Be decent, and I'll be decent. That goes all the way. Now right here we'll begin with a little kiss."

She snatched at the pistol, and as he struck up her hand, pulled the trigger. *(This strange story of Faith Jocelyn's rude awakening from the dreams of youth to the realities of her life will be concluded in the next, the October, issue.)*

**N**O recent story in this magazine has produced more praiseful letters than Miss Kerr's "But Oh, the Difference." And the shrewdness of her observation is here even better illustrated. Perhaps her power of penetration is abetted by her famous black cats Useless and Worthless, whom all visitors at her New York home meet on entering.

Illustrated  
by  
W. B. King



When Rollo regained consciousness, Janie and Payne had practically forgotten him.

# That was That

By  
Sophie Kerr

**H**E had been the original dumb-bell, Rollo Barton concluded, to bring Edson Payne to call on Janie. There the three of them sat, a triangle of which he, Rollo, formed the lowest point, constantly going lower, according to the barometer of his feelings. It was inevitable that Janie would have met Edson Payne somewhere, sometime, for a new man in Lakeville, a new man with looks and money and a cracking good job in the Frame and Sash Factory—even though won by grace of being nephew to old Philpotts Payne, owner of said factory—such a new man was not going to be overlooked by any girl in town. But Rollo needn't have seized Edson Payne and stuck him right under Janie's nose.

Rollo sighed and shifted on the cushion he had chosen with such care. Rollo was not a very large man, though he was no

peewee, and he was well padded all over, even his hands and wrists being as plump as a baby's. He loved ease—ease of body and ease of mind. He was never able to determine whether physical or mental discomfort made him more unhappy. Tonight he almost decided for mental, because there sat Janie Kinnersten, the prettiest girl in Lakeville, or anywhere else, in Rollo's opinion; the girl he'd loved patiently and hopefully for at least twenty-four years of his twenty-five—yes, there she sat; and what was she doing? Giving the gladdest of glad eyes to that big brute Edson Payne, listening to him as though he were the law and the gospels, encouraging him in every way possible to a highly experienced encourager! Rollo's plump hands twitched convulsively as one who yearns to seize an adversary by the throat and cause him to die like a dog. He snatched at his glass and took a long draught of the soothing beverage to calm himself.

"I'm trying to persuade Mr. Jenks to let me pitch a tent down in his meadow beside the grove, so that I can sleep out, at



least. This will be the first summer I haven't camped for at least two months." Edson Payne was making this remarkable statement.

Rollo gaped at him. The fellow was a nut. Wanted to sleep in a tent in that nasty wettish meadow when he could have a darned good bed in a decent room in the club!

"What a wonderful idea!" Janie replied. "Think of waking every morning under the trees, with the birds singing. It would be just too lovely!"

"I didn't know you were so fond of trees and birds early in the day, Janie," said Rollo in a perplexed voice.

She very properly disregarded him. Edson Payne was speaking. "Of course, it's nothing like a real camp, but it's something. I hate a roof. I like the wild trails, the long day in the canoe, or hiking through the forest, then a bed of hemlock beside a little camp-fire that makes eerie shadows amongst the trees—"

"How about deer-flies?" asked Rollo.

He was again disregarded. "But it's all heavenly," sighed Janie, "just what I've always longed for myself."

Rollo made the mistake of laughing scornfully. "You! If you got ten miles from a bathtub and a lipstick, you'd die."

Color rose in Janie's smooth cheek, and her eyes held the deep glint marked "Danger." "You're talking of your own tastes, Rollo, rather than mine. Rollo's a victim of the ease of civilization, Mr. Payne. He hates any exertion greater than eating, dancing or driving his car. Take him out in the woods, and he'd cry like a child."

When Rollo regained consciousness after this unfair blow, he observed that Janie and Edson Payne had practically forgotten him. A conversation, or rather a monologue on the part of Mr. Payne, was going on, and Rollo caught fragments of it. "In the Canadian woods three years ago . . . lost ten days . . . it was a bull moose . . . flapjacks . . . sheer drop of five hundred feet. . . . The grizzly turned. . . . matches were wet . . . died of exposure . . . wonderful carry . . . duffle-bag . . . not even the guide had . . . full of rocks . . . swift current . . . tamaracks . . ." And so on.

Meanwhile Janie sat with her hands clasped, her attention centered on the narrator. It was a becoming and a flattering attitude. Rollo wondered whether he ought to wave his arms and shout "Hoo-oo!" to let them know he was still with them. And gazing on them, from, as it were, the stage-box seat, it struck him with most unpleasant force that they made what is commonly known as "a handsome couple." Janie, so fair, so slender, so delicately lovely in feature and coloring; Edson Payne, so tall, so broad-shouldered and slim-waisted, so bronzed, so blue-eyed, so disgustingly fit! They complemented and harmonized. A chill fear rode down Rollo's customary blitheness, his usual confidence in muddling through. There was something in the atmosphere of the two that vaguely chimed of wedding-bells and cake in small white boxes, sniffing parents and simpering bridesmaids in floppy picture hats. How horrible, how really abominable it would be if Janie should imagine herself in love with this duffle-bag-flapjack hero.

Rollo was never particularly adroit, but this sudden dread made him clumsier than usual. "It's amusing," he broke in, laughing with forced merriment, "to see you, Janie, going into raptures over the great outdoors, where men are men and all that sort of thing. I thought it was only the sub-debs who did it. But you, of all people—"

"Why me—of all people?" Janie's tone was icy.

"Well—er—just as I said awhile back—you—you'd die if you got ten miles away from a bathtub and a lipstick—"

"Mr. Payne," said Janie, "I don't know why Rollo should feel that he must break up a really interesting conversation with his weak attempts to be funny, and to make me seem some sort of cotton-wool nit-wit; for really, in spite of his absurd statements, I simply adore the wild life, and even the little bit that I've done in sports—"

"Little bit is good," jeered Rollo, running amok. "You don't golf, you don't tennis, you don't ride; you don't get in a canoe unless there's some one to paddle it; you don't go out beyond your depth in the surf—"

"Rollo!"

"Well, you don't!"

Janie turned back to Mr. Payne, and her voice was dangerously sweet. "I've never been very strong until the last year or so, and our doctor forbids any violent exercise, but I'm hoping, now, to make up for so much lost time." (Continued on page 150)



"Come in your sport things," went on Nita, "and bring the camp stove." Janie longed to slap her.

# The Calamity Cat

A lot of them tried to stop me and Bill, but we cleaned the street as we went.

By  
Dick  
Wick  
Hall

Illustrated by  
R. L. Lambdin



IF you've motored from Phoenix to Los Angeles the short route, you've passed through Salome, the dot on the desert that Dick Wick Hall made famous. Perhaps you filled your gas tank at his station, and saw his frog that never learned to swim. And maybe he told you such a story of his land of little rain as this one.

get out here in the middle of the Desert and materialize a Black Cat as big as a dog out of Nothing—which there aint much else of here.

Me and Windy Bill Wannigan had struck it Rich in the Copper Whopper, a prospect we had over by Indian Springs, and everybody was talking about it and the Rich Ore we had found, and Mining Men was coming from all over to look at it and try to buy it. All that was a-worrying us was What would we do with All the Money—when we got it. We was both broke, as far as Cash was concerned,

but our credit was good and getting better, and all we had to do was to set and watch the Rich Ore and wait for the right man to come along and buy the mine. Which he did—a man named Delaney, from up Butte way, representing himself and two more Millionaires.

Windy Bill took him out to Camp, being a more persuasive talker than me, and Delaney sampled the ore and looked the property over, figuring on how little he could buy it for and how much more ore there ought to be underground—which, between you and me, there aint no Mining Engineer on earth knows very much about what the Lord did a million years ago. They can look into the ground just about as far as you can stick your little

NO Argument about it: Black Cats is the Bunk—and no yellow-eyed Black Cat ever brought Nobody No Good Luck, No Time. I don't say, for sure, that they can bring Bad Luck, but they sure do like to travel along with it—and whenever Bad Luck comes, you'll generally always find one of them Black Calamity Cats trapesing along with it to help out on the Chorus.

I've seen more than one little Mining Camp just getting a good start and running along peaceful-like and everybody satisfied and making money; and some morning you get up feeling fine—and find one of them camped on your Back Door Step. Good Night—and Good-by Good Luck for you. The Devil has Got your Number and is calling on you; otherwise How Come could he

finger, and then make a Good Guess, which is what they get paid for—and as long as they are willing to pay a poor prospector for the privilege of trying to make him think that they know more than he does, what's the use of arguing with them about something neither of you know anything about? A man is entitled to think what he wants to and say it out loud—if he has got the price.

Delaney liked the Copper Whopper and said him and his two pardners would buy it if the price was right—which me and Windy Bill thought ought to be about a Million Dollars, Cash, so as we could carry it around in our pants and feel it. We never had that much Money before, but we had read about it and always wanted it, and this looked like a Good Chance to get it, so we asked for it—which is the best way of getting anything you want. We argued a good deal about the price, back and forth, but Delaney had brought along some Persuader to help make the deal—some old pre-war stuff made in Butte; and after a good deal of Persuasion, which me and Windy Bill are always open to Listen to, we finally agreed to sell the Copper Whopper for a Hundred Thousand Dollars and two bottles of Persuader—the Persuader Down, as the first payment, Ten Thousand Dollars in thirty days, and the rest on Los Angeles Terms—a little every now and then for the rest of our life.

We went over to the Post Office and got the Post Master, who is a Notary Public and has got a Type Writer, to draw up the Papers and put his Seal on them, without much Persuasion—and when we come back to the shack, there was a big old Yellow-eyed

Black Cat setting on our front steps and making faces at us! Delaney liked to have had a fit right there when he see him. He threwed a rock at the Cat, and he run around and got under a tent-house we used as a cook-shack. Windy Bill and me had never seen him before, and Lord only knows where he come from—but Delaney says it is Bad Luck, for sure, to be keeping a Black Cat like that around, and we had ought to lose him right away or something would go wrong. No use in arguing about anything when you have just made a Big Deal and two bottles of Persuader waiting as the payment down, so we all went in the shack and talked about the deal and the mine and what we would do with the money etc., which didn't seem to worry Delaney near so much as the Black Cat did.

After while, when it got late and we had finished one bottle of the Persuader, leaving the other one for before breakfast, Windy Bill had took his shoes off and was just crawling into his blankets when there come a knock at the door and there was the Depot Agent with a telegram for Delaney, saying that one of his pardners had just dropped dead with heart disease and to come at once. Delaney sure did rave, cussing the Black Cat something awful and saying it was all his fault and he knowed something was going to happen as soon as he saw him, and me and Windy Bill set there saying Nothing, which is the best thing to say sometimes, and finally the agent says he had better hurry if he wants to catch the train that night, which don't come again until the next night; so Delaney beats it, promising to be back inside the



I got my pump-gun and a .45 and Bill got his .30-30 and we went after our hoodoo.



thirty days and pay us the Ten Thousand Dollars, which was what we was most interested in just then.

We didn't sleep much that night, me and Windy Bill both being nervous on account of so many things happening so soon—making a Big Deal, getting some pre-war Persuader, inheriting a Black Cat, and a Death Message coming, all in one day—which never happened in Salome before. The Black Cat me-yowed around something fierce all night, making Noises that would make the goose-flesh stick up on your back so as you could grate a lemon on it, if you had had one; and about midnight the wind commenced to blow and make funny noises, and I asked Windy Bill why didn't he go out and shoot that damn' cat, my eyes not being very good at night. Bill says he aint afraid of the Cat none, but from the noises out there, maybe there is something else besides the Cat—and he aint anxious to meet up with no Ghost and get mistook in the dark for Delaney, if it was his pardner's Ghost looking for him. So we set and smoked cigarettes and shivered until morning.

Just as soon as it was daylight, Windy Bill got his .30-30 and took a shot at the Black Cat, but it only made him growl and me-yow around under the cook-shack so as we could hardly eat our flapjacks and bacon and coffee. We had just got through washing the dishes and was smoking another cigarette and wondering what to do while

waiting for Delaney to come back with the Ten Thousand Dollars, when here come the Depot Agent with another telegram, for Bill and me this time, from the Coroner in Phoenix, asking us if we knew anything about a man named Delaney that had got run into by a Street Car in Phoenix that morning and killed, and had some papers in his pocket with our names on.

That settled it, as far as me and Windy Bill was concerned, about Black Cats being Bad Luck. Anybody that has ever had to wait for or ride on a Street Car in Phoenix knows doggoned well that nothing but a Black Cat could ever make a man get run into and killed by a Street Car in that town. It also settled it as far as the Black Cat was concerned, him having cost us a hundred Thousand Dollars already and maybe not started to going good yet, so Bill says to let's finish the pre-war stuff before the Black Cat turns it to vinegar and then we will finish him.

This was what we proceeded to do and when we had got the bottle emptied, I got my pump-gun and a .45 and Bill got his

.30-30 and we went out after our Hoodoo, who was setting at the corner of the cook-shack rolling his yellow eyes and trying to get his work in on us. I let drive a load of bird-shot, and Windy Bill played three times with the .30-30 and I shot another load of bird-shot just for good luck—and darned if he didn't get up and crawl under the cook-shack and go to growling at us.

We tried laying flat and shooting in under the shack at him, but we didn't have no luck that way, so Bill got a plank, and we pried up the side of the shack, and Bill held the pry while I got down to finish him with my six-shooter. I had just got down where I was off my balance and couldn't help myself, when out he come a-raring and a-spitting and his yellow eyes turned green and red, and he jumped onto me and scratched me all up and knocked me over, and Windy Bill let loose of the pry to help me and liked to have broke my leg when he let the shack drop; and then the Black Devil jumped on him and I was just making a pass to save Bill's life when that cat gave a jump and run and dove head first down into Mesquite Well, over 200 feet deep, and a lot of water in it and no timbers, so we figured it would have a devil of a time crawling out and resuming work again—if ever.

We slept pretty good that night, with the Black Cat dead and our Bad Luck gone; and next morning, right after breakfast, the Post Master's wife come over and said she had a little money saved up and had been thinking some Town Lots in Salome might

be a good investment, and she would like to buy some. I thought at first that she was just joking me, but I soon see she wasn't, so I put my poker face on and told her there was no question about them being Safe and Permanent, and How Much Money did she have? She says about Five Hundred Dollars, and I told her I would let her have a Corner Lot for that much money, but she wanted Two Lots, so I let her have them and she counted out more Real Money than me and Windy Bill had seen for the last ten years, since the time I sold a man from Boston a Thousand Giant Cactuses for a dollar each, if he would dig them himself.

A little real money will do almost anything, when you aint got none and want it bad. If I had of seen her Roll first, before setting (Continued on page 102)

He drops his sample of Rich Ore in the street and a Policeman comes running up and got all excited.



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The big man crumpled up when the judge pronounced sentence. Neila laughed at him.



Illustrated by  
R. L. Lambdin

# Dead Man's Shoes

by Emma Lindsay Squier

I SAW him come out of his house, crying. A little man, John Hatton, grotesque in his impotent rage. I knew him well, a mild little fellow who had inherited wealth. He had been married immediately thereafter by an overbearing, sensual woman who proceeded to make life miserable for him. Then he befriended "Bansh" Taylor, who had a questionable past—a hobo, a crook—nobody knew for certain; but he had a plausible way with him, and John Hatton was tender-hearted, as are most small, sentimental men. He took him in—and then Bansh took *him* in. Everyone knew of it except John, the way Bansh and Neila Hatton were "carrying on." Everybody felt sorry for John. He lived in a state of perpetual bullying.

Now he all but fell into my restraining arms. His eyes were crazed; his face was wet with his own tears. He was the more dangerous in his rage because of his helplessness.

"Bansh—and my wife," he sobbed out. "Right there in my house—in each other's arms—I saw them—they laughed at me! I tell you, I'll get him first, or he'll get me! He wants my money—and her. He'll get me—if I don't get him!"

I tried to calm him. But it was no use. He sobbed shamelessly.

The old scar on his forehead burned red, as it always did in moments of excitement.

Two weeks later Neila Hatton called me on the telephone. Her voice sounded strained, queer.

"Do you know anything about John? Where he is, I mean?" Of course I didn't. I hadn't seen him since that day when he had cried with futility and shame.

Later I saw Bansh Taylor on the street. He was swaggering, important. I caught the glint of a large diamond on his little finger. I looked again to be sure. It was John Hatton's ring. His eyes followed mine, and he smiled, unpleasantly.

"A little peace-offering," he said confidentially; "we had some words, but we made it up before he went away."

"Oh, he's gone away?" I tried to make my voice sound natural.

"Yes, on a business trip somewhere." He laughed insinuatingly. "I told him I'd take good care of the Missus while he was gone!"

I went on, my mind in a turmoil. John would never have given that ring away—not *that* ring. It was to him a mascot, a luck-stone; I knew as much. And as for "making it up" with Bansh Taylor, the man who had invaded and degraded the sanctity of

his home—that too was impossible. John was timid in many ways. But he was not weak.

It was no great surprise to me when, some weeks later, Bansh Taylor was questioned by the police concerning the disappearance of John Hatton. Neighborhood gossip and animosity surged in great waves about the man and woman who had so blatantly defied all laws of society. Neila Hatton was also questioned. The stories told by the pair did not dovetail. Neila's thick white skin was pasty with fear.

"John told me he was going to Florida on a business trip—" she stammered.

Bansh declared that John had told him he was going to Maine to buy lumber.

And then—a gruesome discovery was made in a closet in Bansh Taylor's room: a hat, battered in as by some heavy blunt instrument; there were faded gold initials on the band, "J. N. H." And there were some hairs, undeniably human, undeniably stained with human blood. At that, Bansh Taylor was formally charged with the murder of the man who had befriended him.

"It's a plant! You planted them on me!" he screamed out at Neila Hatton.

"Ah—you," she spat at him, "—you murderer! Trying to put the blame on me!"

They were nauseating, those two, mouth-insults and accusations at each other.

THE trial was not a lengthy one. The evidence, part of which was my own, was devastating. Bansh Taylor had in his possession John's diamond ring, his watch, his Masonic emblem. He also had the key to his safety-deposit box, in which lay a number of negotiable bonds and securities. He had attempted to trade John's car for a newer model. A neighbor told of seeing a man's clothing being stuffed into the incinerator. My own testimony was as damaging as anything given at the trial—John's own words: "I'll get him first or he'll get me!"

Yes, he had been afraid of Bansh Taylor—horribly afraid of the man who had stolen his wife and betrayed his trust.

The accused man sat in the courtroom day after day, his insolence gone, his eyes bloodshot and haggard. He looked strangely like a bulky, bewildered animal caught in a trap that is beyond its stupid comprehension.

On the witness stand he mumbled: "I didn't kill him; we were friends. He gave me the ring! He told me to sell the car! Yes, I did make love to Mrs. Hatton, but I didn't mean anything by it—she's nothing to me. . . . Yes, I know he was angry, but we made up after that. I burned his clothes because he asked me to; he said he wouldn't want them again. The hat—I never saw it before—that she-devil planted it on me—"

Stupid, ineane answers in the face of the evidence against him. The State demanded the death-penalty. It scathed him bitterly, furiously, for what he undoubtedly was, a betrayer of a good man's trust, a scoundrel who thought to wear a dead man's shoes.

He was sentenced to life imprisonment. Only one thing saved him from the rope—that technicality of law known as "corpus delicti." The actual body had not been found. But the bloodstained hair, so undeniably human, was the final crushing word of guilt.

The big beefy man crumpled up and screamed when the judge pronounced sentence. Neila Hatton laughed at him, with all the venom of a guilty love turned now into righteous hate. She was finally freed, owing to lack of conclusive evidence against her. But she walked after that like a sullen, skulking cat at night. For the stigma of a murderess clung to her like a prison odor.

Three years later, in a distant city, I collided with a man so violently that his hat was knocked from his head. I picked it up for him, apologizing profusely. He nodded,

and all but snatched it from my hand. But not before I had recognized him. There was an old scar on his forehead—

"John Hatton!" I cried out in a choked voice.

HE lifted his head then and stared at me. No, I was mistaken. This man had gray hair and a mustache.

"Pardon," I stammered, "I thought—"

But he still looked at me, staring with a curious, deliberate smile.

"John Hatton is—dead," he said in a low, ironic voice. "I ought to know—for I killed him."

I must have made some foolish, strangled sound. For the man's eyes burned at me, and his words pushed against each other as if they had waited a long time to get out of his thoughts.

"I killed him, I tell you. But only his identity, do you see? For two people had already killed his soul—a much, much worse crime. I killed John Hatton with such a simple, deadly weapon—the truth. Everything that Bansh Taylor told at the trial was true. John Hatton *did* give him his ring, his keys, his clothes to burn. And he left a hat with some bloodstained hair where it was sure to be discovered. Those two people, friend and wife, crucified the soul and body of John Hatton because they believed him small and weak. The things they did! The weapons they used! And John Hatton had only one weapon against them—the truth that would not be believed!"

He started to pass me. The old scar on his forehead was burning.

"John! John!" I babbled. But he shook his head. His eyes were just a little wild.

"There is no such person," he said in a low, mocking tone.

I tried to call out after him, to catch his arm. But he evaded me and vanished in the crowd.

## THE CALAMITY CAT

(Continued from page 100)

a price on Corner Lots, I would have give her the whole Townsite for it. That night the Section Boss come over and bought a lot, and the store man he bought three, and I went to bed with Fifteen Hundred Dollars in Cash and a firm belief that killing a Black Cat is about the Luckiest Thing a man can do. Bill thought so too.

Fifteen Hundred Dollars Cash makes a couple of poor prospectors feel a lot different—but not much like working none; so me and Windy Bill talked it over the next morning and counted our money and decided to organize our own Mining Company on the Copper Whopper and go back to New York and sell it to Wall St. and Press our Luck and Go the Limit while the Going was Good. So we stuck the money in an old suitcase and put on our Other Clothes and nailed up the door of the Shack and took the train for Phoenix that day, to get our company organized and go to New York.

We had to wait over at Wickenburg for a couple of hours for our train to Phoenix, and while we was loafing around, we run across Sims Banning, who owns the bank and store, including a lot of money, which he makes a business of collecting and accumulating and keeping, being one of the best coin-collectors in Arizona. Sims knew something was up, from us having our good clothes on, so we told him where we was going and what we was going to do and showed him some of the rich ore from the Copper Whopper, and when I told him we was going to get about Five Thousand Dollars more in Phoenix before going to New York, he wanted to know wouldn't we just as soon get it off of him as somebody in

Phoenix. I told him we had left our guns at home and wasn't trying to get no money off of him, but he was serious and wanted to know how much stock we would give him for Five Thousand Dollars, in our Company we hadn't got organized yet; so I told him if it wasn't so late and near train-time we would have give him twice as much as we would anybody else after the Company was organized, him being such an Old Friend.

The old Black Cat sure was working for us now. Sims, he grabbed me and Windy Bill by the arm and dragged us over to the Bank and give us Five Thousand Dollars before we knew what he was trying to do, and we signed some kind of a receipt or something, which I would sign anything for Five Thousand Dollars, and just then the Train whistled, and we stuck the Money in our suitcase and run back to the depot. When the Train pulled out, me and Windy Bill had our suitcase full of money and we was so dazed that we set in the car for half an hour after it got to Phoenix, until a man told us it was the end of the line and we would have to get out. A Black Cat down a 200 foot well sure has got a Horse Shoe and the New Moon and a Rabbit's Foot and Four Leaf Clovers all skinned when it comes to bringing Good Luck.

Looked like everybody in Phoenix knew we had so much money and wanted it: first at the Depot, where a lot of fellows with hacks tried to take our suitcase away from us, and while we was walking uptown two or three newsboys tried to get hold of it, and when we got into the Casa Grande Hotel, half a dozen boys in uniform all grabbed at it at once, and me and Windy Bill come

pretty near having a fight with them over it, but the Foreman of the Day Shift made them stop, and we finally got a room and got in the cage and went up to it. It was some room, all right, but Windy Bill didn't like it very well when he found they had stuck us right next to the Bath Room, and no way for anybody else to get to it without going through Our Room, and us paying them Ten Dollars a day for it.

We locked the door and counted all our money, to be sure Sims hadn't beat us none, and Bill says the first thing to do is to get some new clothes, so we will look like somebody when we get to Wall St. I stayed in the Room to watch the money and keep anybody from getting in to get a Bath, while Windy Bill went out and got some clothes and something to eat, and he did the same for me. We each got us a dandy new hat and a pair of Corduroy Pants with a hand carved leather money belt and a new shirt and a necktie and new boots and dolled up until we hardly knew each other, and then we played Seven Up until bed time.

Bill didn't like the way the bed squished when he laid down on it, so he took a blanket and slept on the floor. I was going to take a Bath but Bill said we might as well wait until we got through and all ready to start for New York and then take one and make a clean start. We didn't sleep very well on account of all the noise outside, and me and Windy Bill both wished that we had brought our own bed-rolls along and slept at one of the corrals or camped out at the edge of town, where we could have been comfortable for nothing and saved our Ten Dollars a day. Sixty-five Hundred Dol-



There's a meal  
in this  
vegetable  
soup!



Fifteen fine garden vegetables, invigorating beef broth, substantial cereals, tempting herbs and seasoning! All in this one hearty, delicious, wholesome soup!

12 cents a can

WITH THE MEAL OR AS A MEAL SOUP BELONGS IN THE DAILY DIET!

# SOUP

for your  
children's health



IT IS A wise mother who realizes the wholesomeness of good, hot soup for the growing children. Soup acts as a tonic to the appetite. Its delicious flavor arouses the sense of taste, makes it vigorous and keen for food. Soup causes the digestive fluids to flow more freely, with the result that more food is desired and eaten, and it is assimilated into the body tissue more promptly.

Correct eating! How important it is to the growing child! Soup is a valuable aid in keeping your child's appetite healthy and normal and in supplying exactly what the child's body requires for proper growth and development.

FOR example, in the cooking of vegetables for the home table, a large quantity of the valuable mineral salts are absorbed in the cooking water which is usually thrown away. These mineral salts are needed for the general bodily health and to supply the bony framework, the teeth and the hair with proper nourishment. Most soups contain vegetables and in the making of soup, the water in which the vegetables are cooked, is retained. This means that none of the mineral salts are wasted. They are saved in all their abundance and richness to do the priceless work nature intended them to do. So you see that the eating of soup by your children is one of the ways of insuring the proper all-round nutrition they need.



TOMATOES abound in the vitamins which all authorities regard as vitally necessary for growing children. These mysterious vitamins invigorate and promote healthy growth and prevent the occurrence of some diseases. See that your children often eat soup made with tomatoes.

The vegetable soups, and the cream soups especially, are splendid for children. Tomato, Pea, Celery, Asparagus and Bean Soups, prepared with milk, all offer dishes extra nourishing and tempting to the child—for luncheon, or dinner or supper. Visit your grocer and acquaint yourself with the endless variety of soups, already cooked for your table, so convenient and easy for you to serve, yet so welcome to every member of your family.

lars in Cash will make almost anybody do a lot of Foolish Things.

Next morning we got up early and started out to hunt up a lawyer, after eating our breakfast. I never saw anybody eat so many Hot Cakes and Canned Lobsters as Windy Bill did that morning, but he said it was the first time in nine years he had ever had money enough to eat all and what he wanted, so I told him to fly at it as long as our money lasted and I wouldn't kick. I never did like lobsters, but Bill will eat anything. He claims that one summer when he was prospecting over by the Black Mesa, he lived on Chuckwallas and Mesquite Beans, flavored with the smell of an old bacon rind he had left when he went broke and run out of grub. Chuckwalla lizards don't look no worse to me than the pictures you see on the Lobster cans, and neither one of them is very appetizing-looking reptiles, compared to bacon and frijoles.

**L**AWYERS don't get up very early in Phoenix, and we had to hunt around three hours before we found one, and after we had told him what we wanted, he said it would cost us Five Hundred Dollars, all told, and Cash in advance. I wish I had studied to be a lawyer instead of a poor prospector, going to work at Nine O'clock and getting Five Hundred Dollars just like that. Windy Bill says he bets that Lawyer must kill a lot of Black Cats mornings before he comes to work—but we can't sell no stock to Wall St. without getting our Company organized, so we pay him the Money. When we opened our suitcase to pay him the money and he saw all there was in it, he says there will be about Two Hundred more for State fees, besides the Five Hundred for him, so we paid him that too. Bill says our Black Cat must have been coming to, about then.

It took our Lawyer three days to get our Mining Company organized, and we had a whole desk-top full of papers to sign, which we didn't read and couldn't understand, but the Lawyer said they was O. K.—and a man can afford to sign a lot of things for a Million Dollars' worth of Stock, full paid and nonassessable, which Wall St. was going to buy off of us, even if they didn't know it yet. That was the longest three days we ever spent, with nothing to do, and on the third day we walked out Main Street a ways to see if we couldn't find a side-street where we could get off of the stone sidewalks and ease our feet a little, which our new boots was hurting.

We couldn't find no soft dirt sidewalk nowhere, so we turned around and started back to the Hotel, wishing we was back at the mine in our old clothes and not having to wear coats, like we did now, on account of having all our money changed into big bills and in our money belts, which we had to wear our coats to cover up on account of showing so plain. We was moseying along down the street, when all of a sudden He hopped through a hedge fence right alongside of us and tried to get across the road in front of us—either our old Black Cat that we had in that 200 foot well up at Salome or else one that was a dead ringer for him.

Talk about Dynamite being quick acting! Our boots was new and our feet was sore and we was both hot and tired—but me and Windy Bill both started to run at once, without waiting for nobody to tell us that if that Cat ever got across the street in front of us, we was both as good as dead.

There wasn't no monkey business about that race. All of us was picking up our feet and putting them down again as fast as we could, using Main Street, Phoenix, as the home stretch. Bill slipped once and fell down and threw his \$35 hat at the Black Cat to scare him back, but I worked right up in the front of the parade all the way, me and the Cat both trying to lead it. I don't

know where all the folks come from, hollering and yelling, but by the time we got down Main Street into the middle of the town, it looked like half the people in Phoenix was in the procession. A lot of them tried to stop me and Windy Bill, but we cleaned the street as we went—knocking them down or jumping over them—which served them right for getting in the way of anybody trying to keep a Black Cat from crossing the road in front of him.

Just as I got to the corner by the Court House, three automobiles come out of cross-streets right in front of me and I had to run in between them—right slap into three big policemen, which I didn't know there was that many in the whole town. I got two of them, right and left, but the other one sapped me over the head from behind with a club or something and cut a hole in my new hat, which made me pretty mad. We did the best we could, but we was Strangers, and all the Natives helped the policemen, and they tromped on us and mused us up considerable before everybody was satisfied and me and Windy Bill in Jail. I don't know what become of the Cat.

When they searched us and found all the money we had on, they said right away that we was Bank Robbers or Bandits and they looked up all the Wanted Circulars they had and looked through the Los Angeles papers to find out who we was and where did we get the money and how much was the Reward. We made so much fuss that they finally let us send for our Lawyer, who didn't waste much time getting there, and the first thing he wanted to know was where was our money. We told him they had took it away from us and he said that was bad, which we already knew, and then we told him what we knew about our troubles. It is always a good plan to tell your Lawyer the truth and then if there is any Lying to do, let him do it for you, which is what you are paying him for and generally need the most, or else you wouldn't be in jail and want a lawyer at all.

He went away awhile and then come back and said it was a pretty serious case and would take a little time and cost quite a lot of money, but he thought he could fix it up for us, which we told him was just what we had sent for him for. There aint no law in Phoenix about chasing a Black Cat down the Main Street, but there is a Speed Limit, and it also seemed that Windy Bill had forgot where he was when he was fighting on the ground and he had bit a hole in somebody's ear—which they don't allow in Phoenix no more, since they got the streets paved and started a Country Club. You can't hit two policemen in Phoenix, either, without paying plenty for it, even if they do grab at you first and get in the road and another one hits you over the head for nothing and spoils your new hat—which it seems he has a right to do when you aint looking.

**I**T cost us a little over Six Hundred Dollars to Satisfy everybody and get out. Looks like Lawyers and Policemen have all the best of it in Phoenix, but there aint no closed season on them in Salome—and if any of them ever wander up that way, you can bet your last dollar that me and Windy Bill is going to get our money's worth. I was wishing all the time that I knew if that Black Cat got across the street in front of us or not. Windy Bill said it was a cinch he did.

Our Lawyer took us back to the hotel, and next day he finished up everything and got us all our papers and Stock Certificates and a Seal and our tickets to New York and a new grip to carry them in, and me and Bill each got us a towel and a cake of soap and a safety razor and a pocket comb and a pair of socks, and our Lawyer took us down to the train and give our tickets to the Conductor, and we was off for New York and Wall St.

It was a long ways to New York—and starting off, it made me and Windy Bill feel like you do at a funeral, when you are the Corpse—leaving everything you know behind and going off into a Strange Country that way, which you have only read about. One thing sure, I thought, that Black Cat will have a Hell of a time keeping up with us now. Going to New York is all right, I guess, for them that likes it, but when a couple of poor prospectors stands on the Back End of the Train and sees old Arizona slipping out from under them so fast, it gives you an empty feeling under the belt and a lump in your throat that a steer couldn't swallow.

We got to New York finally, after getting lost in Chicago in between the Depots changing trains, on account of them having Two Depots in that town, which is a funny way of doing business and no wonder a man gets lost. We asked the Conductor on the train which was a good hotel to stop at in New York, and he told us the Admiral and how to get a Texas Cab at the depot to take us there, which we did, and then it took us about half a day before they would give us a room. We wandered around inside the hotel the rest of that day, getting lost a couple of times, and then we stayed in our room the rest of the time and got a good sleep that night. It is almost as easy to get out of jail in Phoenix as it is to get into a hotel in New York, and costs about as much, and a poor prospector dropping into New York is a good deal like some Eastern tenderfoot dropping into the Grand Cañon. The best thing to do is to keep your eyes open and your mouth shut—and not try to tell about it afterwards.

**N**EXT morning we started out to look for Wall St. to sell our Stock. We walked around the block two or three times and didn't know which way to go or what to do, so we finally went back to the hotel and give one of the boys in the uniform Ten Dollars to show us how to get there. He took us down in the hotel cellar. A lot of trains was running back and forth in a big tunnel, without any engines on. He told us which one to get onto and to get off at Wall St. and left us there; but the train had gone before we got a chance to get on to it. Pretty soon another one came along and everybody started to get onto it, and I told Windy Bill to come on and I got on. But Bill got lost in the crowd, and the next thing I knew, the door slid shut and the train started, and I saw Windy Bill running along outside hollering, and I tried to get off but the door was locked, and that was the last I saw of Bill. I rode around everywhere that day and never did get nowhere and watched all the trains and folks to see if I could find Windy Bill, but he never showed up. And finally, come night, I hired a Texas Cab and got drove back to the hotel, and Bill was there in the room waiting for me. I was sure tired—worse than working.

Next morning we hired a Texas Cab again and give him twenty-five dollars if he would take us down to Wall St. and not leave us until we had got our business done, which he agreed to do. Wall St. is way down in the other end of town from the hotel, but we got down there at last and got out, and told the driver to follow us so we wouldn't get lost again, and we walked all up and down Wall St. looking for a place where they buy and sell Mines, which you can always tell by the pieces of Rich Ore in the windows, but we couldn't find any. Bill asked two or three people on the street if they wanted to buy some Good Mining Stock or did they know of anybody that did, but they either just laughed at him or else edged away like they thought he had the Small Pox.

We got pretty tired and finally Bill says Hell, let's get out of here and Go Home, and he drops his big sample of Rich Ore in the

## AT THE RITZ-CARLTON AND THE AMBASSADOR IN ATLANTIC CITY

# 164 Women Guests tell why they prefer this soap for their skin

*"Does wonderful things" they say, "for the complexion"*

DANCING every night, beginning at midnight and ending with breakfast at dawn; teas, receptions, private theatricals, the opera, the theatre, the dressmaker, the caterer, engagements packed one into another like a conjurer's puzzle...

Until the society woman, abandoning her calendar, takes a run to Atlantic City for a few days' perfect relaxation in that golden air.

From New York, Philadelphia, Washington — even from as far as Pittsburgh and Chicago they come — lovely creatures in Paris frocks, thronging the brilliant promenades of the Ritz and Ambassador hotels.

HOW do these women, who can afford the most costly personal luxuries, take care of their skin?

What soap do they find, pure enough and fine enough, to trust their complexion to?

One hundred and ninety-four women stopping at the Ritz and the Ambassador at the time of our inquiry, gave us their answer to these questions.

One hundred and sixty-four — over three-fourths — said, "I use Woodbury's Facial Soap for my skin."

"My skin was so irritated by ordinary soap."

"Other soaps which I had given a fair trial had failed — Woodbury's has greatly helped me."

"Because once I find something



*"Slim, exotic, brilliant as jewels against the luxurious setting of the Ritz and the Ambassador hotels"*

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For the enclosed 20c please send me the new large-size trial cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap, the Cold Cream, Facial Cream and Powder and the booklet, "A Skin You Love to Touch."

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good, I want to hold on to it. It is the most refreshing soap in the world."

"All my friends who have good complexions use it."

"Because of the amount of soap necessary for use, living in Pittsburgh, I find Woodbury's leaves the skin as smooth as possible."

These are a few of the reasons they gave.

A SKIN specialist worked out the formula by which Woodbury's is made. This formula not only calls for the purest ingredients; it also demands greater refinement in the manufacturing process than is commercially possible with ordinary toilet soap. In merely handling a cake of Woodbury's one is conscious of this extreme fineness.

Every Woodbury user recognizes something individual and unique in the feeling of Woodbury's on her skin: mild, soothing, and at the same time tonic and gently stimulating.

A 25-cent cake of Woodbury's lasts a month or six weeks. Around each cake is wrapped a booklet containing special treatments for overcoming common skin defects, such as blackheads, blemishes, conspicuous nose pores, etc. The same qualities that give Woodbury's its beneficial effect in correcting these common skin troubles make it ideal for regular use.

Within a week or ten days after beginning to use Woodbury's you will notice an improvement in your complexion — will see it grow smoother, clearer, finer.

Get your Woodbury's today — begin, tonight, the treatment your skin needs!



street next to the sidewalk—and then a big Policeman comes running up and grabs Bill by the arm and wants to know what was that he dropped in the street and got all excited about it. I told him it was the first piece of real Honest to God Ore that anybody on Wall St. had ever seen, but he made us go and pick it up again and take it away with us and told us to beat it or he would run us in. Folks in New York aint a bit sociable. They seems to be afraid of everything and don't want to believe anything. We give the sample of Rich Ore to the cab-driver when we got back to the hotel.

By the time we had found out how to get started home again, it was too late for the train that day, so Windy Bill says to let's go out and see if we can find a good Lunch Counter somewhere and get some supper, which we did. We found a good place and got some Ham and Eggs, and then we walked down the street a ways and come to the Main Big Street, which we hadn't seen before, running slaunchways through the town, catawampus with the other streets, and all lit up with electric lights and signs and Picture Shows and crowds of people etc., and every thing you could think of, and we walked around looking at this and that and got lost again.

Windy Bill says if we could just locate the North Star we could find our way back to the Hotel again maybe, so we stopped on

a corner and looked up for it, and before we could find it, there was more people standing there around us and looking up than there is folks in all of Yuma County, Arizona—all looking up and asking which and where and what was it, etc., and in a minute the whole corner was crowded, and me and Windy Bill right in the middle of it.

There was three big Policemen out in the middle of the street-crossing, and before we could find the North Star two of them come over and shoved their way through the crowd towards me and Bill. I told Bill to be careful and remember not to bite nobody if any trouble started, and not to forget the name of the Hotel if we got separated. The Policemen edged their way through to us, and one of them asked Bill what was we doing here, and Bill says we are looking for the North Star and trying to sell some Stock in the Copper Whopper Mine, and he points up into the air. One of the Policemen says Where—and then somebody laughs and the Policeman gets mad and tells us to get the Hell out of there or he would give us a ride in the Wagon, and Bill says we are going to ride in a Texas Cab if we can't find the North Star—and then one of the Policemen calls over a cab that was on the other side of the street and makes us get into it and asks us where did we want to go, and I told him to Salome, Arizona, and he told the driver to take us; so rather than have any

argument about it with Two Policemen and another one close by, we let him drive us off.

Bill told the driver we both had tickets to Salome and he said that would be all right and he drove us down the street a ways and pretty soon he stopped and says Here we are—and me and Bill looked out, and we was in front of a big place all lit up with a big sign across the front which says in electric lights: "Mary Garden in Salome." Bill says she must have gone there since we left and he wished we was there now, so we give the driver ten dollars to take us to our Hotel, which he did, and then we promised him ten dollars more if he would come in the morning and take us to the Train for home. Which he also did and we come back home again. And when we got here the first thing we see was that Calamity Cat setting on the box alongside our nailed-up door, grinning at us. We both seen then it wasn't no use, and Windy Bill squatted down and called, "Come, kitty, kitty!" And it come and rubbed against our boots and followed us right into the shack when we unnailed the door, and has been living with us ever since.

We have got plenty of money left to buy grub and dynamite, and me and Windy Bill and the Cat is going to keep our mine and our stock and take our time about digging the bottom out of it ourselves—and Wall St. will never know what it missed.

## THE EYES OF THE BLIND

(Continued from page 57)

build a future which Rosanna, you and I could inhabit with decency. That was why, horrified by the spectacle of Rosanna in your arms,—horrified all the more, perhaps, because I had expected it,—I let you think that I was totally blind. It would have been terrible indeed to have let you guess that I had seen you. But I did not become blind, Jeffrey, until ten minutes later. *I willed myself blind.*"

ISRAEL SACK, had his fate been happier, might at that moment have seen a strange expression on Hawke's face. The soldier's blue eyes were smiling at his friend with that particular quality of affection with which a schoolboy of eighteen will sometimes smile on a junior. Israel Sack went on musingly:

"Jeffrey, what else could I have done? How could Rosanna and I have lived in the future, as we did live, in peace? How else could I have brought out of Rosanna the good that was in her, her self-sacrifice, her unswerving devotion to me in my blindness?"

"I could not tolerate a sinful Rosanna. I could not bear that she should go through life with the sin of infidelity not forgiven by herself. And with you too, Jeffrey, it was the same. As you know, I think there is no man more wicked than one who thinks only evil of the human race. I could not live, could not have lived, if I did not know that in all men and women good can rise paramount. So I gave you your chance, Jeffrey, to repent of your betrayal of me—more than that, my very dear friend, to win for yourself by your devotion my love and gratitude."

The General interrupted for the first time. "What you call my devotion, Israel, has been and is but the ordinary expression of friendship."

Israel Sack said:

"There is nothing ordinary in friendship. There is nothing ordinary in life, Jeffrey. Life is a miracle, and the most miraculous thing about it is that we think it is ordinary. But it is given to the blind to see

the truth. . . . How often I have watched you, Jeffrey, especially these last few years as the boy was growing to manhood, watched you with these blind eyes and silently called on the world to witness the restraint of a man who loves children with all his heart, but must watch his own child grow up in another man's house! How unspeakably difficult it must have been for you, my friend, never to take Raphael in your arms and claim him for your son!

"The will of God works strange patterns with the destinies of men. As I look back now, as we both look back, Jeffrey, we can see that that awful moment as the clocks struck ten at Marly Priory was a boon. I don't know how I could have borne this long darkness if every day, every hour, did not bring me fresh proofs of the virtue there is in men. As Raphael grew up, I knew, as certainly as I know that you are sitting beside me now, that he was made in your image. Yet, and particularly in the last few years, when his likeness to you has grown more and more marked, how often our friends have sought to comfort my blind eyes, saying: 'Israel, how like you your son is! He's the very image of you in your youth!' In all these years there has been no man or woman mean enough even to hint at the obvious fact that Raphael was not my son."

"In all these years, Jeffrey, you have never shown but the utmost patience with me when I made, sometimes quite consciously to prove to myself your worth, vast demands

on your time. In all these years neither you nor Raphael—our son, Jeffrey!—has ever hinted, during the many hours you have spent together—and how positive I am of this!—that you are father and son."

"Jeffrey, I tell you with all the gravity of many years of thought, that I am glad that you and Rosanna yielded to temptation, for it has shown me indisputably the virtue there is in human beings, and without that knowledge it is far better to die than to live."

"Quietly!" said the General, for the door had opened. Raphael came toward them.

"We will never speak of this again," whispered Israel Sack, sinking back in his chair.

The General, even as Raphael came beside them, looked long at his old friend, and he said:

"Israel, do you really mean what you just said, that you had rather Rosanna and I—"

"Infinitely, yes!" cried Israel Sack.

"Hello, what's this!" laughed Raphael. "Is this an argument?"

Israel Sack turned his blind eyes to the boy.

"On the contrary," he smiled, "we were thanking each other. I have shown your godfather how much I love him. And he—oh, in the course of long years—has shown me how much we must love all men born of women."

Sir Jeffrey smiled up at young Raphael standing there, in all the happiness of youth, the very picture of his father as Sir Jeffrey remembered Israel at Oxford; but it was Rosanna whom he saw, the distraught Rosanna who had flung herself weeping into her best friend's arms that night with the cry that she was bearing Israel a child whom he would never see.

"But he has found his consolation," the General thought now, "in forgiveness. There is nothing so consoling to a good man as to be able to forgive the sins of others—even when those others have committed no sins!"

The two friends never spoke of these things again.

## RUTH COMFORT MITCHELL

Has written another story of her native California mountains that will soon appear in the pages of this magazine. It is the story of two women battling for each others' souls whilst below them and circling them a forest fire rages. It is quite the most poignant of all the stories its distinguished author has written for this magazine. Remember the title—

"OF THE FITTEST"

# The Princesse de MARIE de BOURBON of Spain

says: "they protect and keep the complexion perpetually young and beautiful"

PRINCESSE of an ancient, illustrious house; young, appealingly lovely. No wonder Marie de Bourbon's views on how to care for beauty impress all who've ever seen her . . .

Spirited youth; hair burnished to copper-gold; the upward curve of a rose-flushed cheek to meet a snow-white brow . . . these would make Marie de Bourbon irresistible even if she weren't a princess, and cousin to the reigning King of Spain.

But she's all these things and wise, besides. For hear what she says:—

"Beauty in women takes such thrillingly different forms. But no matter what their tint, their texture, the exquisite skins of

Other beautiful and distinguished women who have praised Pond's Creams:

H. M. MARIE, QUEEN OF ROUMANIA  
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MRS. WILLIAM E. BORAH  
MISS MARJORIE OELRICHS  
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## PRINCESSE MARIE de BOURBON

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belongs to the illustrious family which,  
for centuries, furnished the rulers of  
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The Two Creams which care for the skins of lovely women everywhere. Pond's Cold Cream for a gentle cleansing, Pond's Vanishing Cream for a soft protection, a delicate finish and a dainty powder base. Every skin needs them.

beautiful women everywhere must be watchfully cared for, or, like fragile flowers, they wither, they fade."

This little princess, who left Spain to come and see America, learned of Two wonderful Creams which preserve and protect the skin perfectly. And this is the message she takes back to her countrywomen of Spain:—

"Happily no woman's skin need fade if she faithfully uses every day Pond's wonderful Two Creams. They keep the complexion perpetually young and beautiful."

### To Keep the Complexion Youthful

Every day, whenever your skin needs cleansing, and at night before retiring, cleanse your skin deeply with Pond's Cold Cream, pat-patting it lavishly over face, throat, neck, hands. Let it stay a few moments. Its fine oils sink in and soften all accumulations of dust, face powder, perspiration. A soft cloth or tissue removes the cream—and the pore-deep dirt. Repeat this treatment. Finish with a dash of cold water or a quick rub with ice.

If your skin is inclined to be dry, after the bedtime cleansing pat on more Pond's Cold Cream and leave it overnight.

After every such cleansing except the bedtime one, smooth over your skin, refreshed and supple, a delicate touch of Pond's Vanishing Cream. Your skin looks like new now—

even, smoother. And see how smoothly your powder lies and clings—no patches, no little clods—just a smooth even surface, like the petals of a rose. And how white this cream keeps your hands!

Pond's Vanishing Cream gives your skin perfect protection, too, from wind and dust and all unfriendly elements. Try these Two Creams—see how beautifully fresh and unlined, for years on end, they'll keep your delicate skin.

**Free Offer** Mail this coupon for free sample tubes of Pond's Two Creams

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## WE LIVE BUT ONCE

(Continued from page 46)

there, and so variously disposed on chairs, divans, on the steps, on tables and on the floor, that they seemed to have been flung about like cushions.

Valerie decided that any one of the women in view might be Mrs. Blair, for they all looked equally dreary to her cynical mood,—the lean ones, the fat, the beautiful, the plain, the overdressed, the frumps, matrons and flappers.

The creamy light pouring over Valerie's dark head and white throat and her audaciously simple evening gown became her mightily, and she could see that Mr. Blair was stealing glances at her. But he sat outside the light in the blue glamour of the full moon, and when he looked away into the sky, she studied him.

The music seemed to affect him profoundly, and the mute sorrow of his posture affected her profoundly. His head rested heavily on his clenched hands, and she noted how fine a head he had, and what potent hands.

She studied the women inside again, and could not make up her mind which was the fatal one. Perhaps she was none of these, but among the invisible other half of the guests. Valerie was growing as eager to see the wife as she had been to meet the man.

When she turned her eyes back to him suddenly, she was pleased to see that he was a little troubled by a helpless admiration.

Just to spite Mrs. Blair, she threw into her eyes a flood of kindness, and pulled the drawstrings that formed her most irresistible smile. One infatuated swain had called it her Lorelei look.

It plainly frightened Mr. Blair. Then he was plainly ashamed of being frightened. All this amused Valerie immensely as a bit of experimental psychology.

She liked the man the better for his inhibitions. If he had tried to flirt with her, or had revealed a facility or made advances, she would have turned her back on him. He interested her so that when she tortured him it was more as a physician than a siren. For the sake of the diagnosis, she stuck pins into him to try to find his numb spots. Quite simply she murmured, during a pause in the duet:

"Is your wife musical, Mr. Blair?"

There was a whole volume of confession and confusion in his awkward dishonesty and his struggle for a loyal enthusiasm: "Er—well—yes—quite!—very! She loves it!"

VALERIE laughed heartily inside her soul. She was convinced that Mrs. Blair didn't know a thing about music, but was trying to bluff it through.

Her eyes reverted to the women inside the house. Some of them were following the sonata with understanding and analysis. Some were trying desperately to look intellectual. Some were so emotionally overwrought that they could hardly contain themselves. Three of them were sneakily flirting with men, and two were yawning behind their fans.

One of the yawners was evidently worn

out with lack of sleep. She might have danced too hard last night, or played too many holes of golf this afternoon—or she might have sat up all night with a sick friend or baby. Her yawn looked honorable, a well-earned yawn, and her effort to conceal it showed merely a kindly unwillingness to insult the artists. Valerie would have yawned in sympathy if she had not been suddenly fascinated by the other woman.

This creature could not even yawn with sincerity. She minced with a stunted daintiness behind an ostrich-feather fan that was almost a costume in itself. A six-foot princess could have carried it at a court ball, but at this informal gathering of a few music lovers it simply did not belong. Neither did the woman.

Valerie wanted to despise Mrs. Blair, and she wanted this woman to be Mrs. Blair, for she disliked her heartily, whoever she was. With all the savagery of one woman itemizing another woman's faults, she tore to pieces this stranger.

In Valerie's eyes she was all wrong. Where the other women were sanely dressed in simple chiffon or organdie, why must she be draped so carefully in a star-spangled banner of sequins?

And why was it cut so low? Valerie had only the modesty of fitness to the occasion. On the beach or in an opera box she could fetch a gasp as recklessly as anyone. But for this woman to be décolleté in a bungalow party was shockingly indecent.

Her blonde hair was marcelled so tightly that it was a helmet of scalloped wire in sharp ridges. Yet it was drenched in brilliantine until you felt that if you touched it, your hand would come off wet.

Her eyes must have been originally rather human, but she had plucked the brows away till they were mere lines of thread and could give no expression to a deep emotion—even if the woman could have felt one.

Her chief passion was apparently to look like a cartoon in a style-sheet. She had taken the fashion-plates seriously! She sat away from her chair as if she had been cut out of pasteboard. She had the vitality of pasteboard.

Her hands were like the rest of her, too pretty for any use, the wrists dimpled, the fingers boneless and rendered completely impotent by the long, sharp nails, dazzlingly polished and stained.

Their management was as vain as their quality. One hand caressed the fan, the other shrank from the hard chair-arm. She draped her very fingers.

She would have been far prettier if she had not been quite so pretty. She would have been far better dressed if she had been less well dressed. She suggested a big doll just lifted from the bandbox.

Valerie wondered, as women usually wonder at married women, how they had ever got married. In unconscious defense of the man she liked, she decided that, as a young girl, this creature might have been a feast for the eyes, and to have promised, in her innocence, a charm that did not outlast her innocence. Her success in winning a big-souled man had turned her head. Flattery had ruined her. A little money had given her an evil ambition to be praised.

She seemed to be posing now for somebody—perhaps for that leering gentleman whose eyes batted upon her while he sneered at her as almost too easy to be worth while.

But Valerie checked her headlong hostility. She really must not suspect the woman too far. It was enough for the nonce that she was a soulless candy monster, who cheated everywhere. She tried to smuggle

even her yawn through as a sigh of artistic rapture.

How dismal it must be for a man to live with a woman who was never genuine! Valerie could love a gaudy peasant who "put on everything but the kitchen stove." But she could not abide an aristocratic fake.

THE finale of the sonata was a duel of amazing virtuosity between the incredibly sonorous pianist and the incredibly agile 'cellist. The applause was stormy. But the woman in the sequins was incapable even of a frank enthusiasm. She held her hands high to show that she applauded, but she patted them together daintily, and she cooed: "Delicious! Exquisite!"

It was like calling Niagara "nice!" Even Spirovitch and Raleigh were a bit dampened by her falsity and the way she fluttered over them as they left their instruments.

Valerie glanced down at the poor husband of all this affectation. He had not seen any of it. Yet he must have seen no end of it.

She looked back and saw that the woman was detaining the 'cellist now with her ill-chosen adjectives. Then she distinctly heard him answer:

"Thank you, Mrs. Fleming. Awfully good of you, I must say."

So this wasn't Mrs. Blair, after all! And all her disgust had been misplaced.

Still, her aunt had introduced Mr. Blair as Mr. Fleming. Valerie was confused.

Then her eye was caught to the dark piazza by a glint of silver. Some man was offering a flask to Spirovitch. He postponed it till after his next number, and offered it to a beautiful gentleman—or half of one, who leaned against the door, one half gilded by the light, the other half lost in shadow.

He waived the flask with a groan. "I'm on the wagon for life—since my last divorce I don't dare drink for fear I'll wake up married again."

Valerie had no idea who he was, but an imp in her heart led her to say:

"Do you drink, Mr. Blair?"

Fortunately for her, Blair missed entirely the outrageous attack on his wife that Valerie had in mind. He had been lost in reverie, and he answered earnestly:

"I do when I have to. But I don't get much fun out of it. It makes me sleepy."

"Don't you like to sleep, Mr. Blair?"

"No! I hate to lose that much life. It's too short as it is, for all the work there is to do."

Modesty checked this sententiousness, but he seemed to want to say something else, yet to be hesitant. At last he braved it:

"Forgive me, Miss Dangerfield, but I note that you call me Mr. Blair. I'm afraid it has a more pleasant sound than you mean it to. 'Blair' is my first name. My last name is Fleming."

"Oh, how stupid of me!" she cried, but her heart exulted in her; for Mrs. Fleming was, then, his wife. But he was saying:

"I was wondering how you came to know my first name. We never met before."

"Are you sure?"

"Sure! I'd never forget so—so—I'd never forget you." She liked the forthrightness of that. He went on: "But how did you learn my first name? Your aunt didn't use it when she presented me?"

"That's true. Curious, isn't it?" She was genuinely disconcerted, and she attempted a desperate evasion: "But haven't your pictures been in the papers a good deal?"

That was the wildest of parries, but to her surprise he answered:

"Oh, yes. And under some mighty ugly headlines. That explains it, I suppose. I'm notorious enough in Los Angeles. But you

### "THE ARDMORE DISAPPEARANCE"

Here is another of the stories of that marvelously effective "Professional Friend" who steps into cases that the police cannot comprehend, and solves problems involving crime that baffle everyone else concerned in them. It will appear in an early issue, and, of course, is by

LEROY SCOTT





## She bought Fels-Naptha for its *extra* help!

*The extra help of safe, dirt-loosening naptha and golden soap, working together.*

This is why she kept on buying it: She was a young bride. When she started housekeeping she used Fels-Naptha Soap, as had been her mother's habit.

After awhile, however, she was tempted to try chips, powders and other cleaners. She wondered whether any other soap really could do more for her than Fels-Naptha.

When she had tried them all and found that none did as much so easily,

she came back to Fels-Naptha, and came back to stay!

She knows that Fels-Naptha gives her *extra* help! She knows that it makes clothes clean more easily and more quickly! Because Fels-Naptha is more than soap. A great deal more than just naptha soap. It is exceptionally good soap and plenty of dirt-loosening naptha combined. This gives you *extra* washing help you'd hardly expect of any other soap, no matter what its form, or color, or price!

Thousands upon thousands of housewives have been getting Fels-Naptha's *extra* help for years in

all their household cleaning. They know that nothing can take the place of Fels-Naptha!

Why not go by their experience, and get this *extra* help, too?

Many women get the *extra* help of Fels-Naptha in the washing machine. They dissolve it first, or chip it directly into the machine.

They get more than just soap suds. They get suds enriched with dirt-loosening naptha—and that means *extra* help! Chipping Fels-Naptha only takes about 50 seconds. No bother. No fuss. No waste. Try Fels-Naptha in your washing machine. You'll be surprised and delighted with the results.



## You'll Never Be Sorry

YOU don't buy a new stove every day. Therefore, choose the best—one that simplifies every oven-cooking problem and gives you hours of leisure—a (Red Wheel) Gas Range—one equipped with the

## LORAIN OVEN HEAT REGULATOR

Lorain-measured oven-heat insures perfect results with baking, oven-canning of fruits and tomatoes, and the cooking of Whole Meals in the oven while you're miles away.

These six famous makes of Gas Ranges are built with Lorain Self-regulating Ovens: Clark Jewel, Dangler, Direct Action, New Process, Quick Meal and Reliable.

Let nobody trick you into disappointment with a substitute. Be sure that your new stove has the Red Wheel of the genuine Lorain. Then you'll be happy.

AMERICAN STOVE COMPANY  
Largest Makers of Gas Ranges in the World  
1123 Chouteau Ave. St. Louis, Mo.  
1926

don't live here. I was hoping you hadn't seen the attacks on me, in Santa Barbara."

She was still in the dark, but groping for light: "Oh, we don't miss everything up there. But such attacks don't disturb you much, do they? All great men get them."

"Yes, and so do a lot of little men. No, I can't say I enjoy abuse. A brickbat never feels quite so good as a rose, and a rotten egg is about as unbecoming as anything I know, no matter who throws it. Still, it's part of the day's work. But it isn't much fun for a woman."

Valerie wanted to pursue this further. She could imagine what a helpmeet that piece of human bric-à-brac, Mrs. Fleming, would be in a time of storm.

Valerie's father had gone pretty deep into politics and had been bombarded with mud. But her mother had never loved him so well as when he was under fire. She had faults enough to find with him, and they quarreled magnificently when things outside were serene, but let somebody attack Dangerfield, and his old wife became a Valkyr of wrath, shielding him under her wings and defying the world to say a word against him.

And Valerie was her mother's daughter. She would make a good wife to a warrior, and to nobody else. Her curiosity had been aroused by Blair Fleming's laughter, but it was the scarred sorrow of his face that had seized her heart.

Her hatred of Mrs. Fleming was class hatred, the hatred of a militant soul for a pacifist, the disgust of a fighter for a wheedler.

She had not known of Blair Fleming's battle, for what or against whom he fought. It was enough for her that he should have been somehow induced to allow such a woman as that to fasten on him—one of your temptresses, seducing the eye and the applause of everybody, dressing herself up to suffocation in order to beg for flattery and compliments.

How she must hate the tempests that a strong man must arouse and plow through! How she must cower and whimper and protest! Valerie was ready to bet a thousand to one that Mrs. Fleming was forever trying to seduce her husband away from his ambitions and decoy him from the battlefield.

It was as if Helen of Troy had been married to Hector. Why couldn't she have selected some foppish Paris for her congenial mate?

Somebody ought to rescue this splendid man from that ruinous woman. At all costs, somebody ought to divorce those two incompatible souls. It would be a kindness even to the woman, the kindest thing anybody could do for her. . . . Even so ruthless a nature as Valerie's had to rationalize her fiercest motives under the guise of a benefaction.

THE music began again, a martial thing full of resolute defiant eloquence. It was a call to war, a march away, a revel of battle.

Valerie, watching Mrs. Fleming, saw that the ferocity distressed her. Then came an interlude, a love-lyric. That caught the woman. It lifted her pink bosom dangerously close to the confines of her gown. Then the battle-cry returned, and she shrank back to indifference, and began to study the sophisticated gallant standing against the wall. So Helen might have bent her eyes on Paris while her husband, the stout King Menelaus, went about his business.

The music ended. Spirovitch appeared at the door and said:

"You have all been such good cheeldren! You shall now have some supper."

Fleming rose to his feet and scooped Valerie to hers with an admirable strength. Aunt Ada turned to Valerie, exclaiming:

"Wasn't it wonderful! Now aren't you glad you came?"

"I am, indeed," said Valerie.

She noted that Fleming had gone at once to his wife's side.

Spirovitch greeted Mrs. Pashley with his inexhaustible enthusiasm and set her all of a flutter by kissing her hand with Russian fervor. She blushed like a girl as she turned to gather Valerie in:

"Maestro, this is my niece, Miss Dangerfield."

He caught Valerie's hand to his lips, then retained it in the lion's paws with which he could rip a piano to shreds or caress it to a purr. He laughed into her eyes:

"Such a nice niece! Such a dangerous Miss Dangerfield! You know Felix perhaps—Mr. Raleigh, in London you have met him maybe? No?"

The exceedingly tall Englishman who could doubtless have made a bass viol sing like a viola, bowed and shook her hand. She tried to tell them how much their music had moved her, but she remembered Mrs. Fleming's "Exquisite!" and was dumb. The rest of the crowd pushing forward pressed her past before she had paid her fare with even a perfunctory compliment.

She found herself near Mrs. Fleming, and saw her catch sight of Aunt Ada. Instantly, like a motorist, she switched her headlights from dim to full and agitated her eyelids busily. Aunt Ada was a personage. Her home was one of the show-places of the town. It was a distinction to say you knew her.

Mrs. Fleming's face glowed with genuine emotion—pure snobbery, but sincere. She tried to be exceedingly polite as she greeted the jovial old harridan.

Aunt Ada plainly disliked the chit, but had to introduce her to Valerie. Mrs. Fleming immediately went on up higher in the scale of her enthusiasm:

"Not Miss Dangerfield of Santa Barbara?" Valerie nodded. "I saw you at the Horse Show. You rode wonderfully—exquisitely! You must—may I present my husband? Oh, Blair!—Mr. Fleming—Miss Dangerfield, may I present my husband. Don't you remember, dear, how beautifully Miss Dangerfield rode at the Horse Show? Those hurdles! Heavens, how do you ever dare? Don't you remember, dear?"

"Yes. I think I do. Oh, yes. That was you in the gray riding suit on the dapple gray?"

"Sorry! But I rode in black on a chestnut gelding."

"Oh!" said Fleming. "Of course!" Strangely, Valerie liked him rather better for not remembering her at all.

During the supper, which the men fetched for the women, Mrs. Fleming fastened on Valerie like a leech and turned her husband into a messenger boy running errands to the dining-room downstairs. To Aunt Ada's stupefaction, Valerie seemed to find the woman fascinating.

Before long Mrs. Fleming was emboldened enough to be saying:

"Oh, Miss Dangerfield, I am having a few friends in to tea tomorrow afternoon. I don't suppose it is possible that you would care to come."

"Nothing would please me better," said Valerie. Aunt Ada, who could not believe her ears, tried to rescue her:

"But you forget, my dear! You are going on to La Jolla with your friends tomorrow morning."

"They can wait," said Valerie. She was tremendously taken with a desire to see Mrs. Fleming at home. She had an idea that the woman's character would have full play in her own lair. If the style is the man, the home is the woman. Besides, she wanted to see where and how Blair Fleming lived, whether he dominated it or dwelt in it as a kind of trusty prisoner.



"I HAD SUFFERED for years with stomach trouble. No matter what I ate or drank, nothing seemed to agree with me. I was advised to take Fleischmann's Yeast. Today I feel like a different man."

OWEN S. YOUNG, Germantown, Pa.

## In Your Neighborhood, too

*People tell of constipation banished —  
stomach and skin disorders corrected —  
new joy in achievement —  
through this simple food*

**N**OT a "cure-all," not a medicine in any sense—Fleischmann's Yeast is simply a remarkable fresh food.

The millions of tiny active yeast plants in every cake invigorate the whole system. They aid digestion—clear the skin—banish the poisons of constipation. Where cathartics give only temporary relief, yeast strengthens the intestinal muscles and makes them healthy and active. And day by day it releases new stores of energy.

Eat two or three cakes regularly every day before meals: on crackers—in fruit juices, water or milk—or just plain, nibbled from the cake. *For constipation especially, dissolve one cake in hot water (not scalding) before breakfast and at bedtime.* Buy several cakes at a time—they will keep fresh in a cool dry place for two or three days. All grocers have Fleischmann's Yeast. Start eating it today!

And let us send you a free copy of our latest booklet on Yeast for Health. Health Research Dept. M-32, The Fleischmann Company, 701 Washington Street, New York.

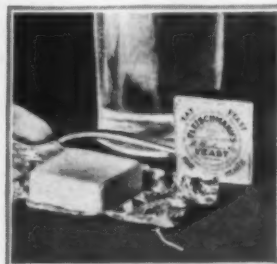


"I SUFFERED from terrible skin eruptions. I was giving up all hope when some one told me about eating Fleischmann's Yeast for the complexion. I tried it. Soon I noticed an improvement. In less than two months there was nothing left of the skin trouble that had tortured me for six years."

W. L. DUNBAR, New York City.

"I WAS VERY RUN DOWN last fall. I was tired and pale. I agreed to try Fleischmann's Yeast, three cakes a day. After a few weeks I no longer felt tired and my color was coming back. I no longer had to use rouge. I am now enjoying life."

Mrs. E. MURPHY, New Haven, Conn.



**THIS FAMOUS FOOD** tones up the entire system— aids digestion—clears the skin—banishes constipation.





## AQUA-VELVA

*fills every*  
after-shaving need

**W**E make talc, but we don't recommend it for after shaving. Powders absorb moisture—that's what they're made for. But Aqua Velva, Williams new preparation, conserves the skin's needed natural moisture. It gives these 5 after-shaving comforts:

1. It tingles delightfully when applied.
2. It gives first aid to little cuts.
3. It delights with its man-style fragrance.
4. It safeguards against sun, wind and cold.
5. It conserves the needed natural moisture in the skin. (Powders absorb this—leave the skin dry). Aqua Velva keeps it as soft and smooth as Williams Shaving Cream leaves it.

Send the coupon or a postcard for a generous test bottle FREE. The large five ounce bottle at your dealers is 50c (60c in Canada). By mail postpaid in case your dealer is out of it.

*For use after shaving*



Made by the makers of Williams Shaving Cream  
The J. B. Williams Co., Dept. 109, Glastonbury, Conn.  
(Canadian Address, 1114 St. Patrick St., Montreal)  
Send free test bottle of Aqua Velva.

R. B. — 8-26

**V**ALERIE feared that little wife. She was just the type that can nullify all of a strong man's strength, a Delilah to cut a Samson's hair, an Omphale to put a Hercules into a chemise and make him spin.

In her kennels Valerie had seen the most ferocious boarhound cowed and bossed by a flossy little Pomeranian, a mere powder-puff of tyranny and snobbery. Before that tiny female tyrant the fighting dogs shivered and obeyed, whether she wanted to romp or to be left alone. But it was only with males that the Pomeranienne was despotic. Before dogs of her own sex she did the shivering and accepted the orders.

Valerie already had Mrs. Fleming whimpering about her and cajoling. In a state of barbarism, Valerie would have simply chased her to a distance and indulged her overwhelming curiosity to know Blair Fleming better. But civilization has its inconveniences, and Mrs. Fleming had the entire power of the police and the public morality on her side. She had the nine points of possession.

If Valerie should decide to fight her, she must have military intelligence. And so, despising Mrs. Fleming for her insincerity, she proceeded to outdo her in the vice.

She learned what she could of her without seeming to pay any attention, watched like a hawk the relations of the woman and her husband. Blair Fleming was plainly the typical American husband, as gallant to his wife as if he were paying anxious court to her for the first time. Mrs. Fleming—her first name was Amy—was the typical American wife; she treated her husband as a rather tiresome and hopeless poor relation who was tolerated as long as he was obedient and useful, and kept out of the way when not wanted.

But what were they like at home? Perhaps they really loved each other and were so embarrassed in public that they behaved unnaturally. There were couples like that, who were love-birds in solitude and mutually embarrassed and embarrassing abroad. And there were couples of the opposite behavior.

Still, Valerie believed in her intuitions, and wanted to confirm them. She was sure that Blair Fleming was not really at home at home. Something told her that Mrs. Fleming was another *Mrs. Mark Sabre* and had fixed up for him an uninhabitable kennel-corner which she filled with "masculine" things and called a "den." The true Blair Fleming would have to be studied outside, if she could ever catch him at a distance. That would come later.

It was exciting to be a conspirator. She wondered if all assassins felt as loftily justified as she did. Her heart was as simmery with plots as a kettle, and she was as sure of her high calling as any missionary preparing to invade a heathen temple in order to drag down its false idols.

### Chapter Three

**B**EFORE the party broke up, Valerie had put in her handbag one of Fleming's cards with the address of his wife written on it. He explained that he could not get home from the office for tea, and was a trifle hurt to see how lightly both Valerie and Amy took this deprivation.

He undertook the task of getting Aunt Ada safely down the steps, and Amy Fleming made a great ado of helping Valerie down! She made a greater ado over the farewell while her husband stood off and bowed solemnly, his thoughts elsewhere. He was plainly not much interested in Valerie, who was so much interested in him. But that made him all the more attractive. Through her head ran a line or two from Browning: "You'll love me yet, and I can wait your love's protracted growing."

The chauffeur had no sooner set the car in motion than Aunt Ada rounded on Valerie:

"What on earth induced you to accept that woman's invitation? I got you out of it without even a lie. I trusted you out of it, and you wouldn't take it! What's up?"

"Oh, I'm not much interested in the Tia Juana picnic."

"But surely you're not interested in the Fleming creature."

"Yes, I am. Immensely."

"Since when have you gone in for butterfly-hunting? I'll tell you one thing: if you go to her tea, you go alone."

"Fine. You'd only be in the way."

"Valerie, in the name of heaven, what's in the wind? There's dirty work at the crossroads, and I can't figure it out."

"You've lived in Los Angeles too long, Auntie. You think in scenarios."

That put a quietus on Aunt Ada. The next morning Valerie got out of bed just long enough to call up Lucy Livingston at the Biltmore and lie out of the Tia Juana raid, on the ground of a sudden cold. She talked hoarse, and coughed hard to make it more convincing.

Lucy was suspicious at once. "Will you stop coughing like a sea lion! It hurts my ear and isn't the least convincing. Who's the man you're going to see this afternoon? Who is he? Don't lie to your grandmother, girl!"

"I'm not going to see any man this afternoon. I give you my word."

"Your word of honor?"

"My word of honor." Then, since this was something of a pledge, she had to confess: "I'm going to tea with a very interesting Mrs. Fleming."

"Never heard of her."

"You will in due time. Good-by—I'll really catch cold if you don't hang up. I haven't much on."

"Well, good-by, and God help poor sailors."

**A**T half-past four Valerie was on her way to Mrs. Fleming's. She was studying the different houses intently, trying to decide which one was hers.

There was variety enough to choose from, for every imaginable style of architecture was on parade: old Virginia mansions snowy behind their two-story columns, half-timbered English mansions looking bewildered among their palms, Mexican haciendas, Swiss chalets, tropical houses all cornices, and the corniceless Los Angeles school. The colors were of every hue in the rainbow and beyond. The successes were as delightful as flowers; the failures were tawdry weeds.

The chauffeur, peering frantically for numbers, stopped at last in front of a home of ravishing beauty, simplicity and dignity. Valerie's hopes fell. Mrs. Fleming knew architecture better than she looked.

But the chauffeur, running up to the house to see the number, returned and drove a little farther on to a house that Valerie knew was Mrs. Fleming's. It was as correct as a funeral—a house out of a book. There was no garden, only landscape gardening. It did not say "Welcome!" or "No admittance!" It said: "Aren't I artistic?" A cypress was stuck on either side of the door. The shrubs were big rosettes. The lawn was never meant for the refreshment of pavement-weary feet. The flowers were tamed and cowed.

There was no refuge here, only publicity. The public was invited to enjoy even the drawing-room, which an enormous window disclosed, its heavy velvet curtains primly wrinkled, choked back with ropes of gold and plainly never meant to be lowered.

Valerie paused to adore the place before she rang the bell. No wonder Blair Fleming had to leave home to laugh! No wonder

# Auto-Intoxication . .

*Self-poisoning that takes from nearly everyone some part of health . . some portion of vitality .*

*There are people with every reason to be cheerful and happy, who are nervous and irritable. There are people who are spared hardship who are always sagged and tired . . Full of life sometimes and then, for no apparent cause, listless and dull. Auto-Intoxication is a drag upon the lives of thousands.*

\* \* \*

The excitement and the strain of this fast moving existence have changed, in no small degree, our normal existence as human beings.

The automobile saves us from walking—a hundred labor-saving devices lighten the work of our women, make easy the tasks of our men.

We work less physically, but we drive our brains harder. We skimp on rest and sleep—we live on our nerves. We overwork our stomachs, but we under-use our muscles.

Planned to work outdoors, to eat simply and to rest well, our bodies are harmed, not helped, by so much ease, so much comfort. Our normal bodily functions need to be prompted. All too often, food remains within us for more than 24 hours, fermenting, setting up poisons, and causing intestinal toxemia, or, as it is more popularly called, Auto-Intoxication.

## *How does Auto-Intoxication affect our lives?*

The poisons of Auto-Intoxication are carried through the body by the blood. These poisons of waste induce a feeling of lassitude, of inaction, of sudden fatigue, of drowsiness after meals. They are responsible, not alone for many intestinal derangements, but also for their bad secondary effects upon our central nervous system. For while they dull

the wits, they sharpen the nerves. They make their subject, man or woman, irritable and tired.

\* \* \* \*

It is the exceptional person who, today, is free from Auto-Intoxication, a trouble which could not exist if we lived normally, worked outdoors enough and kept our poison-cleaning apparatus functioning correctly.



*Sal Hepatica has been the standard saline for 31 years. It is pleasant to take and prompt in its action. Sold in three sizes in drug stores everywhere. Buy the large size for economy.*



Sal Hepatica prevents stoppage and sweeps away intestinal poisons. Its use is the correct way to combat Auto-Intoxication. For the best results are accomplished by the mechanical action of water, plus the eliminant effects of salines in solution.

\* \* \* \*

Sal Hepatica is a palatable effervescent saline. It is a delicately balanced combination of several salts. Because it acts directly and promptly upon the intestines—the seat of Auto-Intoxication—Sal Hepatica is indicated in combating this self-poisoning, where the first step is to eliminate the waste products and to cleanse the intestines of the poisons which cause so many of our modern ills. You ought to have a bottle in the house always.

Made by BRISTOL-MYERS CO., New York



# Sal Hepatica

## Contentment in every draw— cards or tobacco

A new slant on pipe-smoking contentment is brought to light by Mr. W. H. Doughty, a furniture dealer of Greenville, Tenn.

Read what he writes:

Larus & Bro. Co., Richmond, Va.  
My dear Sirs:

For twenty years I have been engaged in retailing furniture. On rainy days my partner and I call up some of our friends and invite them down to a little poker game.

In this melange of our selection there happened to be a fellow by the name of Austine—a tobacco dealer. This fellow Austine was a most consistent loser—but losing never seemed to affect his morale.

His conduct became a study with me. My winning and losing moods were reflected in my actions. When winning I was the good fellow. When losing I was the grouchy. All this time I noticed Mr. Austine, the tobacco dealer, sitting back unperturbed, pulling away on his pipe—contented—winning or losing.

Finally I put the matter up to Mr. Austine for a solution. He said, "Major (my poker title by brevet), there is no mystery to that—my contentment is due to the tobacco I smoke. When I need a friend in poker or business—Edgeworth has never failed me. It carries contentment in every draw—whether the cards run good or bad."

The next time I visited the Mason Corner Tobacco Shop I purchased some of this Edgeworth. It has made a new man out of me. I can look them in the face and smile—smile—smile whether they run good or bad.

Sincerely,  
W. H. Doughty.



Let us send you free samples of Edgeworth so that you may put it to the pipe test. If you like the samples, you'll like Edgeworth wherever and whenever you buy it, for it never changes in quality.

Write your name and address to Larus and Brother Company, 8-U S. 21st Street, Richmond, Va.

We'll be grateful for the name and address of your tobacco dealer, too, if you care to add them.

Edgeworth is sold in various sizes to suit the needs and means of all purchasers. Both Edgeworth Plug Slice and Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed are packed in small, pocket-size packages, in handsome humidor holding a pound, and also in several handy in-between sizes.

**To Retail Tobacco Merchants:** If your jobber cannot supply you with Edgeworth, Larus & Brother Company will gladly send you prepaid by parcel post a one- or two-dozen carton of any size of Edgeworth Plug Slice or Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed for the same price you would pay the jobber.

[On your radio—tune in on WRVA, Richmond, Va.—the Edgeworth station. Wave length 256 meters.]

the mention of his wife sent him down to hell! This was his hell.

A Filipino lad in a white barkeeper's coat opened the door and grinned at Valerie as if she were the funniest thing he ever saw. Valerie gave him her name.

Beyond him stood Mrs. Fleming with eyes in her shoulder-blades. It was evidently hard for her to keep from turning till the guest was announced, but she waited till the Filipino boy hissed over her shoulder, as if repeating a great joke:

"Missy Daisyfiel."

Then Amy whirled, and creaked as she turned, for she was dressed up like a Christmas doll. And with the voice of a doll that squeaks "Ma-ma!" she cried out:

"Oh, how good of you! Your dear, dear aunt couldn't come? Oh, so sorry. Such a wonderful old darling she is. May I introduce a few friends?"

But Valerie felt sure that they were not friends. How could anybody be friends with so inaccessible a soul?

**T**HE exhilaration of a Nathan Hale stealing into the enemy's lines as a spy was Valerie's. She had declared war on Mrs. Fleming out of pure feminine militarism, and to her everything that Mrs. Fleming did was wrong.

The furniture, the pottery, the hangings, the pictures, the knick-knacks that might have passed muster elsewhere were criminal here. The neatness and precision were inexcusable. The house was never meant to be lived in, had never, she was sure, been truly lived in.

The Filipino trundled in a tea-wagon, and Mrs. Fleming, seating herself cautiously in her satin armor, poured it into cups of terrifying daintiness that promised to collapse if lifted or sipped. So almost nobody took tea, and those who did were plainly ill at ease.

Fortunately, the serving of liquor was compulsory since forbidden by law, and fashionable since dangerous. Nobody knew whether a highball meant sudden blindness or a three days' battle with death. So everybody had to drink to prove his or her citizenship in an alleged republic, as well as to disprove any suspicions of cowardice or priggishness.

Most of the women took highballs or cocktails, and nearly all of them smoked. Mrs. Fleming was plainly no more comfortable with her ornate cigarettes and her *gin de rigueur* than with her tyrannous costume. But they were all endured, as part of the ritual.

The only truly happy persons there were doubtless the Filipino boy, gay as a eunuch in a harem; and Valerie, who found everything to her liking. She was looking for qualities to hate, and hers was a feast of them.

Mrs. Fleming patted her timidly and showed her off to the other guests with no suspicion to warn her, "There's a chief among you takin' notes."

Valerie was having so good a time that Mrs. Fleming played right into her hands. She was soon flattered:

"Have you ever been to Arrowhead Lake?"

"Yes, once or twice."

"Don't you just love it?"

"I had a good time, as I remember."

"It's so wonderful. So far from the maddening crowd. Near to Nature's heart, you might say. Awfully primitive and nice. I think it's exquisitely primeval. Nothing artificial or formal."

Good heavens, she had to say "artificial" artificially! She ran on:

"A party of us are going up there for the week-end. I don't suppose there's any chance of your coming along."

"I haven't been asked."

"Oh, would you if you were? Then you

are! It would be wonderful. Just a small party of men and women dying to get away from all the artificiality and pretense—back to nature and simplicity. We'd adore having you."

"I think I could arrange it."

"Do you suppose you could persuade Mrs. Pashley to come?"

"I imagine so."

"She could come in her big car, and she wouldn't be afraid. Of course the drive up the mountain is frightfully terrifying. I always close my eyes at the worst spots. I never let my husband drive."

"He won't be there, then?"

"Oh, yes, he'll come down to San Bernardino by train in the afternoon and get somebody to motor him up. Then he'll leave early Monday morning the same way. He has to get to his office, poor man. He's one of these terrible American husbands. He neglects me horribly. In fact, I have to ride up with Jimmy—a young Englishman who understands leisure. Don't you just love Englishmen?"

"Some of them are very nice."

"They seem to understand leisure. Jimmy—Mr. Saint John—he calls it Sinjun—are they droll, those Englishmen? We are starting very early Saturday morning to get the drive over in the cool of the morning. Could you get an early start?"

Valerie was all ready for her. It was working out quite too perfectly. But she was eager for the risk.

"I'm afraid not. My aunt has a luncheon Saturday, I think I heard her say. But we could start in the cool of the afternoon. And—since we have the big car, perhaps we could pick your husband up and take him along."

"Oh, could you?" Amy cried, thinking only of the pride of seeing her husband roll up in Mrs. Pashley's limousine. "Are you sure you won't be crowded? He's so big, and your aunt—"

"My aunt is not small, but we can manage."

"That would be perfectly wonderful." She clutched the arm of a friend. "Oh, Claudine, just think, dear Miss Dangerfield and her aunt, Mrs. Pashley, are going to join us and bring poor Blair along. It will save the poor boy that terrible trip on the electric train."

"Marvelous," said Claudine. "Bring along some of this Scotch whisky. It's really not bad. Who's your boo'legger?"

Amy winked at Valerie as much as to say Claudine was a case! When Valerie had extracted Blair Fleming's telephone number so that she could forewarn him just when they would pass his office, she felt that she could call it a day.

**W**HAT more was there to do? She made her farewells and left. In the car on her way back to Aunt Ada's, she was lyrical with conspiracies. Everything was unfolding like a fan. At the last moment she would prevent Aunt Ada from going—which would be far easier than getting her to go at all. She would then pick up Blair Fleming in her own car and make the drive herself.

The first thing she did when she reached the Pashley home was to telephone to Santa Barbara and tell the family driver to bring her car down at once. He could return by bus or train.

She had not been so excited in ages. She would be alone with Blair Fleming for three hours of driving on the level, and then an hour's climb up a mile-high mountain on the most deliciously blood-curdling drive in the country.

By that time she would know him so well that she could make up her mind whether he was merely a stupid nobody with a happy laugh, or the man of all men from whom it was her sacred task to strike off



# SO FEW MEN CAN DECIDE!

## Can you?

THIS HAPPENED only a few weeks ago.

A man who had been promoted to a new position, with much larger income, sat talking with a friend. "It's funny what little things influence our lives," he remarked. "Three years ago I was reading a magazine and clipped a coupon from an advertisement—something I almost never do. The coupon put me in touch with the Alexander Hamilton Institute, which laid out a definite course in business reading for me.

"The first time the president of our company ever indicated that he was conscious of my existence was about a month later when I ran across something in my reading that happened to be of very immediate interest to him. From that moment he began to look on me as something more than just a name on the payroll. You know what's happened since; and the whole thing started really when I happened to clip that coupon."

The other man sat quiet a moment. Then he rose and, walking over to the table, pulled out the drawer and produced a wrinkled bit of paper.

"I clipped one of those coupons once," he said, "but I didn't do anything more about it. Here it is" . . . he held it out . . . "more than four years old."

That little incident reveals one of the fundamental reasons why some men go forward and others do not. Up to a certain point all men are interested in their business future. They will read about success and talk about it; but at that point they divide sharply into two classes. One group merely talks; the other acts.

Think of the four years that have passed since that man clipped that coupon. In that time Charles E. Murnan, who was a clerk in a retail store became vice president of the great United Drug Company. He says: "I would recommend the Course to anybody, if he had to borrow the money to take it."

## Alexander Hamilton Institute

Executive Training for Business Men

IN CANADA, address the  
Alexander Hamilton Institute, Limited  
C.P.R. Bldg., Toronto



IN AUSTRALIA, the  
Alexander Hamilton Institute  
110 Castlereagh Street, Sydney



"He pulled out a wrinkled bit of paper more than four years old."

In that time, J. A. Zehnbauer, who was a wholesale dry goods salesman, became President of the Jantzen Knitting Mills of Portland, Oregon. He says: "I would be making a conservative statement if I should say that 50% of my success could be attributed to my contact with the Alexander Hamilton Institute."

And all this while the man who was interested, but lacked the power of decision, has gone along with petty salary increases. Four years of little progress, when he might have made a direct short cut to executive opportunity and increased earning power. Some day he will arrive, but he has sacrificed the joy of succeeding while he is still young.

\* \* \* \* \*

This is not an advertisement in the ordinary sense. It is a business editorial. Two men will read it. One will say "That is interesting. I suppose I really ought to be doing some kind of business reading." He may even go so far as to clip the coupon, but it will never be mailed. At the critical moment of decision he will be tried and found wanting.

The other man will say:  
"This thing involves no

obligation or cost. The course has helped more than 250,000 men to shorten their path to the top. It may or may not be what I am looking for; but at least I have a duty to myself and my family to investigate." He will clip the coupon and it will be mailed.

There's nothing mysterious about the Institute's training, nothing sensational nothing faddish. Simply by teaching men, in a few minutes of regular, pleasant reading, the fundamentals of all departments of business, the Institute equips its subscribers to direct the men in those departments to their profit.

You have decision. Will you let us lay before you a definite plan of business reading, worked out by men who have made an unusual business success? With the plan will come a book of facts and letters which will answer all your questions. Give one evening to it; decide, alone in your own home, without haste or pressure. Whatever your decision, we are satisfied; we ask only for an invitation to mail you the facts.

ALEXANDER HAMILTON INSTITUTE  
643 Astor Place New York City

Send me at once the booklet, "Forging Ahead in Business," which I may keep without obligation.

Signature \_\_\_\_\_ Please write plainly

Business Address \_\_\_\_\_

Business Position \_\_\_\_\_

the shackles and let him stride on to great destinies.

If he proved the former, she could have a headache Sunday morning and dash back alone. If her hopes were just, the whole world was before them with magnificent adventure at every step.

#### Chapter Four

IT all worked out with the smooth perfection of the devil's best devices, which often finish badly but generally make a smooth start.

Valerie's roadster came in from Santa Barbara. She told her aunt that she might use it for a dash down to Tia Juana to join her friends after all—unless, of course, Aunt Ada would like to go to Arrowhead with Mrs. Fleming's party.

"I see myself!" gasped Aunt Ada. "Mrs. Fleming makes me seasick; but Arrowhead! I tried it once and made the driver turn round at the first place where that was possible. And that was so high I couldn't breathe."

"I wouldn't for worlds inconvenience you on my account," said Valerie angelically—which upset Aunt Ada again.

Saturday morning the sky was showering gold on the dazzled earth, and Amy got away early with her escort. By noon the sky threatened a shower of gray water from the wind-stirred cobwebs that covered it.

Aunt Ada prophesied another deluge and tried to persuade Valerie to call off the escapade. But Valerie said that it never rained in California at this time of year, only made a bluff at it, and she would not be dissuaded.

She telephoned Blair Fleming and he said he would be at the curb the moment Mrs. Pashley and she arrived.

Since he was a busy man, Valerie did not detain him to explain that Mrs. Pashley would be conspicuously absent. She wanted to see his face when he saw her alone in that ferocious car of hers.

In the baggage-hold at the back she had placed her traveling case fitted with every known weapon of beauty. This compact tool-kit left room for all the clothes she might need. Costumes nowadays were so light and brief and filmy that a woman stuffed a whole trousseau into a space where a belle of a few years before could not have crammed one petticoat or a single voluminous hat.

Aunt Ada refused to kiss Valerie good-by, and promised her every sort of disaster.

"That will make it more interesting, darling," was Valerie's farewell.

### RITA WEIMAN

Has written the most original and striking story of her career in a tale that will appear in an early issue of this magazine. Again she weaves the fabric of her story on a warp of foreign color, but the intense humanity of the story is such that it might have happened anywhere. You will not forget—once you have read—

#### "Dinner Is Served"

She swept out of Fremont Park into Wilshire Boulevard at such speed that she almost ran down a speed-cop *put-put*-ing by on a motorcycle. She gave him so shy a look and so pitiful a word about stepping on the accelerator instead of the brake that he touched his hat and roared away to overtake a homely woman in a flivver and assure her of two days in jail for going at twenty-eight miles an hour in a twenty-mile zone. One of the city judges was amusing himself by jailing everybody who broke the law. The effect would be nil and the spasm would die of its own failure, but it would be tried again in the vain effort to cut down the devastating motor-slaughter.

Valerie made such excellent time through the open spaces that when she was caught in the log-jam of the downtown traffic she was delayed only long enough to have kept Blair Fleming waiting at the curb for twenty minutes. He was on the alert for a limousine with a chauffeur, and he did not even notice Valerie's car until she had had time to study him for a moment.

He was tired and sad, evidently looking forward with gloom to his wife's picnic with his wife's friends. Valerie's heart was touched to an almost unknown tenderness, a kind of motherly pity for him. She leaned out and spoke to him. He gave a start and did not know her till she told him who she was. Then he was covered with chagrin.

He had a big suitcase at his feet, twice as big a suitcase as hers, since the male costume of the day was more elaborate than the woman's, and far bulkier. She told him to stow it in the hold, and he hurried to the rear, lifted the lid of the baggage carrier, threw in his suitcase and hastened to take a seat by her. Valerie answered the queries in his eyes.

"At the last moment Aunt Ada couldn't come. She needed her big car and her driver, so I thought you wouldn't mind if I took you along in this old taxi."

HE tried to laugh, but was plainly uneasy at this confinement for hours with a stranger. It piqued her a moment to think how stupid he was not to be as deeply occupied with thoughts of her as she of him. Also it challenged her.

"You didn't know me when you saw me just now," she said, as she stopped short at a traffic signal. He went forward almost through the windshield. When he had resumed his seat, he stammered:

"Of course I did—well, the fact is—there's not much of you to know you by, with that tight hat covering your hair and all but one eye. And your—you were bare-headed and—er—in evening clothes when I saw you. I shouldn't have forgotten you if I had met you at night again."

"Spoken like an honest gentleman. Are you afraid of riding up the mountain with a woman driver?"

She shot forward as a bell released the eastbound traffic and his head went back. When he recovered, he said:

"I'm not afraid if you're not."

"Would you rather drive yourself?"

"No, I—I—" His breath stopped as she looped ahead of the car ahead, grazing a car that was doing the same in the opposite direction. "The damn' fool!" said Valerie. He laughed at that with a hint of his Samarkand delight:

"Go as fast as you like. I'm well insured! Whew!"

That was for a truck that she beat to a narrow interstice in a torn-up street. When she cut across the bows of a scooting electric train, he shouted:

"Whoopie! I'll never see the headlines, anyway."

That reminded her.

"Tell me about those headlines."

"I will when we get out of this jam. It's too much fun gambling on the next—Lord,

but you must be a pious woman with a perfect trust in Providence."

She mocked the thought. At length they had crossed the dry cañon of the Los Angeles River and were on the way to Pasadena. A few drops appeared on the windshield. A gust of wind lashed them with thongs of rain, and he asked her if she had not better turn back.

"For a little rain?" she gasped.

BUT she had him crank the window shut on his side, and this closed them in a tiny cell of ominous intimacy.

Then she pressed on, avoiding Pasadena and following the concrete highway darkening with rain that made the tires sing.

"Now tell me all about yourself," she commanded again.

"There's nothing to tell about me. Who are you? I ought to know, but I'm hopelessly ignorant."

"And I'm hopelessly unimportant. My name is Valerie Dangerfield, daughter of John Dangerfield."

"Not the big politician?"

"He's the one you mean, but he's not a politician. He's just a rich man that tries to do his bit for the Government. He's the noblest man that ever lived and gets the least credit for it."

Before she realized it, she was launched on a prolonged defense of everything her idol had ever done. The rain was coming down in earnest now, and she had to throw on the headlights. They revealed a roadway crinkly with wind-winnowed rain like an unending swarm of little eels squirming beneath the car.

The dark was riddled with long antennae of light, cylinders of showery fire, followed by close-hooded cars—monstrous sinister beetles scurrying through the storm, seen but a moment, heard for a moment, lost.

No car going east outran Valerie's car, but she overtook all others, and at the first gap passed them with warning and insolent hoots of the horn. If they did not make way at once, her horn-voice cursed and threatened them to one side.

The risks of collision or of a skidding slither into a ditch were so incessant that long periods of time passed in fascinated silence.

By and by she spoke, without turning her head: "Get me a cigarette out of my handbag, will you? And have one yourself."

"Oh, may I smoke? I'd rather have a cigar, if you don't mind."

"There's a lighter in the dash."

He fumbled in the handbag for her cigarette-case with a sense of indecent invasion of privacy, turned up a lipstick, a comb, powder-box, money, cards, and at last a case of cigarettes, from which he extracted one and put it into her mouth as she leaned closer across the wheel. He pulled from the dashboard the long corded light-button and held it for her, watching with interest her tense nervous lips and her taut nostrils tugging for the smoke. The dull glow threw a lurid radiance on her eyes keenly riveted to the road ahead.

It was a strong, wise, fearless face she had. He took a cigar from the supply that bulged his pockets and lighted it, then let the cord slip back into place.

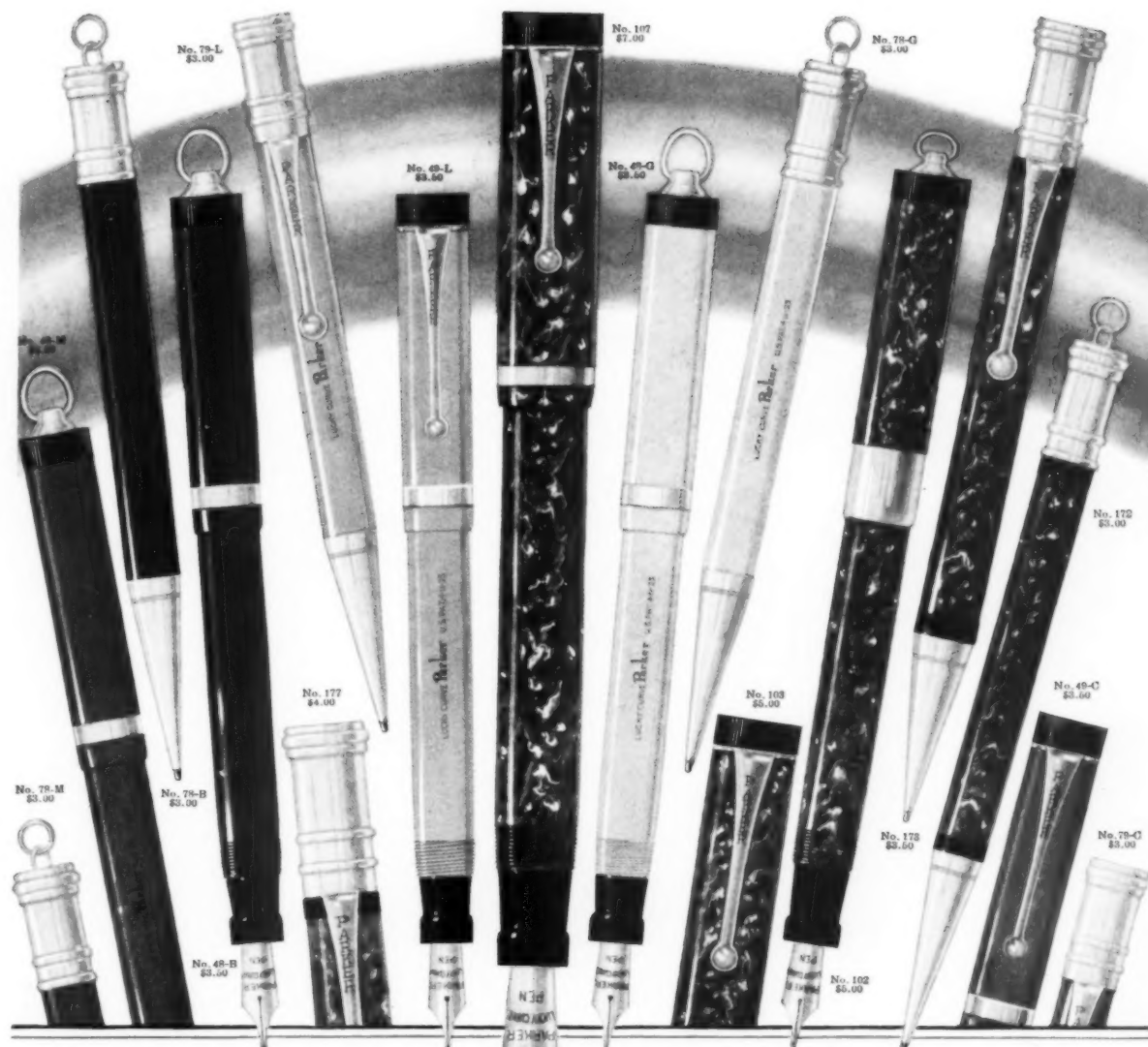
As he was about to close her handbag, she said: "See that mirror in there? That was where I first saw you."

"You saw me in this mirror?"

She told him the whole story of the Samarkand, of his laugh, her study of him, the encounter with him by the statue of Buddha, her nagging desire to see him, and dazed him at last by saying: "I wanted very much to know you."

"Why? Because of my beauty—my handsome figger—my wit?"

"Because of your look of sorrow and defeat."



## Fashion's Newest Arrival Petite Pens and Pencils Pastel Shades—Non-Breakable Barrels

Created by Parker—Acclaimed by Style Authorities Everywhere

*Magenta, Naples Blue, Mauve, Beige Gray, Coral—and in larger sizes Mottled Green*

**F**ASHION has placed its stamp of approval on these alluring Parker creations that harmonize perfectly with the new color schemes and give women an opportunity to add a telling color-note to their costumes.

And women are buying these new Parker pens and pencils not only for their style and beauty but for the writing excellence that the Parker skill insures.

The Pens have the Parker 14k gold hand made point tipped with polished iridium, and the Ink-tight Duo-sleeve Cap, a safeguard to hands and clothes.

The Pencils have Parker's Non-clog Feed that turns the lead IN and OUT—easily filled by slipping a new lead into the tip. Both Pens and Pencils have Barrels of Permanite—Parker's new lustrous, non-breakable material.

Step to the nearest pen counter today and ask to see the "Parker Pastel Shades". But be sure to look for the name Parker on the barrel.

# Parker

## *Lucky Curve Pens and Pencils*

THE PARKER PEN COMPANY  
JANESVILLE, WISCONSIN  
OFFICES AND SUBSIDIARIES:  
NEW YORK • CHICAGO • ATLANTA  
SAN FRANCISCO  
TORONTO, CANADA • LONDON, ENGLAND



HELP YOURSELF TO HEALTH

*W. K. Kellogg*



Takes *pep* to score a touchdown on the kick-off!

FLASHING, feinting—down the field! Zigzag. Sidestep. Pivot. Shift! You've got to be good to take a kick and run for touchdown! You've got to have pep! Rousing, fighting pep!

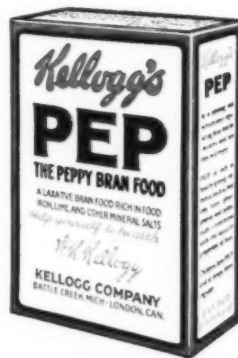
PEP is the peppiest food you know! A new ready-to-eat cereal. With a taste-teasing flavor. Every bowlful makes you want another!

PEP supplies pep! Fills you with vim and spirit! It's generously stored with nature's own elements of health! Brings energy, zip and zest!

PEP contains healthful bran. Is mildly laxative. Helps check constipation.

PEP's ideal for children. And they love it. Regulates habits as nature intended. Makes kiddies happy and playful!

PEP is a family health-policy. Serve it tomorrow. Your grocer has PEP!



the peppy bran food

*Kellogg's*  
**PEP**

That shook him. She was almost the first very feminine woman with a manly frankness he had ever met. But she was so brutally free with her sympathy that she left him without a comment to make. She went on: "I wanted to know you; and I'm going to."

That frightened him, though he stammered: "I hope you get your wish. I want to know you."

This brought on another silence. Here he was, alone with a woman who trifled with none of the usual polite reticences and indirections but came out with a masculine bluntness. It was her candor that left him neither excuse nor inclination for a proffer of flirtation.

When Valerie was in one of these moods, she could talk to a man about subjects that old-fashioned physicians would have hemmed and hawed over, and her very forthrightness banished all thought of philandering.

She despised chivalry in both its protective and its seductive manifestations. She despised the sort of woman who could pretend to need a man's strength or fear his betrayal. If she went wrong, she would never blame the man.

They could not see the fugacious landscapes for the dark. It was all one to them, all rain and night to them, whether they were traversing the walnut realm, the orange belt, the lemon district or the thousands of sandy acres stocked with grapevines.

Blair Fleming recognized the vineyards in a flash of lightning and broke the silence.

"Funny! Just before prohibition was passed, the people along here cut down nearly all of the vines. There was no market for the grapes. Since then, they can't grow 'em fast enough. Every grape is as valuable as an orange. Laws, laws—oh, the fool laws that defeat their own purposes—though I say it who shouldn't, being a lawyer."

SO that was what he was—a lawyer! She tried to find out something, while pretending to know all:

"Are you a very good lawyer?"

"Well, some say yes and some say no. But it's my trade."

She was fishing desperately:

"Tell me a lot about your latest case."

"I'd rather hear more about why you wanted to know me."

"I've told you. You were sad, and I wanted to know why."

"I didn't know I was sad. But—well—what is there to be so—so—"

"So damned glad about?"

Nothing ends formality so soon as a touch of profanity. It dispels sultriness like an electric spark. He laughed one of his best laughs, and there was relaxation in his very posture. He was enough at ease to venture a posy of implication:

"Of course, I've reason enough to be glad, now that I'm here with you. But I didn't know you when you thought I was so sad."

"No flowers, please," she said. "You don't have to turn out that sort of thing. I don't need it. Fact is, I don't like it."

He answered comfortably: "Any time I want to hand you a bouquet, I'm going to hand you a bouquet. But as I was saying—as you were saying, what is there to be so damned glad about in general?"

"You have a beautiful wife, a beautiful home, a fine career."

"But was anybody ever glad because he ought to be? We're more likely to be glad because we oughtn't to be."

"You ought to be happy, then, for you oughtn't to be out here with me."

"I am happy. All the happier, I suppose, because we're really in a good deal of danger. Did you notice the water at the side of the road? Look at that bridge—only a few inches above the flood. Listen to that thunder! We're running right into the heart of

it. And the mountains must be like slanting roofs with rain running off them in torrents."

"Would you rather not try the climb? We could dine in San Bernardino and then turn back."

THIS was a poser. His wife was on the mountain-top expecting him. She was rather careless about her own little flirtations, but exceedingly circumspect about his. What wouldn't she say, if he and Miss Dangerfield both failed to appear?

He thought of his wife, but he spoke of his companion:

"There's really no reason why you should take the risk just to get me up there. You could turn back and let me hire a car at San Berdoo."

She laughed at that, and drove on, and on and on. When they reached the lights of the town she said: "Are you hungry? Do you want to stop for a bite?"

"Yes, if you do. No, if you don't."

"We'd better have a cup of coffee while we can."

She drove to a hotel and left him while she washed her hands and he his. Returning she ate a sandwich and drained a cup of coffee. Then they turned north and scudded along the level for miles. The downpour was unbelievable. Where did the water come from? Had the ocean been lifted bodily in a leaky sieve? In every depression of the road was a pool that shot up about them as they split it. The fields were lakes, the trees dripping umbrellas.

They came at last to the foot of the mountain, where in the daylight a great arrowhead, thirteen hundred feet long and four hundred and fifty wide, was visible on the flank of the sierra, a strange accident of outcropping rock and stunted herbage. Now all was black before them and above them.

The lights of a wayside gasoline station revealed a warning placard advising motorists to make sure of their gas and oil before they began the ascent.

Valerie ran her car to the door, and a man in a long oilskin coat replenished the tank and looked to the oil. As he took his money, he said through a veil of rain:

"You're not goin' up the switchbacks, I hope."

"That's our intention."

"Mighty risky! Hug the inside and watch out for the sharp curves. There's nothin' else but. There's some nice little boardin' houses a little farther on. I'd advise you to put up at one of them."

"Thanks. Good night!"

"Good luck!"

The road swerved away to the right, then swerved suddenly to the left, ran up a deep vale, climbed above a mineral spa, and entered a long thicket filled with little cottages whose precarious foundations were threatened by a brook in flood, tumultuous, uproarious, and in the lightning flares crested with whitecaps of furious water.

They were two thousand feet above the desert now, and the road was hewn out of the side of a buttress of rock thrust into the congress of two huge cañons. The light picked out a signboard with the legend, "*The Old Mormon Trail*," but their course led them away from it along a rough passage, not yet finished, a feat of engineering audacity carrying a highway up a precipitous escarpment by dint of zigzagging it back and forth upon itself some sixteen times.

Even the Titanic strength of Valerie's car was hard put to it not to falter on the heaviest grades. At short intervals came hairpin heads where it was necessary to make a sharp turn and a steep climb at the same moment. At some of these it seemed that the feat was beyond the power of that desperately endeavoring engine.

Failure meant a backward roll across a

cliff to death in a black abyss. The engine groaned and fought with frenzy as if it understood the danger. It worried and bit and clung like a panting climber on hands and knees. Every pebble in the ruts was a menace and a difficulty. The hearts of the passengers beat in rhythm with the motor as if they were auxiliary engines.

Whether Valerie thought or cared about the consequences of disaster, Fleming could not know, but this was to him the greater peril. He had been so harried by the hostile press that he suffered in imagination from their eagerness to broadcast the posthumous scandal of his death on the mountainside with this woman who had kidnapped him.

He could easily save himself from the risk of death or disgrace by just opening the door and stepping out to safety from all but a drenching. Yet he could not even consider so simple and so sane a deed. Contemptible as his fate would be if he died here with this woman, it would be more contemptible, impossibly contemptible, to annoy her with a hint of protest or anxiety.

The lightning was flailing the mountainside with incandescent serpents, and he could study Valerie almost without interruption. She was grim and cool; she placidly confronted death, with no weapons to wield except a wheel, a lever or two and three pedals. Both the brakes were quite as likely to snap as not if the engine suddenly failed. Then would come the awful backward rush to the brink; their car would be their coffin, and it would break about them as it revolved in air and bounded from ledge to ledge.

The worst of it was the wet surface of the road, the increasing velocity of the sheeted water streaming down it, and the steady collapse of the banks spreading slippery clay and rocks before them.

FLEMING could not volunteer to take the wheel. There was nothing he could do to help Valerie or himself or the nobly battling engine. He could only lean far forward, breathe hard and marvel at the courage and the cunning of this dauntless woman. She was a stranger a few hours ago, and now their destinies were one.

Suddenly the world seemed to clench together like the fist of God. Then it opened and exploded a convulsion of white flame. Instant thunder rocked the air. The ground reeled as with an earthquake. Then the water came down with massiveness, solidity, as if they had driven head on into Niagara.

It was a cloudburst. The road was a river. The car stopped, shivered, began to slip back, baffled. Valerie threw on all the gas. With the snarling, whinnying paroxysm of a stallion fighting for life, the engine raged and made the turn.

The mountainside was a spillway. The edges of the road began to crumple and fall off like sodden piecrust.

Foot by foot the car fought the climb to the next turn. Here the headlight shot off into space, for the road again whirled back around a jutting promontory of bleak wet rock.

The ground crumbled beneath the left forewheel, leaving it spinning in air above a maelstrom of watery air.

Valerie jammed the brakes hard as the lights pierced a cataract of diamonds thundering across the ledge. The deluge beat upon the hood of the car. The engine went dead. The lamps were quenched.

The only light was the lightning. And all it revealed was a world gone back to chaos, and a man and woman returned to primeval helplessness.

In the ensuing chapters this latest and best of all Mr. Hughes' novels develops a situation of remarkable power. Be sure to read the next installment—in our forthcoming October issue.



## The Shadow

Perhaps it's a gray hair, a wrinkle or a trace of flabbiness. Just a little hint, but its flickering shadow across your mirror awakens a longing for youth—a longing to have and to hold its appearance over the years to come. Let us prove how simple it is for you to gratify this longing.

## GOURAUD'S ORIENTAL CREAM

**"Beauty's Master Touch"**

renders an entrancing appearance of youthful freshness. It gives to your complexion that subtle, alluring touch of Oriental Beauty with all its mystic, seductive charm.

The highly astringent properties of Gauraud's Oriental Cream keep the skin firm and smooth, discouraging wrinkles and flabbiness. Its antiseptic action maintains a pure, clear complexion, eliminating tan, freckles, muddy skins, redness, etc. A permanent, lasting improvement to your skin and complexion awaits you. Commence its use today.



Send 10c. for Trial Size  
Ferd. T. Hopkins & Son  
430 Lafayette St.  
New York

## ALL SQUARE

(Continued from page 75)

in pay this year. Don't tell Dad, because he hasn't had any himself. But between us, we're saving a lot of money."

From the subject of carload shipments and short-rib sides and choice hand-picked medium beans, she turned easily to books that she had read and plays that she had not seen, to ideas that we marvelously held in common, and others on which we placidly disagreed. Suddenly she brought to an end a wistful description of a place in Italy, which she dreamed of seeing some day, with: "Did you know that Dad got an eighty last Saturday?"

"That's great," I said, with as much enthusiasm as any golfer is ever able to show over another's score. "I think if there were some one as interested in my score as you are in his, I could shoot a seventy."

She ignored this, and asked: "Do you think he has any chance at all in the club championship?"

"Well, he'll have to beat some pretty good men, and some of them he's never gone up against."

"I know. He's been playing a lot with Mrs. Sabine. He says she helps to steady him down, because her shots don't tempt him to—press, do you call it? And that she is so accurate that she makes him try harder for accuracy."

So that was the topic of conversation for the rest of that ride.

WHEN I came to think it over, I realized Henry was getting out of the wild-man class. His shots were straighter, though perhaps not quite so long. He could still be seen, almost any time he played, pegging along in the rough. But he was usually looking, not for his own ball, but for the foundlings that kept him supplied.

So it was no surprise when, on returning from a trip out of town, I found a postcard from him, saying that he had qualified for the club championship, and was drawn against me in the first round. That postcard was another of his little economies. He never telephoned if he could send a card and thereby save four cents.

Neither was it a surprise, to me or, I must say, to my well-wishers in the grill-room, when Henry put me out, five down and four to play. After he beat Tommy Sabine in the second round—to Mrs. Sabine's openly expressed delight—we began to take him seriously. A week later we really were astonished to learn that he had won his semi-final match by a close shave, and had to play Spike Allen in the finals the following Saturday.

Spike is a hard man for anyone to beat, and particularly hard for a nervous opponent. He is in the early twenties, a six-footer and built like Ted Ray. You wouldn't think that he had a nerve in his otherwise complete set of physical features. He has that priceless mental asset of the real golfer—a well-tamed imagination. He plays each hole only once; in all a tough customer for a nervous wreck to handle.

The final match was thirty-six holes. Only a few people saw the morning round, and neither Henry nor Spike seemed keen to tell us any details—only that they were all even at the end of the eighteen. I got there at noon, to carry the flag and referee.

There was a regular exhibition gallery, for the whole club was eager to see the tightwad go after the easy-going, machine-like Spike. That gallery certainly got something in return for its five-mile walk. Many times during the round I wished that Frances had not been there. But she was very much there, radiant, loyal, rushing with the grace of a young animal to reach the best spot to see each shot played.

Of all the spectators, not one of us knew

everything that this match really meant. Even Jim Harper, grunting along with his quizzical air of knowing more golf than both the players, didn't have the whole picture. He saw a man who had broken, and whom he had nevertheless trusted, playing a game, to win back confidence in himself. Frances was the only one who knew that a victory would put an end to the scrimping and penny-pinching; she did not know that her father had been branded a tightwad by the whole club, but she had shared so long the urge to save and hoard, that she was desperately anxious, now that the end was in sight.

Only Henry Todd himself knew all that he was fighting for, and it took three hours of the most tense golf I have ever followed, for the rest of us to discover it.

He made that fight in a way all his own, a way for which few men would have had the stomach. He showed it, too, on the very first tee.

When they came up to start, it didn't occur to anyone to ask who had the honor. Henry—who for the first time in our acquaintance with him had hired a caddie—was sorting over the balls from the bottom of his bag, picking out one fit for play. So it happened that Spike, perhaps urged a little by the impatience of the gallery, teed up and drove off.

The first hole on our course calls for a long and well-placed drive, with a slight pull, in order to open up the approach to the green. Spike got off just exactly that drive, and the crowd was clapping, when Henry came up, and turning to me, said coolly: "I'm afraid I'll have to recall that drive. It was my honor. I won the sixteenth this morning, and we halved the last two."

Spike's jaw dropped, and so did mine, and so did the jaws of all others within hearing. Never before had I heard that rule so seriously invoked in our club. But Henry was well within his rights. The rule says plainly that if a player takes the honor when it doesn't belong to him, the opponent may call it back. There was no penalty, but Spike, in spite of his usual stolidity, naturally failed to repeat. His next drive was a puny slice, and Henry won the hole.

OUR members have always been rather sloppy about the rules of golf. A good many of them boast that they play for exercise only. We permit all sorts of liberties in what we call "friendly matches," such as dropping another ball if you're lost, or calling a particularly bad lie "ground under repair," and lifting the ball out of it.

Today it soon became evident that Henry knew the rules and took them seriously. He never conceded a putt and he never let Spike concede one to him. This was hard on Spike, who was used to generous give-and-take on the greens. It wasn't so hard on Henry, for you could see that the improvement in his game included his putting. He was sinking them from all distances, and at anything under five feet he was sure fire.

The nervous jerk that formerly cost him strokes was almost cured, and his shots were smooth and unhurried. He didn't waggle so long; he didn't rush his back swing or have those sudden fits of lifting his head.

At the seventh he sprang another technical point. This is a blind hole. Your second shot has to get up over a jagged hill, and if it's straight, you can be home. It is our custom to send the caddies up the hill and have them stand there to watch the balls and give us the line. So Spike, who had the shorter drive, sent his



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By MADAME JEANNETTE

Famous cosmetician, retained by The Pompeian Laboratories as a consultant to give authentic advice regarding the care of the skin and the proper use of beauty preparations.

I RECENTLY overheard one of my friends say to another, "You, for one, need no rouge, my dear. What lovely natural coloring!" But the truth was this—like thousands of other women, she found a rouge that gave her cheeks the exquisite natural coloring of a girl in her 'teens. That rouge is Pompeian Bloom.

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Rouge to match the various skin tones must be a blend of several colors. Pompeian Bloom comes in five scientifically blended shades—scientifically blended because Pompeian chemists know that complexions are not composed of single colors, but a blend of many.

From the shade chart below you can easily select your particular shade of Pompeian Bloom. Listed there is your type of complexion together with the shade of Pompeian Bloom that matches it perfectly.

## SHADE CHART for selecting your shade of Pompeian Bloom

**Medium Skin:** The average American woman has the medium skin-tone—pleasantly warm in tone with a faint suggestion of old ivory or sun-kissed russet. The *Medium* tone of Pompeian Bloom suits this skin. If with a medium skin you are slightly tanned, you may find the *Orange* tint more becoming. And sometimes women with medium skin who have very dark hair get a brilliant result with the *Oriental* tint.

**Olive Skin:** Women with the true olive skin are generally dark of eyes and hair—and require the *Dark* tone of Pompeian Bloom. If you wish to accent the brilliancy of your complexion, the *Oriental* tint will accomplish it.



The intriguing beauty of olive skin and dark brown hair is always enhanced by the rich color of the damask rose. If you are this type you may use Pompeian Bloom in the *Dark* tone or the *Oriental* Tint for this enchanting effect.

**Pink Skin:** This is the youthful skin, most often found in blondes or red-haired women, and should use the *Oriental* shade.

**White Skin:** The pure white skin is rare, but if you have this rare skin you must use the *Light* tone of Bloom.

**Special Note:** Remember that an unusual coloring of hair and eyes sometimes demands a different selection of Bloom-tone than that given above. If in doubt, write a description of your skin, hair and eyes to me for special advice.

If you really want your color to look natural, try Pompeian Bloom. 60c at all toilette counters (slightly higher in Canada). Purity and satisfaction guaranteed.

*Madame Jeannette*  
Specialiste en Beauté

P. S. I also suggest that you use Pompeian Day Cream as a foundation for your Pompeian Beauty Powder and Bloom.



He watched her as the sun slanted down on her pretty face and felt an impulse to tell her she was like a rose. Even in the most scrutinizing light Pompeian Bloom has the natural glow of youth—an effect every woman can achieve.

30 Applications  
of Pompeian Bloom  
for only 10c

AM I not right in stressing the importance of matching your skin-tone? I urge you to act on this advice—urge you to let your own eyes convince you how much more charming and natural in appearance Pompeian Bloom will make your

cheeks. To make this trial easy and convenient for you, I have persuaded The Pompeian Laboratories to let me make this unusual offer:

Send me 10c and the coupon. I will send you a trial cake of Pompeian Bloom containing enough rouge for 30 applications in a dainty little container, not too big to be carried in your purse; and in addition a liberal sample of Pompeian Beauty Powder. Tear off the coupon now, before you turn the page.

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### Travel Facts

The transportation companies advertising in THE RED BOOK MAGAZINE will gladly provide you, free of charge, with all information on routes, rates, time required, etc., for the trip you are planning. Write to them directly, or if possible, call at their offices.

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David V. Bush

Give me 5 days and I'll prove to you that I can give you real courage—courage that wins—courage that crushes all obstacles. I can give you Grit and Gumption enough to fight your weight in wildcats.

By DAVID V. BUSH

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boy ahead and waited until he stopped on the brow and called back: "Right over my head." Just as Spike was taking his stance, Henry quietly protested:

"You can't do that, you know. The rule is that no one shall stand on the proposed line of play to indicate it to the player."

By waiting until after the shot, Henry could have claimed a penalty; so one way to look at it is that he did the decent thing. Anyhow, Spike in some disgust waved the boy aside, and proceeded to lay into a stunning iron that stopped dead to the pin.

Jim Harper puffed up beside me as we climbed the hill. "Think he's trying to get Spike's goat?" he whispered.

"No, I don't," I replied, "even if Spike owned one."

"Neither do I," said Jim. "Though that's what a lot of these dubs think. He's just playing the rules for all they are worth."

HE certainly was. He was sighting across the line of the disks on the tees, to see that Spike's ball wasn't teed too far forward. He watched every practice swing like a hawk. If Spike got into a trap, he walked over to see the shot played. He made his caddie take out the flag-stick on every short approach. Once he lifted his own ball off a very small heap of cut grass—entirely legal, though there were few there who knew it.

They went along ding-dong, and came to the eleventh with the match still even. And here Henry astonished the gallery by ruling himself into a bad position. This is the pond hole. Henry's mashie turned in his hands; his ball started off to the right, came back with a wide hook and dropped in the water at the left. When you get in the pond, you drop a ball behind it under penalty of one stroke. There's a strip of fairway along the left edge of the pond where we perform this familiar ceremony. But Henry went twenty yards farther to the right to drop his second ball. There was nothing there but deep rough, and it gave him a much more trying shot. He made a noble effort, but overplayed the green and lost the hole.

"What's the idea?" asked some one as he came back from the rough. "Why did you go way over there?"

"The rule," said Henry courteously, "says you must drop the ball on the line where the ball crossed the margin of the hazard, not where it entered the water." That hook had crossed the edge of the pond away over by the rough, although before it struck the water, it had come back opposite the fairway.

Well, that may seem quixotic, but it was correct and it cost him a hole when he needed one.

Most of the gallery didn't understand what had happened, and if they had, they might not have been so sore about Henry's next performance. It came at the fourteenth. Spike's drive was in the long trap. He took a mighty swipe at the ball; it rose, bounced along the top of the bank, and rolled back into the trap ten yards from where he had hit it. Instinctively Spike did what every conscientious golfer does—stayed to fill up the vast hole his niblick had made in the sand, before he went on to play again.

"Sorry," said the observant Henry, "but that loses you the hole. You can't ground your club in the trap while your ball is still in it."

That was going pretty far. There wasn't a chance in the world that filling up a hole at one end of the trap could improve the lie of a ball at the other end. But there was the rule; there was Todd calling it; and there was Spike staring in dismay. I could do nothing but award the hole to Henry.

Frances found a chance to catch my elbow

as we went down to the next tee and asked anxiously: "Was that right?"

"Absolutely," I replied as stoutly as I could, "—although—"

"Well, if he was right," she flashed back, "there can't be any 'although' about it, can there?" And I weakly agreed that there couldn't. But the crowd didn't feel that way, and it looked dangerously as though Henry Todd might win the championship but lose what little standing he had ever had in the Club.

At the very next hole the atmosphere changed again. For a moment the old jumpiness got him, and he sliced his drive into the bushes near the boundary—so near, that after we had hunted for it in vain, Spike said: "Probably out of bounds. You get the benefit of the doubt. Better go back and play another."

"No," said Henry. "I'm sure it didn't go out of bounds. Unless we find the ball in five minutes, I'll concede you the hole." We didn't find it, and Henry stuck to his verdict that it didn't go out of bounds, and so he lost that hole too.

That just about silenced the croakers. Jim Harper exclaimed to me: "Playing the rules for all they're worth. I'll say he is!" Frances was carrying her little head high.

They shot some pretty par golf on the next two, and came to the last hole all square. As they stood on the tee, I looked down four hundred and sixty yards of sunlit turf and realized that somewhere along that pleasant prospect we should learn whether Henry Todd had become a man again. The question was to be answered there in the presence of everyone whose life touched his—the man who had given him another chance, the daughter who had made the fight with him, people like Tommy Sabine who still saw him only as an aging tightwad, and a few like Tommy's wife Dot, who had found in him this or that quality that seemed to them worthy. For my own part, I dared not think what the end of this match might mean to me.

Our last hole is not so good, a hard four but an easy par five. They both got fair, everyday drives, Henry's a little the longer. Spike uncorked a low brassie that ran like a rabbit and stopped thirty yards short of the green. Henry used his old cleek and couldn't get quite so far. Playing the odd, he had to face that stern test of golf nerves, the short pitch with a trap yawning just beyond the pin. He went into it without a flinch, and laid his ball six feet from the cup. Spike, never too sure in approaching, left himself a putt twice as long.

AS the gallery ranged itself round the edge of the green, it was clear that Henry was close enough for a possible four, and the way he had been putting, a very probable four. At that moment it looked like his match. Half a minute later Spike altered the whole aspect by sinking his long one.

That meant that Henry would have to put his putt down to hold the match square and carry it to an extra hole, with an even chance yet to win. But Henry was good for a putt of that length nine times out of ten.

Then came a climax as absurd as that one over in England when Wethered lost a match by stepping on his own ball at the thirty-seventh hole. Something in those nerves of Henry's, now so nearly tamed, gave one last unruly flop and betrayed him. With his trusty putter ready in his hand, he was standing too close to his ball, closer than an experienced player likes to stand. As Spike's putt took the curve of the green, curled toward the cup and dropped in, an exclamation and a rustle went through the crowd. And Henry's putter suddenly slipped through his fingers. He reached and caught it before it fell, but not until—as I saw



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The Director, Department of Education  
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out of the tail of my eye—it had just barely touched his ball and moved it a bit. The ball rolled only an inch or two at most, and into a depression where a weed had been rooted out.

I didn't know how many saw this happen. I knew Spike didn't see it. The only one I noticed was Dot Sabine. I saw her move forward, open her mouth as if to cry out, then bite her lip and step back. And I—may the royal and ancient saints forgive me—I, the impartial referee, instantly made up my mind to say nothing. By the strict rule, that slip had cost Henry a stroke, and that meant that it had cost him the championship. On the other hand, it was a pure accident, and the ball having got itself into that little hollow, was in worse position than it had been before. It would take a brilliant putt to hole out from such a lie. In spite of the overlords of golf, plain justice as well as the habit of thought in our club decreed that a man should not be penalized for such a piece of misfortune. Henry was entitled to his chance to putt for a half and to stay in the running for a championship that meant more to him than it could to any other man there.

But Henry didn't stop to figure this out. In the moment while all this was happening—while Spike was coming up and picking his ball out of the cup, while Dot Sabine was choking back her temptation to speak up, while the gallery was applauding—Henry was taking his last trench. As Spike straightened up and moved away to let him putt, Henry's face broke into a sheepish grin, the first smile of any kind that he had shown that day. He leaned over and picked up his ball, strode over and held out his hand to Spike, and said with a half-chuckle: "Congratulations! I moved my ball by mistake, like a darn fool. It's your match."

The inarticulate Spike was getting another shock. "Oh, I say—" he began.

"Sorry you have to win that way," interrupted Henry, still smiling. "I'd like to have tried that putt, though I suppose I'd have missed it after that stunner of yours."

But the gallery had broken loose and was cheering. They cheered Spike, and they cheered Henry. But what they were really cheering, whether they knew it or not, was the good old Anglo-Saxon sportsmanship that invents a game with rules that must be kept and penalties that must be paid if you blunder, and that can't be shoved off on the other fellow if the blunder is your own. At forty-five, Henry Todd had set himself a final examination in that hard lesson, and passed it with honors. That's why his grin got still broader, and I swear I saw him give his caddie an extra half dollar. The news of his action spread like a radio wave through the mob of boys in the caddie inclosure.

More than that, Henry let them carry him off to the locker-room, where he took a shower and a drink and stayed for the golf dinner that evening. At the dinner he sat between Spike and Jim Harper.

They told me that, being kidded into it, he got on his feet, and after getting off a story at least five years old, stood a half hour's catechism on the rules of golf.

Jim Harper also told me that after the dinner Henry took him aside and tried to hand him a little book. It was his savings-bank book—daughter's name, endorsed by her. He wanted the bank to take five thousand dollars and interest. Harper lied to him—said the bonding company had covered that loss long ago. Suggested the best way he could repay Jim would be to take his old job back.

I say they told me all this afterward, for I wasn't at the dinner. I was driving Frances home.

## A PLEASANT TIME WAS HAD

(Continued from page 77)

been deserted at this time of day, was in the possession of a group of the young folks who seemed to be more interested in the Charleston than they were in lunch. Two of the young ladies were vying with each other in individual exhibitions, while the rest of the party were aiding immeasurably by clapping time and shouting "Hey—hey!" Mr. Peters tried to find a chair that would not be within range, but the thing was out of the question. In despair he went up to the hot room and unpacked, discovering that he had left all his flannel trousers in Dyke.

That afternoon, according to the custom of seaside resorts, the guests assembled on the beach for a sort of swimming. Very little swimming is done at this time, but there is a great deal of lolling, if one cares for lolling. The young folks appear in effective costumes, while the elders sit about under parasols, sewing or knitting or whatever it is that women do with a piece of goods and needles. Those middle-aged men who are not too sensitive about their figures, appear in unbecoming bathing-suits and get terribly sunburned.

Mr. Peters decided that a good nap on the sand might brace him up for the ordeal at dinner with the student waitress, and Mrs. Peters had some idea of beginning the novel that Mrs. Thornley in Dyke had given her just before they left. Together they picked out a spot on the beach which seemed remote enough from the social whirl to allow for these simple requirements. Mrs. Peters arranging herself as comfortably as one can under a beach umbrella, while Mr. Peters stretched himself out in the sun with his head on a pillow. It really wasn't half bad, and the soft hissing of the waves as

they drew back from the beach after each assault, lulled his tired senses into the nearest he had come to rest since leaving home.

SUDDENLY there was a thunder of approaching hoof-beats, and Mr. Peters' face was sprayed with sand as one of the young folks scampered past his head, hotly pursued by a mate. The pursuer had just emerged from a dip and was shedding salt water like a spaniel who shakes himself after a similar experience. The net result was that Mr. Peters arose, with sand in his eyes and mouth, and sprinkled like a shirt about to be ironed.

"What's the matter, Walter?" asked Mrs. Peters, looking up from her book. "Why don't you rest?"

Mr. Peters gave a short, sharp laugh.

"Why didn't I eat my clams this noon?" he replied bitterly. And with that he plowed through the sand back to the hotel, where again he sought refuge in his room, which was, by this time, at just the temperature in which to bake biscuits. Here he flung himself on the hard bed and tossed in ineffectual, sticky sleep.

At dinner, the waitress being by this time in a chronic panic of nervousness at Mr. Peters' impatient behavior that noon, practically nothing went right. It was only what Mr. Peters had expected, however, and in dogged silence he ate what was served to him. The talk was wrenched back and forth from the Samsons to Mrs. Peters and from Mrs. Peters back to the Samsons again, with the Misses Kennedy eating their chicken fricassee in silence, and Mr. Gavin ill in his room—the lucky stiff!



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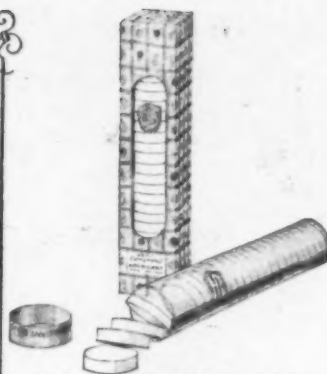
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After dinner bridge was suggested, but Mr. Peters said that his eyes hurt and that he was going to bed early. The porch was lined with well-fed guests sitting in rockers, those whose first season this was at the Indian Head House speculating on who the Peters' were as they passed by, and those who had been there before whispering: "It's the Peters', from Ohio." Mr. Peters also fancied that he detected little remarks about his own personal character, for by this time it had become noised about that he was given to nervous spells. In some quarters it was even said that Mrs. Peters was leaving him.

The scrutiny of the rocking-chair contingent finally became so obnoxious that Mr. Peters went inside, into what was euphemistically known as the "Social Hall." Here there were several bridge-games in progress, and the ubiquitous young folks were grouped about the piano, pushing each other playfully.

Mr. Peters secured a copy of yesterday's Boston Post, and retired quietly to a corner to look at the ball-scores. The sporting section, however, had been removed from this particular copy.

At this point, the children having suddenly been seized with the idea of going down to the beach, the piano was commandeered by a group who had been lying in wait for it ever since dinner, a group with one common purpose in mind, which was to induce Miss Thorwaldson to sing. Miss Thorwaldson was just about as loath to sing as a

whippet is to run; and before Mr. Peters could get disentangled from the Boston Post, she was off to a flying start on "Only a Rose."

Still suffering under an old timidity which prevented him from ostentatiously leaving a room while a singer was performing, the victim sat through the selection with some idea of sneaking out during the applause. But Miss Thorwaldson strung her selections together, like the beads on a rosary, so that the intermission came only after a particularly trying rendition of "Always," a song which Mr. Peters especially disliked because of the hazard involved in hitting the trick note at "need a helping hand." And even then it was only through the badly acted subterfuge of making believe that some one was calling to him from the porch that he was able to make his get-away.

And for the third time that day Mr. Peters fled to the Little Gem Heater he called his room, there to all night to the tune of constantly approaching mosquitoes and the strumming of ukuleles from the porch below.

THE next noon, while everyone was on the beach going through the farce known either as "swimming" or "bathing," neither of which it was, the Indian Head House was swept by fire.

And on July 6th Mr. Peters put some shirts into a duffle-bag and went fishing for the balance of the month with Ed Thurlow, at Blue Lake, just north of Dyke, Ohio.

## THE DELECTABLE MOUNTAINS

(Continued from page 64)

Mr. Welkins, clad in a hideous gray alpaca coat that reached to his small feet and buttoned tightly around his thin neck, waved a bony hand.

"Mr. Duffield, Mr. Londreth—Mr. Duffield of Elder, Duffield and Company."

"Pleased to meet you, Mr. Londreth, pleased to meet you, indeed, sir," said Mr. Duffield sonorously. "I have often heard of your beautiful place."

Stephen, for his part, was not so sure of joy; Mr. Duffield did not look amusing.

"You gen-gentlemen spending the night?"

"A couple of nights, Mr. Londreth, if that will suit you—perhaps more."

In the dusk Mr. Welkins began to take out of the back of the car several suitcases, a camera, the remains of a battered lunch, a tripod and various engineering instruments.

"What have you go-got those things for?" demanded Stephen.

Mr. Welkins looked at the articles he had unloaded as if he had never seen them before. "Those?"

"Yes."

"Oh, we've been doing a little surveying, Mr. Londreth—a little surveying. We've got a lot to talk to you about. . . . Yes indeed, a lot. We'll have a little chat after supper."

Mr. Duffield, unoccupied, suddenly found his eye resting upon Mercedes, who, gorgeous in a short-skirted dress, a string of crystal beads about her neck, her ravishing legs encased in black silk stockings and pumps, had suddenly appeared in the doorway of the ranch-house.

Mr. Duffield's travel-wearied eyes grew perceptibly rounder.

### Chapter Eleven

MR. WELKINS loved the stars. The trait sat upon him like a rose in the buttonhole of a tramp, unexpected and amusing in contrast to the dry and crackling rest of him. His passion for angles and bisecting lines was cold and formal, and out-

side of his hunger for astronomy, he seemed to have no private passions whatsoever. But if some one spoke of the distance between Jupiter and the earth, his pale gray eyes lit to immediate interest. Nor was this absorption confined solely to statistics; it was poetical as well. He knew fables and traditions about the stars; he exhibited a curious unscientific credulity where they were concerned.

Stephen had known Mr. Welkins for a long time, ever since Mr. Welkins had made his first survey of Stephen's lakes nine years before, and his feelings toward him were mixed. The personality of the little man, and his affection for the stars, gave Stephen much secret pleasure; but on the other hand, Mr. Welkins was the emissary of a hostile and none too honest enterprise. For a while Mr. Welkins had been in the habit of coming into the valley once a year and spending a month at Stephen's ranch, and Stephen, who could be extremely frank when he wanted to be, had not spared the feelings of his guest.

"You've go-got about as cro-crooked a scheme as I can well imagine," he had observed genially on several occasions.

Under these attacks Mr. Welkins blinked and was mildly evasive. "I've nothing to do with it," he would say stolidly. "I'm an engineer, not a business man."

As a result of this, Stephen fell into the habit of addressing him as "Pontius Pilate" Welkins.

After supper Mr. Welkins proposed a walk. "Londreth, here," he said, "has got one of the prettiest ranches I've ever seen, Mr. Duffield—that is, just for living purposes. I'd like you to see it." He suggested this with apparently no realization of the fact that for almost a decade he had been trying to destroy the beauty he admired. "Let's go down by the stream—along the meadows."

A big moon in the full was riding the sky to the east, turning the landscape into something so impalpable and wizard that you were almost afraid because of loveliness.

"And as I was saying, Mrs. Londreth,"



"The Djer-Kiss"

INTERPRETED BY  
R. F. SCHABELITZ

Here you behold the charm one gains by the use of my beauty-aids, Madame! Made-moiselle! "The Djer-Kiss" so subtly whispers my message, that I have asked the world's great artistes to express it—each in his own manner. Watch for these illustrations, and as you use my creations watch in your mirror for the beauty which inspires "The Djer-Kiss!" (Signed)

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"Silver" Double Vanity—nickel-silver, with two mirrors (one magnifying). Carries without spilling the same loose Djer-Kiss Face Powder you use at home. Rouge Compact Re-fills may be chosen at your favorite store ~ ~

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## You can't hide a poor complexion

**C**OSMETICS were never intended to conceal facial blemishes, and the woman who tries to cover up blotches, blackheads, redness, roughness, etc., with a coating of rouge and powder, will find the last state of her skin worse than the first.

A dull, splotted, or otherwise unattractive complexion is frequently due to the wrong method of cleansing. The pores have become clogged and they are unable to function properly. Such a skin needs to be stimulated by the pore-searching lather of a pure soap and warm water.

You will like Resinol Soap for this purpose—because it is different. The first time you use it, the distinctive, refreshing Resinol fragrance it gives out will convince you that it contains unusual properties. Its soft lather almost caresses the skin as it sinks into the pores and gently rids them of their impurities. Then it rinses so easily, too—leaving your skin soothed, refreshed and soft and pink as a baby's.

Resinol Ointment is a ready aid to Resinol Soap. In addition to being widely used for eczema, rashes, chafing, etc., thousands of women find it indispensable for clearing away blackheads, blotches and similar blemishes. Ask your druggist about these products.

Free: Trial size package Resinol Soap and Resinol Ointment. Write Dept. F-6, Resinol, Baltimore, Md.



# Resinol Soap



continued Mr. Duffield in his bland uninterested way, as if what he said never had the slightest connection with what he thought, "I hope all you good women over here—all you ladies of the Lost Cabin country, that is—are going to vote the Republican ticket at the next election. The grand old party, Mrs. Londreth." His voice took on a deeper note.

Mercedes hesitated. "I love Governor Smith," she ventured uncertainly. "He spoke to us girls once on the stage."

"Governor Smith!" Mr. Duffield's voice was shocked. "He's not a Republican; he's a Democrat."

"No," admitted Mercedes uncertainly, "but he's awfully nice."

"There's the evening star," Mr. Welkins, who was walking ahead with Stephen, observed precisely. "Right between those two peaks. I wish it was starlight instead of moonlight."

"Well, Welkins," suggested Mr. Duffield, "have we taken enough exercise for our figures? Hadn't we better go back to the house and have our little talk with Mr. Londreth?"

They retraced their steps through the damp and fragrant grass beside the stream and up through the meadow and past the well where Laplace and the other men were ranged in their accustomed cigarette-illuminated group. At the door of the ranch-house, Mercedes disappeared.

Stephen preceded his two guests into the living-room and turned on the electric lamp under its shade of worn parchment on the center table. "It's a little cold," he said. "I'll touch a match to the fire." He stooped down before the big fireplace of rough stone, and the piled pine logs sprang into flame.

"Sit down, gentlemen," he said, "and tell me what's on your minds." He paused a moment as if suddenly struck with a new idea. "I hope it's no-nothing further in connection with the lakes, Welkins; because if it is, I won't listen to it."

Neither Mr. Welkins nor Mr. Duffield were very susceptible to interiors or personalities. Mr. Welkins saved all his susceptibilities for the stars. So they did not notice what a pleasant figure Stephen, in his blue shirt open at the neck, his rough tweed jacket, his riding breeches tucked into Western boots, made as the focus of the room he had created.

Mr. Welkins sank farther into his chair, a comfortable gesture that concealed considerable interior discomfort, and Mr. Duffield crossed his hands over his stomach.

"Well, as a matter of fact, Londreth," said Mr. Welkins brightly, "it is about those lakes we want to talk to you. Yes sir, it's about those lakes and nothing else."

**S**TEPHEN slowly withdrew tobacco and cigarette papers from his pocket, rolled a cigarette with precise care and lighted it. The only sign that he had heard was that his usually steady hand trembled a little.

"We-well," he asked, leaning his elbow on the mantelpiece, "what about them?"

Mr. Welkins sat forward, his hands hanging down between his knees.

"I think," he continued slowly and, for him, impressively, "we've got you sewed up this time. Yes sir, absolutely sewed up. I'll show you some letters in a minute or two, and after you've read them, you'll agree with me. Mr. Duffield, here, agrees with me too. I've had him up here all this afternoon looking over the proposition; and as for myself, the thing looks so sure that for the last week I've been down country letting out contracts and things. Yes sir, there's nothing much to talk about except your price, and if you will listen to reason, we'll begin work next Thursday."

Stephen stared down at Mr. Welkins for a moment of grim silence.

"Let's see your letters," he said.

Mr. Welkins withdrew them from his pocket and handed them over, and Stephen read them in silence. He placed them back in their envelopes and returned them.

"Umm!" he commented. "Well—" He laughed without mirth. "You've been ve-very busy, haven't you? And extraordinarily secret? I don't see how you kept it so quiet out in this country where everyone talks all the time about everyone else's business. . . . Yes, I think you've got me pretty well sewed up. You caught me while I was ge-getting married, didn't you? That's the way they shoot elk. I'm not sure you'd have got me otherwise, Welkins—I might have argued those fellows back there out of this, the way I did before."

"I don't believe you could have, Mr. Londreth," disagreed Mr. Welkins amicably. "The Department is very strong for development."

It was Mr. Duffield's turn to enter the conversation. He unlocked his hands from in front of his stomach and straightened up.

"Good!" he announced in his blindest tones. "Excellent! I didn't agree with Mr. Weasel when he said you wouldn't listen to reason. No sir, I didn't agree with him. I didn't say anything. People don't argue much with A. W. Weasel. One of the finest men I've ever met, Mr. Londreth, one of the very finest; but"—Mr. Duffield's smooth forehead wrinkled in comic alarm—"too damn' big. Yes sir, too damn' big—to argue with. But I was sure a man of your training and upbringing—if I may say so—would listen to reason. Of course you'd listen to reason. And so now"—Mr. Duffield started to arise, one hand in the inside pocket of his coat—"there's nothing to do but agree upon a price, is there? I'll give you a check at once, Mr. Londreth. Right away, sir, if you'll state your figures."

"Sta-state yours," said Stephen; "it'll save time."

"Well sir,"—Mr. Duffield sank back in his chair and smiled cordially up at Stephen,— "your ranch isn't worth very much as a business proposition—as a ranch, that is;

## CLIFFORD—PROFESSIONAL FRIEND

No fictional creation of recent years has attracted more attention than "Clifford—Professional Friend"—introduced by Mr. Leroy Scott in a story of that title which appeared in this magazine a few months since. Mr. Scott is engaged upon a group of stories in which Clifford is to appear, and one of them will be published in the next—the October—issue with dramatic illustrations by Lester Ralph. In it Clifford functions with amazing inventiveness and originality in a plot of curious crime that the author calls "The Ardmore Elopement." Do not fail to read it if you are interested in the best that dramatic fiction affords—and who is not?

and everyone knows it. I suppose fifty dollars an acre would be a big price, wouldn't it? In condemnation proceedings you'd probably get much less. But we don't want condemnation proceedings, Mr. Londreth. No sir, we don't want them—for your sake as well as ours. And we're prepared to be friendly and generous. That's the only way to be, and so we'll offer you fifty dollars an acre, Mr. Londreth, and throw in five thousand more. That would be—say—fifteen thousand. . . . You've got about three hundred and twenty acres here, a homestead and desert claim—well, that would be fifteen thousand plus five thousand." Mr. Duffield looked up from his calculations genially. "Suppose we call it a round twenty thousand, Mr. Londreth, and let it go at that? A round twenty thousand. That's a big figure for this place, especially in cash. But we know what you're feeling, sir; we know what you're feeling—it's your home, and when it comes to a question of a man's home, there's no question of shaving the dollars."

"Bu-but three hundred and twenty multiplied by fifty makes sixteen thousand," Stephen stuttered, "and that plus five thousand makes twenty-one thousand, doesn't it? You've forgot a thousand, haven't you, Mr. Du-Duffield?"

Mr. Duffield looked hurt. "Oh, well, of course, Mr. Londreth—a question of a mere one thousand. If you insist. Neither ourselves nor Weasel, Welkins and Bossert do business in a small way."

"And th-then," continued Stephen haltingly and thoughtfully, "twenty thousand added to twenty-one thousand makes forty-one thousand; but in this case we won't count the thousand." He looked at Mr. Duffield coolly and directly. "We'll ca-call it forty thousand, Mr. Duffield, and let it go at that. Will you give me the check now, or wait until I sign the papers? Perhaps you've got the papers with you?"

"Call it what?" demanded Mr. Duffield. His mouth opened as if he had heard something incredible.

Stephen smiled deprecatingly. "I—I stutter so darn' badly," he apologized. "I sa-said I would sell you this place for forty thousand cash, and I was going to add, I wouldn't charge anything fur-further for the buildings."

"What's the twenty thousand extra for?" demanded Mr. Duffield sharply.

"Be-because you are in a hurry," stammered Stephen, "be-because you speak to me that way, and be-because I always like to get the best of darn' smart-aleck business men anyhow."

Mr. Duffield brought his fist down on the arm of his chair and started to his feet. "Well, I don't do business that way, Mr. Londreth," he announced. His blandness was quite gone. "I didn't come in here to be insulted. We've made you a handsome offer—a good deal handsomer offer than your lay-out deserves, and you can take it or leave it. That's the way Elder, Duffield and Company make bids. You can fight us if you want. See what happens to you. I'm going to bed. Think over what I've said, and if tomorrow you've seen reason, let me know."

MR. WELKINS, who had been listening to the conversation as if he had nothing to do with it, removed his eyes from the ceiling and fastened them upon Stephen. In their depths there seemed to be a faint twinkle.

"Do you really mean that, Londreth?" he asked.

Mr. Duffield sat down again.

"I ne-never meant anything more in my life."

"You won't discuss the thing any further? It's a big price."



## We're Sending Men

10-day tubes of Palmolive Shaving Cream, free, to prove its case.

GENTLEMEN:—We have a shaving cream that softens the toughest beard in one minute—that does things, men tell us, no other shaving preparation before it has ever done.

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Over 60 years of soap study stand behind it. There is no other like it. We made it to the expressed order of 1000 men who told us their supreme desires in a shaving cream, plus a fifth . . . strong bubbles . . . the supreme requirement of all. We made and tested 130 formulas before perfecting it.

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No skin so smooth a  
sharp razor won't leave  
**INVISIBLE**  
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... heal them quickly!

Only this way will your shave feel  
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There is nothing better than Ed. Pinaud's Lilac to quickly heal those unseen cuts. At the very first touch your face tingles. And stimulated circulation brings first-aid to the countless invisible nicks.

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**ED. PINAUD'S**  
**LILAC**  
{ *Lilas de France* }

"I know it's a big price; but if this scheme of yours is worth anything, the price is small. You've played a sharp trick on me; now I'm playing one on you. That's fair enough, isn't it? You're asking me to sell ten years of my life—forty thousand dollars isn't a lot for ten years of a man's life. And here's your alternative." Stephen relighted his cigarette. "I'm not a rich man, but I've got a little money, and I'm willing to spend every damn' cent of it in fighting you if you don't meet my offer. Every cent. I'll take this case from court to court, and in the meantime, not one foot of dirt on my place can be moved—you know that as well as I do. Not one foot. And perhaps, by the time I get through, there'll be a change in the administration, and then you won't get your lakes at all." He glanced at Mr. Duffield. "That's the way I talk business, Mr. Duffield. Perhaps I don't know much about it; I'm just a rancher."

Mr. Welkins looked at the ceiling, then at Mr. Duffield. "I believe I'd meet that offer if I were you," he suggested mildly. "Not by a darn' sight," ejaculated Mr. Duffield in a choked voice.

Mr. Welkins sighed. "All right. Then we'll have to find some one else. But the scheme is worth it—yes sir, well worth it. Forty thousand's just a bagatelle, and you see, Mr. Duffield, I know Londreth. I've known him for nine years, and I believe when he says a thing he means it. Yes sir, means it. You can't gain very much fighting him, and when a fellow really wants to fight, what are you going to do about it? I never saw a fight yet where both parties didn't get some skin scraped off. No sir, not even when the biggest man in the world fights the smallest. I'm just an engineer, of course, but I'd consider that offer."

Mr. Duffield blinked twice. "Well, gentlemen," he said, recapturing heroically his usual poise, "since you're both against me. And of course, Mr. Welkins, you know more about the proposition than I do. If you really think it's worth that—Twenty thousand thrown away, you might say. And that's only the beginning of expenses. However—" He looked up at Stephen with a frank smile. "I tell you what I'll do, Mr. Londreth, I'll think it over. I'll let you know bright and early tomorrow morning. How's that?"

"Fine," agreed Stephen without enthusiasm. "You want to go to bed now?"

Mr. Duffield yawned. "Yes, I think I do," he decided. "I believe I do. The old hay'll feel pretty good."

Stephen led them out of the ranch-house and past the well.

"Same old place?" asked Mr. Welkins. "That guest cabin over in the trees?"

"Yes," said Stephen. "It'll make a nice little office for you when you start work, won't it?"

Mr. Welkins seemed doubtful whether Stephen meant to be funny or not. "Well, I'm glad it's over, anyway."

Stephen paused for a second with his hands in his pockets.

"Oh, it isn't over," he announced. "It's just begun. This is just a small part of it. The quarrel between men who look at things as you and Duffield do, and men who look at things the way I do, is as old as the hills and is likely to continue."

#### Chapter Twelve

JEAN LAPLACE corrected Stephen in his grave melancholy way.

"You going to let those fellows run you off your ranch, Mr. Londreth, eh? That's more than I would do. I'd shoot a few first."

"A-all right, Jean," agreed Stephen, "you

go ahead. A quarter of everything belongs to you, anyway—I gave it to you four years ago. You build a trench around your quarter and hold it. Meanwhile, if you'll help me get my stuff up to the Last Ditch, I'd be most obliged."

All through the first two weeks of July the curious hegira continued. Stephen had sold his hay, some of it now ready to be cut, to Mr. Welkins as it stood for the use of the teams that would soon be at work on the dam. He looked across his fields.

"Most of this, I suppose, will be under water this time next year. Oh, well, I won't have to bother then whether it's going to rain or not."

From Mr. Welkins he borrowed a couple of men with motortrucks to supplement his own motortruck and his two wagons. Every morning at eight o'clock the three motortrucks and the two wagons set out, creeping slowly over the rough road.

At the entrance to the half-mile of trail that led into the valley of the Last Ditch, Laplace with two helpers and a string of pack-horses was stationed. Laplace, who in most matters thought mind to mind with Stephen, understood thoroughly Stephen's reluctance to simplify the labor by cutting a wagon road; but Sluff Dennis, by nature a pragmatist, became sarcastic.

"It's sure fierce, the ideas some people get," he complained. "Now, there's Steve—I've known that boy for nine years. Yes sir, you might say I brung him up. And a right nice boy he is, too. Don't know much, jes' a boy, but a right nice manly fellow. But when it comes to obstinacy, he's sure got Moses beat. Why don't he explode a little dynamite jes' to make things harder?"

STEPHEN did his best to be in several places at once. He had a gang of carpenters adding to and altering the old Ralston buildings and a gang of ranch-hands restoring fences and building new ones. Neat fences enclosed meadows and home pastures; a long pleasant cabin, soft brown, with silver overtones from the bark of pine logs, and with a veranda and wide lazy-windows, faced the east in a grove of aspens and scattered firs. Back of it the stream tumbled down in a welter of sun-flecked water through a small ravine bright with columbine and filled with rocks green with moss and ferns. High corrals were in place; a barn was half completed.

Stephen, brooding over his new home, smiled grimly. "It's the loveliest place of all," he reflected out loud to Mercedes. "It's fairly close to my dreams. But—"

"But what?" Stephen had a way of not finishing his sentences that was desperately annoying.

Stephen continued to stare down the valley, but his smile gradually became less stern. "Well—life. Here I am loving country that's let alone; and yet here I am, none the less, destroying solitude. I've done it twice. How do you explain that?"

"But you don't destroy it; you make it prettier."

"It's a paradox."

"What's a paradox?"

"Well—" Stephen tried to capture a definition. "A paradox? I know perfectly well what it means, but I'll be switched if I can put it in words. It's something that is in reality just the opposite from what it seems."

"I'll look it up," said Mercedes, and drew out of a pocket of her checked riding-breeches a little battered red book.

"What's that?" asked Stephen curiously, peering over her shoulder. The smell of her sun-warmed hair, the nearness of her body, suddenly touched his senses, and for an instant he pressed his cheek near to hers. He was a fairly happy man after all; even the loss of the ranch he loved was compensated to some extent by the recaptured exhilara-

tion of building a new one. He visualized his future as he always did. He saw this place—this valley—growing dearer and closer to him and his until one day he and it were almost indistinguishable spiritually. . . . A man and his land!

A barely perceptible breeze stirred across the meadow where they were standing; the bees were busy, and a flock of small blue butterflies.

Mercedes turned the pages of her book. "A dictionary," she answered absent-mindedly.

Stephen broke into an amazed chuckle. "A di-dictionary?"

"Yes. I've always liked words, although I don't know much about them."

Stephen's chuckle became deeper. It was in reality a chuckle of delight and affection. There was something indescribably, amusingly charming about Mercedes, of all people, carrying a dictionary about with her. But Mercedes misunderstood the chuckle.

"What's so funny?" She put the little book back in her pocket.

"But aren't we going to look up *paradox*?"

"No." She turned on her heel and walked away.

For a moment Stephen, in the drowsy fragrant sunlight, stood puzzled and dismayed; then a red mist seemed to sweep across his eyes. He overtook the small stately figure and seized it by its shoulders and faced it about.

"Wha-what's the matter with you?" he demanded fiercely. "By God, you ought to be whipped!"

"Try it," said Mercedes, staring up at him, her eyes wide, two spots of color in her cheeks. She wrenched herself free and continued her way to the house.

"Bu-but I was only in fun," moaned Stephen to an empty moment. "I—I was loving you."

He walked over to where his saddled horse was cropping the grass, and swinging himself slowly into the saddle, rode down the valley, along the trail, and out onto the flat in the direction of his former ranch.

On the way he met Doge Sarcy leading the crawling procession of three trucks. "Afternoon, Mr. Londreth," said Doge blithely. "Like the old A. E. F., what?" A mile farther on were the two wagons in a cloud of dust, the drivers lolling in the afternoon heat. This caravan represented about the last of the loads. The place where for ten years Stephen had lived and which he had carved out of sagebrush and deadfall was almost stripped. Only the buildings and sheds were left, and already these were beginning to be occupied by strange efficient young men, and foreigners who spoke in half a dozen outlandish languages.

### Chapter Thirteen

LATE in August, the new ranch being completed almost to the last panel of fence and the last nail driven in the buildings, Stephen took Mercedes on the pack-trip he had been planning ever since his marriage—in fact, long before it, long before he had ever heard of Mercedes. Always he had dreamed of taking whatever woman was to be his wife off into some complete and rounded solitude where for a few weeks nothing would stand between him and her but hills and forests and silence.

On a clear blue Saturday at eight o'clock of the morning they set off—two riding horses and four pack-horses. Laplace waved good-by to them as they headed down the little valley. They rode for a mile beside the stream through the shimmering freshness of the day, and then out through the green gloom of the trail into the olive-gray expanse of the flats beyond. From there



## Is your hair thick and strong-growing?

. . if not—it is SICK!

DANDRUFF is an actual scalp infection. *Thinning and receding* hair are caused by the slowing down of circulation in the scalp. If unchecked, either will finally lead to baldness.

Yet these ills can be overcome. And the method is *very simple!*

EVERY MORNING moisten hair and scalp generously with Ed. Pinaud's Eau de Quinine. Then with the fingers pressed down firmly, move the scalp vigorously in every direction, working the tonic thoroughly into every inch of the scalp. Comb and brush your hair while still moist. It will lie smoothly just the way you want it.

This simple daily care destroys dandruff infection even when

long established. And it keeps the scalp circulation vigorously active nourishing the hair at its very roots. It will restore your hair to health and make it grow thick and strong.

The difference in appearance after even a few days of this treatment will astonish you.

Make this care of your scalp as regular a part of your morning toilet as brushing your teeth.

You will find Ed. Pinaud's Eau de Quinine in all drug and department stores. Look for the large signature of Ed. Pinaud in red on each bottle. Pinaud, Incorporated, 90 Fifth Avenue, New York—sole distributors for Parfumerie Ed. Pinaud, Paris.



## ED. PINAUD'S Eau de Quinine



## "All the perfumes of Arabia will not sweeten—"

"All the perfumes of Arabia will not sweeten this little hand," mourned guilty Lady Macbeth.

A pitiful plaint, full of tragic meaning for her . . . And is there not, perhaps, a meaning in it for the modern woman, too—in quite another sense? . . .

Perfumes—so subtle, so compelling in their place! Yet the rarest fragrance of the perfumer's art cannot sweeten what is not by nature sweet.

Soap and water itself cannot counteract the unpleasantness of one condition that is common to everyone. *Bromidrosis!*

It is hard to believe that you can offend with underarm odor. Yet how many refined, attractive women *do* have about them this unmistakable odor!

As for excessive moisture—*Hyperidrosis*—imagine trying to look neat, chic, well-groomed, with horrid half-moons of stain under the arms! Even the best dry cleaning can never take them out.

Underarm moisture and odor are not easy to combat. The perspiration glands here are stimulated to unusual activity by heat, excitement,

nervousness. Clothing and the hollow of the underarm prevent normal evaporation of moisture.

It is a physiological condition which physicians say can and should be corrected by local application. The Journal of the American Medical Association says, "No harm comes from stopping the perspiration under the arms."

There's just one sure effective way to get the best of old enemy Perspiration. Not perfumes, not creams and powders, not even scrupulous cleanliness. A scientific corrective of the condition that causes it is needed. *Odorono!*

*Odorono* is an antiseptic, astringent liquid originated by a physician. Doctors and nurses use it in their work in hospitals.

It's just like a lovely toilet water and twice a week is all you need to use it. You'll never have a trace of trouble either with moisture or odor again. And you'll have no need of any other protection for your clothing.

Think of the joy of complete freedom from any danger of perspiration stain or odor! Always sweet and dainty, always neat and trim! Start the twice-a-week *Odorono* habit today. You can get it at any toilet counter, 35c, 60c and \$1, or sent by mail prepaid.

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Canadian address, 468 King Street, West, Toronto, Canada

RUTH MILLER  
809 Blair Avenue,  
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Please send me sample of *Odorono* and booklet for which I enclose 5c.

Name .....

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NOTE: If you would also like to try  
*Crème Odorono*, a delightful new cream  
which corrects odor only, send 5c additional.

they turned north toward the occult labyrinth of mountains that in this country met together in a hundred miles or so of abutting ranges—five great ranges that spread out, north, west, south and east like an immense conventional star. The first night they camped beside the river fifteen miles away; the second night they were on a trail that ascended toward a low divide; the third night they were in the heart of loneliness. There was a half moon of straight red cliffs, down which dropped a thin white scarf of water; and a small inclosed meadow set with fir trees, and aspens where the stream cut through it, was where they put their tepees. A huge silent night came up. The camp-fire glowed. Every now and then a grazing horse tinkled his bell. The air was heavy with the scent of leagues of forest.

Pack-trips are curious affairs; they are a simple and proud and deeply meditative method of traveling. Stephen looked back the next morning from a ridge five miles away. "I can never get over the idea," he mused, "that you can't break camp quite as quickly as that. We made a home, you see; we kissed each other a good many times. There must be lots of us left there still."

THAT afternoon a lake almost at the edge of the timber line was reached, and as Stephen threw a leg over the horn of his saddle and said, "Here's the place," a hundred voices answered with diminishing clearness: "Place—place—place—" "That's God," said Stephen. "Listen to that echo." Nor could he or Mercedes speak or laugh without all the peaks and cañons for unknown miles laughing with them.

All through a rainy day, the forests dripping and odorously wet, a huge brown bear followed them on the other side of the narrow draw they were descending, pausing when they paused, proceeding when they proceeded, gravely interested.

Pelican stared at them from sedge-bordered pools; elk moved slowly and reluctantly away; beaver continued to build; even the grouse could not find much fear to fill their silly heads. Other bear beside their friend of the rainy day gruffly but not inimically gave them a fair share of the landscape. . . .

On a moonlit night two weeks later, all the ridges and forests for miles shining below the deep stratum of gold, Mercedes, sitting up in her sleeping-bag, touched Stephen on the shoulder, and he awoke to a pandemonium of screaming. "Coyotes," he whispered, and crawled to the edge of the tepee. A half-dozen black shapes, like notes of music on yellow paper, outlined themselves at regular intervals along the nearest rise of ground. Stephen had made no sound—at least, he thought he had made no sound; but as he looked, the black shapes vanished into incredible silence.

Stephen was a good camper and packer; he loved the detail of camp life and was proud of his peterness. It was about the only accomplishment of which he actually was proud—this ability of his to find a way across new country, the imagination and precision he put into his cooking, his store of carefully acquired woodcraft and mountaintcraft, his care of his horses. Perhaps he was too proud of all this; possibly he was dictatorial and too noticeably efficient. Even those who loved him best had been known at times to find him irritating. Possibly his idea of taking a bride into the hills was not altogether romantic but was tinged with the eternal masculine hunger to instruct the evasive and not soon enough rebellious female.

Stephen had had visions of showing some eager wife just how to lay her bed, just how to use a frying-pan and broiler and oven, just



how to peg a tent and picket a horse, and put on a saddle and take it off, just how to avoid the subtle dangers of a trail. But women are unfair; they begin with a subservience they cannot maintain.

STEPHEN did not find it easy to follow Mercedes' moods. He liked the quiet, vivid interest she displayed during the first week of the pack-trip, although, as usual, in some subtle way he felt himself left out of the horizon; but he was puzzled when this interest melted for a few days into another kind of absorption—an absorption entirely with the eyes looking inward and slightly irritable if interrupted, which in its turn ended in an apparent recapturing of a state of mind Stephen had not seen since the first day he had met his wife.

Possibly he should have been happy, but he wasn't. Mercedes suddenly became gay and comparatively talkative. There was a recurrence of the old opaque defensive method of facing the world, the method Stephen had originally observed in her. He suspected that Mercedes had given up any further attempt at self-interpretation or the interpretation of him, and had decided to settle down to that strangeness in marriage which he so dreaded. By thunder, he would not live with a woman who was unintelligible to him! The body was not enough in a relationship so intimate and constant.

Mercedes took to wandering off by herself whenever they remained in camp long enough to permit of such excursions. She would sit on the top of some near-by ridge and stare at the noon or the sunset; she would return with an atmosphere secret and sibylline about her. Stephen joined her several times, although he was not sure that he was wanted, and upon one occasion she said a devastating thing. "Did you ever hate people or places because they were too fine for you," she asked, "too beautiful? Made you feel small?"

Now, what was the sense to that? Stephen tried to tell her how little sense there was. He felt that this must end in a quarrel as incomprehensible and disheartening as were all his disagreements with Mercedes. There was no use asking direct questions, yet he could not help himself—who could have? What was she thinking of? Was she happy? What was the matter?

O-oh, yes. Why not? As happy as anyone ever was.

"Bu-but, damn it, that's no answer!" Sometimes, in extreme irritation, Stephen's pleasant voice rose to a flickering razor edge. "Lots of people have been fairly happy—other things being equal."

He took his courage in his hands and asked a question he detested peculiarly. It was night, and he was standing on one side of the camp-fire; and Mercedes, her knees up to her chin, smoking a cigarette, was sitting opposite him. "Lo-look here. Answer me this—honestly, absolutely. Do you love me? Did you ever love me?"

He saw her shoulders rise and fall, whether in a shrug or a sudden convulsive movement he could not tell. She brooded upon the fire and then flung the end of her cigarette into it and stood up. Her mouth was thin and grave.

"Don't men ever know?"

"No. Ho-how can they te-tell until they've lived with a woman for years and feel every instinct of her, and even then how can they tell unless she is somewhat candid?"

"Candid? You mean truthful?"

"Well—yes."

Mercedes was silent again for a moment, and when she spoke, Stephen realized, as he had before, the destructive logic that even the youngest and least articulate of women can at times express.

"But how can a man tell if a woman is candid until he's known her for years? And

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until then, why should he believe her, no matter what she tells him?"

"With some women he fe-féels it."

Mercedes got to her feet and brushed the twigs off her breeches.

"You've got a way of saying pleasant things, haven't you, kid?" she said lightly. "Your education has trained your tongue. In other words, you can't tell whether I'm honest or not. Why should I be honest? What's anyone ever done for me? The only times I've tried to be honest, some one has taken advantage of it. You think you've done a lot for me, don't you, because you were rich and married me and brought me out here? Well, what's that? I've given you all I have, too, haven't I? And I wasn't doing so badly before I met you. You make me sick with your questions. How about yourself—do you love me?" Suddenly her voice broke and she stamped her foot. "Didn't I marry you?" she demanded. "Didn't I come out here? What more do you want? It's up to you now." She turned toward the tents.

"Mercedes!" Stephen called after her. He was unexpectedly lighter in spirit. This rare outburst showed some feeling at least; it was better than nothing. But she did not answer and disappeared into the tepee. He followed her and found her sitting cross-

legged on her sleeping bag, slowly pulling her flannel shirt from her shoulders, which gleamed white in the darkness.

He stooped down. "Sweetheart—Mercedes—listen a moment. . . ."

Her face stared up at him vaguely.

"Don't talk—don't talk. I'm fed up on talk. Come on. It's late. Go to bed. . . . Don't mind me, Simple Simon. We girls have to lose our tempers sometimes."

Stephen turned on his heel.

"I'm not going to bed yet awhile," he said. "Sleep tight."

HE walked out into the forest. At first he raged through it; but as he walked, he became calmer, and the instinct of a woodsman made him tread softly and swiftly, toes in, feet near to the ground, so that he could feel his way. Sometimes he heard a twig crack or the almost imperceptible breathing swish of a bush that had been pushed aside by some other presence. . . . The early summer dawn came and touched the long dark corridors with gray. Stephen went back to the camp-fire and presently dozed, face downward, his head in his arms.

Half asleep, half awake, he dreamed of Doge Sarcy. He was not jealous of Sarcy. At least, he told himself, he was not—not in any ordinary way; and indeed, he

was ashamed that the thought of Doge Sarcy even entered his mind. But—Stephen could not recover from the idea—there was no use in denying that Mercedes found in Sarcy a congeniality Stephen himself could not supply. Doge was gay, young and amusing. Stephen could be amusing too; he could also at times be gay; but he had too much to think about to permit these graces to become habitual; and do what he could, he could not lop ten years off his life.

It is easy enough to live with a woman, provided she is sufficiently attractive, if you do not love her very much or she you. That is why second marriages are so successful. It is only when love, actual or potential, enters into the situation—that between intelligent people—complete misunderstanding becomes possible.

Toward the middle of September, Stephen and Mercedes returned to the ranch and found a telegram from Joan's friend Mary Ward announcing her arrival the end of that week; and the following Friday, Stephen took the battered car and drove forty-five miles over the mountains to the railway station to meet the none too welcome guest.

(The next installment of this fine novel of the East and West in America is specially interesting. Be sure to read it in the forthcoming October issue.)

## TIDES

(Continued from page 83)

"Home!" Frank's tone became suddenly grave. "I'm glad you still call it that. My folks are gone, and I haven't seen Oakland in twenty years, but it's the first place I'll want to go when I get back."

They had reached the entrance of the banking house, and now by the worn step they paused.

"I'm not sure I'd do that if I were you," said Alan. "Things have changed; I'm afraid you'll be disappointed."

### Chapter Thirty-five

"SIX moves in fourteen years," he said in a weary voice, and catalogued them for her on his fingers: "The little apartment in West Eightieth Street, the family hotel, the house on West End Avenue, the apartment on Central Park West—"

"I knew you'd take it this way," she broke in, but he was not to be stopped.

"—the one on East Seventy-third, and this one—a whole floor in exactly the part of Park Avenue you said you liked best."

"I knew you'd take it this way," she repeated sullenly, "and I'd never have proposed it except for the children."

"The children? They're satisfied—they like it here."

"What do they know about it? The point is, we can't entertain for them the way we ought to."

"In twenty rooms?"

"Eighteen," she corrected. "But I don't care how big an apartment is, it's only an apartment—you can't get the effect of space."

"Can't you?" There was irony in the gaze with which Alan inspected his surround-

ings: the stately living-room, modeled after a chamber in a Florentine palazzo, and a vista through two sets of double doors, beyond which, in the spacious dining-room, the butler was at the moment putting silver in a sideboard drawer.

"Oh, you know what I mean," Leta was frowning.

"I'm blessed if I do!"

"There's nothing like a big house with a fine staircase. This one I've been looking at has a lovely little elevator, too."

"But my dear girl, be reasonable! Just think what we've spent fitting up this place, and the lease has two years to run."

"We can afford it, can't we?" she asked defiantly.

"That's no excuse for deliberate waste," Alan returned. "We've got more room here than we can use, and this house you're talking about is even bigger than the Brodericks'!"

"What of it? Aren't we as good as the Brodericks?"

"I'm sure I don't know," he answered, "but we'll never prove it by being showy. It would be absurd for us to have a house larger than theirs, when he's the head of the firm, and I'm only—"

"Only his principal partner," she put in quickly. "Doesn't he leave everything to you? Isn't he doing it more and more? What business is it of his—or Mrs. Broderick's either—what kind of house we have? You wouldn't feel that way if you'd heard what Ned Harden said the other night at dinner. He said everybody in the street agreed that the firm name ought to be changed to Broderick, Wheelock and Company, and he said Broderick would practically have to do it if you asked him."

"Well, I won't ask him."

"Of course you won't! You've never demanded your rights. You didn't with Colonel Burchard, and you won't now."

"Leta," he said gravely, "it isn't necessary to demand one's rights with men like them, and I—"

"Yes, it is," she interrupted. "It's always necessary—everywhere."

"I haven't found it so," he answered quietly, "except—"

"He checked himself. "I know what you mean!" she said indignantly. "The idea of your saying such

a thing when you know perfectly well you always have your own way. Did I complain about your buying the farm in New Hampshire? It's no earthly use to us, and I knew it never would be."

"I didn't want to let the old place get into the hands of strangers," he answered mildly. "And aside from that, I can't imagine a lovelier spot for us to spend our summers."

"Well, I can."

"You haven't seen it since it's been fixed up," he reminded her. "It's been beautifully restored—those gimcrack porches all knocked off, and a big flagged terrace where they used to be; the gardens will be fine this spring, and I've had them plant willows where you said the river-bank looked bare. If you'd just—"

"But there's nobody up there," she protested.

"I thought you might like that for a while this spring. It would be good for you, and if you wanted people, you could invite them up. There's lots of room."

"But I've told you over and over again," she droned in a tired, irritated voice, "none of our friends want to go to that sort of place. It would bore them sick, just as it does me. Anyway, there's no use talking about it; Kit and I have just about decided we'll go abroad this summer."

"Suit yourself," he answered.

At his acquiescence her tone sweetened, and she showed her pretty, even little teeth set in the familiar willful smile. "You'll like it up on the farm, dear," she said, "and there's nothing to prevent your going there all you want; but that's no reason why the rest of us should."

"NO reason why the rest of us should what?" came a voice from the doorway. In a bouffant frock with a tubular silk bodice like the stem of a green plant, from which her pretty head and shoulders bloomed triumphantly, Katherine lounged into the room. "What's she putting over on you now, old dear?" she asked her father.

"Katherine, Katherine," Leta reproved, but her daughter was not to be daunted.

"Oh, I know that little smile of yours, Mother," she said. Her tulle skirt belled lightly at her sides as she sat in a thronelike

### THYRA SAMTER WINSLOW

Has written for an early issue of this magazine the most exciting and penetrating story of her career. Everyone familiar with her highly praised novel "Show Business" will be interested to know that the new story touches the skirt of the theater, so to speak. Remember the title—

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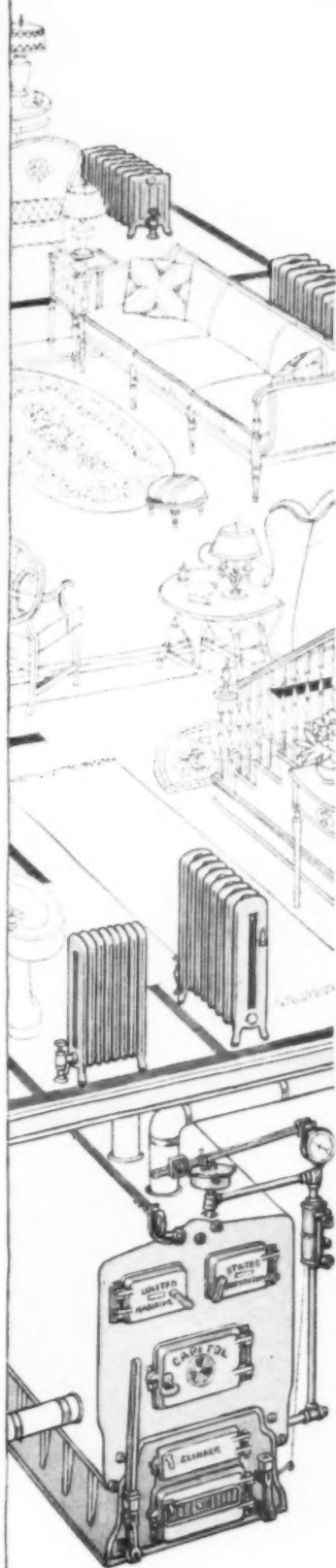
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# Chesterfield



chair. "Haven't I faced it, man and boy, for lo these nineteen years?"

"Your father wants us to spend the summer on the farm," Leta informed her.

"Oh, Gawd!" Katherine sank into a burlesque collapse from which she instantly emerged with protest. "I'm going to Europe; that's where I'm going." She looked at her mother accusingly. "I thought you said it was settled."

"It's for your father to decide," said Leta primly; whereupon Katherine turned to him. "You must remember, Father, that I haven't been able to go over since 1914, when I was a mere child. Every soul we know's going this summer."

"I wasn't insisting on New Hampshire," he told her. "If you and your mother want to go to Europe, you can go, of course. Have you talked to Jim? Will he go too?"

"That's the least of my worries," said Kit, and rose quickly as the butler appeared with the announcement that Mr. Haviland was in the reception-room.

"Be right here," she said.

"Where are you going, dear?" asked Alan.

"Oh, out dancing. So long." And she vanished.

Troubled, he turned to his wife. "Don't you think, Leta, that we ought to know something about where she's going?"

"Oh, it's all right," she told him placidly. "They don't know, themselves. All of them do it—it's the style to be casual."

"Just the same," he said, "I'd like to know."

"She's with Bud Haviland, and they're pretty sure to run into a lot of other youngsters. Kit does seem a little flighty sometimes, I know," she went on, "but her judgment's pretty good. Of course the youngsters nowadays do things we weren't allowed to do, but it's a different age. Our upbringing was ridiculously narrow, and I've brought up my daughter to face life as it is. I was telling Bud that only the other day."

"You like Bud?" Alan asked; and when Leta replied that Bud's elder sister was the Countess of Stroude, he understood that to her there was nothing irrelevant in the answer.

WHEN a little later Leta left to keep an engagement for bridge, Alan settled down to study some company reports, but he was tired tonight, and his mind kept drifting away from the figures before him. After a time he put the papers aside and with folded hands sat staring abstractedly at a tapestry on the wall behind the huge carved table. Was there any connection, he wondered, between his success downtown and his discontent?

Would life have been so very different if fourteen years ago he had declined John Broderick's offer? What if he had remained in Chicago? Would he have been happier?

Tonight he was resentful of New York. The move from Chicago, as he saw it in his present humor, was not something he had brought about himself, but something that had happened to him, and there were times—like tonight—when he told himself that, if he could relive the past, he would stay in the Midwest. Looking back, he felt that a sort of violence had been done him—a not unkindly violence, the violence of a generosity so great that to refuse it had been impossible. Gently, irresistibly, a golden arm had reached for him, uprooted him, and set him down in the metropolis.

His case, he realized now, was not unusual. New York, in spite of its teeming population, was, it would appear, unable to produce in sufficient number men capable of handling large affairs. Again and again he met with "typical New Yorkers" who, like himself, had been called in from outside—this one from the South, that one from New England, but most from the Midwest.

At the outset his Aunt Martha had perceived

an underlying significance in the change. "With your generation," she had said, "the tide is turning."

According to her theory, strength went where it was most needed; in the early days it flowed westward into the wilderness, but now that the West was wilderness no more, the depleted East was calling back grandsons of the pioneers.

Alan was still in a reflective mood when, shortly after eleven, he went to his room. Beside his bed stood a water-bottle on a silver tray, and he wondered at the sharp feeling of annoyance aroused in him by the sight of the crest with which the tray was engraved. New York had changed Leta, and this was part of it. She had dug up, somewhere, a Wheelock coat-of-arms which appeared on her silverware, her stationery, and the doors of both her cars. Zenas Wheelock, Alan reflected, had never known he had a coat-of-arms.

YET what did it matter? If it gave Leta any pleasure to use what Jim called "the family trademark," or to acquire an Eastern accent, what harm was there in that? When a couple had been married twenty-three years, naturally each knew every foible of the other. Lucky for them if their grievances against each other were as trivial as his and Leta's! The thing about her that disturbed him most was her attitude toward their old Chicago friends. Secretly he had been glad Leta was away when Frank Murphy came to New York three weeks ago; had she been at home, Frank would have expected to be invited to the house, and such a visit, Alan knew, would have bored his wife. Nor was Frank so dull that he would have failed to perceive it.

Delia, on her recent visit, had seen clearly enough! Leta's manner toward her, especially before the servants, had been condescending, and Delia had been so hurt that after three days she went home. He wished now that he hadn't asked her to come—it gave him a sick feeling to think of her disappointment.

Lying in bed, he considered the situation between Leta and himself, trying to look at matters from her side. If Leta and he were jangling, the fault was doubtless as much his as hers. Absorbed in business, his tendency had been to avoid social life; and social life meant everything to her. In that department he had failed her. Undoubtedly she found his attitude toward many of her new friends as trying as he found her attitude toward their old friends. Bridge he detested, and the kind of people Leta had at her dinner-parties and other gatherings made him uncomfortably aware of his own ineptitude at small-talk. Even as a boy he had been reticent, and with time the quality had grown upon him. Only in business was reticence an asset, and he knew that Leta had often been irritated by his lack of those social gifts which, in such full measure, she possessed. That, unfortunately, he could not remedy, but he must try to make himself as little an impediment to her as possible. He must display more interest in her parties, and must make another effort to overcome his distaste for bridge.

As he became sleepy, his thoughts ran in circles. Bridge. . . . People quarreled over it, criticised each other as if it were important. But he would play. The next time she played, he would play too. It was the least he could do. . . .

Dimly he was aware of loud talk in the hall. The voices were persistent; they disturbed him, calling him back from the borderland of sleep.

Why, it was Kit! She was shouting at some one! He switched on the light, got out of bed and slipped into his dressing-gown.

"I don't care! It's none of your business!" He could hear her distinctly through

the closed door. "You made a fool of me—you made a fool of me!" Her voice rose. "Don't you shush me! I don't give a damn who hears!"

Reaching the door, Alan flung it open and looked down the hall. Kit, with her head thrown back, was glaring at her brother.

"Damn you!" she screamed. "I'll get even with you!" She struck at him, but he caught her by the wrists.

"Go to bed, you little idiot!" Jim spoke in an undertone.

"Kit! Children! What's the matter with you? What's all this about?"

Jim was silent, but Kit suddenly swung toward her father, crying:

"He's been butting into my affairs again! He made a fool of me in public!"

"I made a fool of you?"

"I was never so ashamed in my life!" she proclaimed hotly. "He made a scene—he came over to our table and took hold of me, practically dragged me out, in front of all those people! Bud Haviland will never speak to me again!"

"Not if I can help it, he won't," assented Jim. "The drunken little bouncer!"

"Since you've got so sanctimonious," she sneered, "what were you doing there yourself?"

"Bumming," he admitted placidly.

"Spying on me, you mean!"

"Stop this!" Alan ordered sharply. "Go to your rooms, both of you."

"Why, certainly!" As Kit, with a laugh, shrill and theatrical, moved away, he stood looking after her. At the end of the corridor her step wavered, and rounding the corner, she steadied herself against the wall.

"But she's not a bad kid, Dad," Jim said quickly. "It's just that she goes with a rowdy bunch that thinks it's smart to lap up cocktails."

Alan turned toward the living-room.

"I'll phone her mother to come home," he said.

HAVING telephoned, he remained in his chair, staring at the portrait of his grandfather that hung above the mantelpiece. . . . His grandfather! Suddenly, like an avalanche, there came over him a sense of the remoteness of Zenas Wheelock's era. Had he lived in medieval times, the change between his day and this could hardly have been greater. Everything was changed—the spirit of the country, its mode of life, its manners, its morals, even its racial stock. The last of the pioneers was gone.

## Harold Mac Grath

There's a man who knows how to tell a story just about as well as it is possible for a man to know the art. Brought up on Dumas, Mac Grath's taste for romance has never waned, and of all the stories he has written during recent years for this magazine, one of the best is the tale scheduled for an early number. Its scene is the holy shrine at Lourdes, which Mr. Mac Grath visited last summer, and where he is again at the present writing. The theme of the story is the tremendous effect produced upon an evildoer by the Holy Grotto, and its title is symbolic of the nerves of the transgressor. It is called,

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But pioneering hadn't ended yet. It never would end. That was something Alan had just begun to understand. Every venture a man took, every experiment he tried with life, was pioneering.

Zenas Wheelock, migrating into the Midwestern wilderness, had fully realized the dangers he was facing; but Alan, moving with his family to New York, had come under a delusion of security. Nevertheless, as he had learned, the dangers had been there. Subtle, corrosive dangers—the dangers of materialism, idleness and dissipation.

Absorbed in gloomy thought, he fancied himself alone in the room until he felt a hand upon his shoulder and heard Jim's voice: "I'm awfully sorry, Dad."

"Thanks, old man. I'll wait for Mother. No need of your sitting up."

"All right." The hand slipped from its place. "Good night. I'm sorry—sorry as the deuce."

As the door closed behind his son, Alan's eyes stung with sudden tears. Jim had stooped impulsively and brushed his cheek in a swift caress.

*Chapter Thirty-six*

**T**HE telegram from Blanche failed to say why she was coming East, what her plans were, whether or not she was alone; it merely gave the time of her arrival; and a certain apprehension was mixed with Alan's eagerness as he left his office on this hot August afternoon and boarded a subway express for Grand Central Station.

He had seen but little of Blanche and Ray even when they were living in New York. Ray's supercilious attitude toward him, and Leta's indifference to the old friendship, caused them gradually to drift apart. This telegram was his first word from Blanche in the year and a half that had passed since Ray had taken his family to California. He couldn't believe that Ray was really jealous of him—that would be too ridiculous—but his habit of nagging was such that Blanche found it simpler to avoid an exchange of letters.

Ray, Alan reflected, had always been a law unto himself. The eccentricities of his boyhood had with the years become more pronounced, and Alan had long since ceased trying to guess what he would do or what would become of him. He thought of the last time he had seen him. Who but Ray, having gone to a man's house and throughout an evening sneered at him for being prosperous, could call next day at his office to ask a considerable financial favor? And who but Ray could accept that favor with such a mocking air? Yet the motive behind his request, Alan reminded himself, had been creditable. Ray had given up a good editorial position in New York and moved to California for the sake of his daughter's health.

Like some Apocalyptic monster racing across a jungle, the express roared through the dark forest of steel posts. What had happened to them all out there in California? How was Dorothy getting on? Was Ray still writing for the movies, or had he gone off on some other tangent? And Blanche—it always gave him a little heartache to think of Blanche. Instead of making life easier, her gentleness and generosity had made it hard.

**A**T Grand Central he left the packed express and amid a crowd of commuters made his way through farther reaches of the city's underground world to the vast hushed concourse of the station, where presently he stood at a rope barrier with an expectant group awaiting the limited from the West.

In the darkness beyond the gate he saw the lighted train creep in and heard the sigh of the air-brakes as it came to a stop. Sev-

eral men with traveling-bags came hurrying out of the gate and swiftly scattered, fore-runners of the less hasty multitude in which the caps of baggage-laden porters were bright red polka-dots. An eager-faced girl standing beside Alan gave a little exclamation and then called aloud: "Mac, Mac! Here I am!" The blond young man heard, and bolted toward her, oblivious to the angry looks of people whom he jostled with his suitcase. Alan glimpsed two radiant faces as they linked arms and moved away; but in an instant they had dropped completely from his mind, for now, slender in black satin, Blanche was coming through the gate.

In a taxicab she settled back with a contented sigh, and there was a faint smile on her face as she turned toward him with a glance of friendly appraisal. On the drive to the hotel they talked of trifling things, commenting amiably upon each other's looks, exchanging bits of news, and it was not until they were at dinner on the balcony of a roof-garden, high above the smoke and noise of the city, that she told him what had brought her to New York.

"I've left Ray," she said, and after a little pause added: "It's a little movie girl, awfully pretty and"—she smiled ruefully—"young, of course."

"I'm so sorry."

"I've been surprised to find out how little I care," she told him. "I *did* care the first time—long ago, when we were in Paris; but it seems he hasn't the power to hurt me any more. He's just a person I know—a person I know and am sorry for. I used to tell myself that if I stood by, he might stop doing these things, but I've come to see it's no use. This time he was so open about it that I had to bring Dorothy away. I've left her with Aunt Martha in Chicago until I decide what to do."

**S**HE would like, she told him, to take Dorothy to the country for the rest of the summer, preferably to the house in New Hampshire which she had inherited from her mother's aunt; that, however, she supposed was impossible, since the house was rented; but Alan, who in her absence handled the property, which was near his own, told her that by a fortunate coincidence the tenant was leaving.

"It's just the place for you and Dorothy," he said.

"And I can afford to fix it up now," she answered. "Father's estate is settled, and I have a little income."

"It won't need much fixing up," he told her, and spoke of improvements made by the tenant.

"Alan," she said abruptly, "I want to ask you a question. Where did Ray get that money just before we went to California? Did he get it from you?"

Alan hesitated for an instant. "It wasn't a great deal," he told her, "and I was glad to let him have it, because of Dorothy."

"Because of Dorothy?"

"Her health," he explained.

"Why, there's been nothing wrong with her health!"

"Oh, hasn't there?" He looked at her blankly. "I was under the impression—"

"So that's what he told you, is it?" Her tone was bitter.

"But Blanche—what difference does it make now? You've left him—he's nothing to you any more. Why trouble over things that are past?"

"To think that he would use Dorothy as an excuse! To think that he would—would come to you!"

"Please," he urged, "please, dear! Those things are all over now. Let's just be happy."

"All right—let's!" A determined brightness came over her face. "We'll pretend there isn't anything unpleasant in the world. Life is just one glorious fairy-tale of roof gar-



dens and music and—and sole à la Marguery."

"That's it!" he approved. "And I'm twenty-one and you're eighteen."

"No, sir! The woman's the one to settle the ages. I'm nine. This is my ninth birthday party, and you've just stuck a decalomania picture on my face."

"You remember that?" He was surprised. "I'll bet you don't remember what the picture was."

"Yes, I do—a poodle jumping through a hoop."

"Right! I didn't think anyone else in the world hung on to the foolish little memories that I've hung on to."

"What trifles made us happy then!" she said reflectively. "Games in the lots, sodas at Hubbard's, park phaëton rides—"

"Don't forget the caves and bonfires," he put in, "and my shanty in the tree."

"I should say not! I tore my stocking climbing up there—remember?"

"Yes, and our bicycles—"

"And summer evenings," she reminded him, "when dear old Grandpa Wheelock told stories, and we'd sit quietly on the steps by the lilac bush, hoping the grown-ups wouldn't remember it was past our bedtime."

THE western sky, hanging like a vast curtain beyond the maplike area of roofs, was fading from rose-color to a purplish gray, and this grayness, spread above the city like a covering of gauze, seemed to muffle the dull rumble of the streets below, outlined now by rows of diamond lights.

Time, it seemed to him, had made Blanche only the more beautiful. The glow of the table lamp, finding its way beneath the brim of her hat, showed golden lights in her hair, and flecks of gold in her hazel eyes—eyes lovelier for an expression of sadness, of knowledge accepted placidly yet not without regret.

"What are you going to do with the old house in Oakland?" he asked her.

"Willie's going to live there. He's turned out splendidly, you know, and his wife is as nice as she can be."

"So I've heard. I was afraid you might be going back there."

"Oh, no." She shook her head slowly. "I used to think I'd like to go back, but I've come to realize that it wasn't Oakland I was longing for. It was my girlhood—when Mother was alive, and her garden was there, and you and I used to run back and forth through the old gate."

"Yes." The mention of the garden and the gate brought back the memory, poignant despite long years that intervened, of the evening when through the darkness he hurried after her and thrust into her hand the little box that held the friendship ring.

To be with Blanche again, to listen to her voice accompanied by the music drifting out to them, to hear her speak of the old Oakland days, filled him with a warm glow of contentment. The long gaps between their meetings instantly disappeared when they were together; talking with her seemed always like resuming a conversation of yesterday—like resuming youth itself. With startling force there came upon him the feeling that if he and Blanche could go there, if they could hurry back together, they would rediscover the Oakland of long ago.

If only they could return and find it all again!

He spoke to her of the fancy, and there was something forlorn in her smile as she replied.

"No, Alan, we can't find it again. It isn't a place. It never was a place. It's a period—and that period's gone."

"I THINK I'll call you Uncle Alan, if you don't mind," said Dorothy as they sat in the dining-car on the evening of the day they left Chicago; and Alan was profoundly

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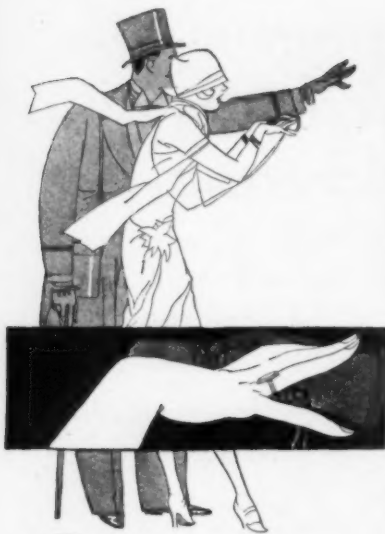
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pleased. A business trip had taken him to the Midwest, and he was bringing Dorothy back to join her mother, who was in New Hampshire, settling her house.

Though Dorothy, at twenty-one, was taller than Blanche, and though her hair and eyes were darker, she still resembled her; but more than her appearance it was her character that continually reminded Alan of her mother. She had Blanche's attentiveness in conversation, even to the little mannerism of tilting her head and widening her eyes when listening, and an endearing gentleness was visible in her face and audible in her voice.

"I'm afraid it's been awfully inconvenient for you, coming up here on my account," she said as they got into his motor at Portsmouth on the following night. Her thoughtfulness was another trait that reminded him of Blanche.

Driving back into the country, he spoke of the old friendship between his forebears and hers. "We'll be neighbors up here as our grandparents and great-grandparents were—in the same two houses," he said, and told her of papers he had found in his attic showing that his great-grandfather and her great-great-grandfather had joined in importing casks of rum from the West Indies, and furniture and chinaware from Europe.

"Oh, I can't wait to see the house!" she cried when the headlights picked out a white fence bordering a narrow lane into which they were turning; and though Blanche had supper ready for them, Dorothy, before eating, must needs make a tour of the house, exclaiming over the delicate stair-rail, the corner cupboards, and the huge fireplace with its iron crane.

"I've had a remarkable tenant," explained Blanche, looking at Alan. "I realized that even before I found out who he was."

"Just a little paint and wall-paper did it," he said, and turned toward the table. "Come, Dorothy, you'll have plenty of time to see the place tomorrow."

Making his farewells a little later, he told them he was leaving by an early train; during the journey to New York next day, his thoughts constantly turned back to Blanche and Dorothy; nor did he experience any sense of homecoming as he drove that night through the stifling heat of the New York streets toward his apartment.

TO his surprise, he found Jim awaiting him.

"Why, my dear boy! When did you land?"

"We docked late this afternoon."

"How are your mother and Kit?" asked Alan.

Jim frowned as he sat down. "That's what I want to talk to you about," he said. "They've taken up with some people in Paris—a pretty swift lot—and there's one of them, a Count Bordolini, that seems to have Kit hypnotized. You know the kind: one of those slickers—like a good-looking waiter—that makes a hit with women by kissing their hands."

"Did you discuss him with your mother?"

"Yes, and she raked me over the coals for it. Mother and Kit have the idea they're terribly sophisticated, but if you want to know what I think, I think they need a guardian."

"Well," said Alan, "I'm glad you're back, at any rate. Did they say when they expect to sail?"

"No."

"I'll cable and find out." Alan was silent for a moment looking at Jim with friendly speculation.

"And now, old man, let's talk about you. Have you decided what you want to do with yourself?"

Jim shook his head. "I'm sorry to say I haven't. I know I ought to go to work and stick at something, but—"

"No special inclinations, eh?"

"I'd enjoy getting a job on a ship and going round the world—"

"There's nothing in that sort of thing. It's just a boy's craving for adventure."

"I suppose it is."

"You're twenty-three, and you've seen a lot more of the world than most boys of your age. The fellow that wins is the one that finds the right job and sinks his teeth in it. I've been hoping you might want to come down and go to work for us."

Jim sighed. "I'd go crazy in one of those cages, counting money and rubber-stamping checks."

"Well, then, how would you like a job with McClintock in the Oklahoma oil-fields?"

"That sounds a little better—I'm sick of this town."

"Why not go up to the farm for a while and think it over? In the meantime I'll get in touch with McClintock."

JIM had already left for New Hampshire by the time Alan received Leta's reply to his cable. Her message told only that she was writing, and when at last her letter came, he understood the reason for her earlier reticence.

"Since you couldn't see your way clear to take a suitable house, there is no use in our coming back for the present. Kit is at an age where she ought to have an interesting social life, and Paris gives her just the background she needs. We are in a charming and influential circle here, and we expect to go to England in the spring to be presented at Court."

"I fear Jim may have been giving you a prejudiced view of our friends. His attitude toward foreigners is extremely provincial and at times he was positively rude. . . ."

The letter mentioned Count Bordolini, speaking of his ancient lineage, his elegance, and his attentions to Kit. Clearly Leta was endeavoring to justify her course; but the more Alan read, the more he was troubled.

Kit, inexperienced and headstrong, needed wise handling, and there was no blinking the fact that Leta was failing in her duty. The years had not steadied her; her judgment, her sense of values, had been corrupted by prosperity, and her estimates of people were based more and more on qualities purely superficial.

The thing for him to do was to get them home at once. He cabled Leta, but again her reply referred him to a letter she was writing, and again he was compelled to wait anxiously.

The second missive, arriving more than a week later, announced that she had taken a house in Paris for the winter.

"You have never appreciated the necessity of doing what you should for the children in a social way. I realized this keenly when Jim was over here, and I am determined that Kit shall not be handicapped, as he has been, by the lack of a civilized social background. Already her experience over here, with the right sort of people, has worked wonders. Count Bordolini is deeply interested in her."

The Bordolinis were a famous family as far back as the fifteenth century, having been connected by marriage with the Medicis themselves. The Count is handsome and thoroughly a man of the world. He has large estates in Calabria, and I understand that the ancestral home is a veritable museum of old masters, *cinquecento* furniture and other treasures. It would, of course, be a brilliant match for Kit.

"I know you are sufficiently familiar with the European point of view to realize that, if things turn out as I hope, a settlement will be necessary. Kit and I rely upon you to be generous."

Leta's enthusiasm for Count Bordolini was not, however, shared by the Parisian correspondent of Broderick and Company, whose cabled report on the Italian had for several days been in Alan's possession.

The Count, said the report, had been known in Paris for more than a dozen years as an adventurer who made a specialty of cultivating rich Americans. He was believed to have a small income which he supplemented by gambling. A few years since, he had been co-respondent in a celebrated divorce case, and he was at present living with a woman appearing in one of the music-halls.

Alan cabled Leta:

"Have unfavorable report on person in question. Essential you keep Kit away from him until my arrival. Sailing Saturday."

The following three days Alan spent in making hurried arrangements for his absence; and on Friday night, after dining alone in his apartment, he put in a long-distance call for Jim. Presently the telephone-bell rang, but it was not New Hampshire.

"Mr. Wheelock?" asked a strange voice.

"Yes."

The other mentioned the name of a morning newspaper, and continued: "We have news from our Paris bureau that your daughter married Count Bordolini yesterday."

The telephone instrument in Alan's hand suddenly became heavy, and he lowered it to the arm of his chair.

"Well?"

"Wasn't it rather sudden?" asked the reporter.

"Not at all."

"Then the match has your approval?"

"Certainly."

"Thank you, Mr. Wheelock."

Slowly Alan replaced the receiver on the hook. For a time he sat stunned, trying to grasp the full significance of the disaster, and he was still in a daze when presently he spoke to Jim, telling him what had happened. . . .

The clock struck. It was two. He realized he had better go to bed. Through the long night he lay awake, now grieving for Kit, now thinking bitterly of Leta.

At breakfast next morning he picked up the newspaper that lay, as usual, by his plate.

#### WEALTHY NEW YORK GIRL MARRIES ITALIAN TITLE

On sight of the headline he quickly dropped the paper under the table; then, having drunk his coffee, he telephoned Branch to cancel his passage. "I'm going to New Hampshire," he said, "and I don't know just when I'll be back."

The secretary, who had evidently seen the story, wished to be sympathetic. "Haden't I better come over there, Mr. Wheelock? Can't I get your railroad tickets?" But Alan told him he would go by motor, and soon he was driving northward on the Concourse.

Hour after hour he drove on, gaining a kind of savage solace from the handling of the car, from the speed, and the sense of escape it gave him. It was raining as he skirted Boston that evening, but the skies had cleared and the moon was shining when he sped through the streets of sleeping Portsmouth and swung inland on the highway leading to the farm.

Having passed Blanche's house, a silvery blur in the moonlight, he turned into his own lane, drew up at the door, and reeling with fatigue, entered the house.

He would be able to sleep tonight, at all events.

#### Chapter Thirty-seven

IT was afternoon when Alan awoke. Presently, hearing a step in the hall, he called and Jim came in.

"Hello, Dad—feeling rested?"

"Yes."

By tacit consent they avoided mentioning Kit, speaking of Alan's drive from New York

*What Elizabeth Richey Dessez—whose portrait appears at the right—has to say on this much discussed question is of particular interest in view of her combined social and professional experience. For she grew up among Virginia's fine social traditions and is now a successful business woman, being Director of the Educational Department of Pathé—internationally famous motion picture concern.*



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and of the motor-launch, in which a new engine had been installed.

"Dorothy phoned a little while ago," said Jim. "Her mother said to come over whenever you feel like it, and she's expecting you for dinner."

"Good."

"Have you heard from Mr. McClintock yet about that Oklahoma oil job?"

"No, he's still away."

"How much do you think he'd be willing to pay me?"

"I don't know. He started Robbins at a hundred and sixty."

"A hundred and sixty. Let's see—that's about thirty-five a week. How much would I be worth to Broderick and Company?"

Alan raised himself slightly on the pillows, regarding his son with astonished eyes. "Thirty-five or forty a week," he answered.

"Forty a week, eh? All right, I'll take it." Jim spoke decisively. "I don't know as I'd want to work for Mr. McClintock, anyway, after he's kept me waiting around like this." Leaning on the foot of the bed, apparently absorbed in thought, he went on:

"I've been considering this matter pretty carefully in the last few days, and it seems to me I'd be a fool to pass up a good start such as I could get with your firm. For instance, Dad, how much would you say I ought to be making at the end of a year?"

"Fifty or sixty a week, possibly."

"Sixty?" Silently Jim computed. "That's thirty-one hundred a year. Suppose a fellow would give up his summer vacation? Would they allow him something extra for that?"

"You get two weeks with salary, anyway."

"Yes—so if I kept on working those two weeks, wouldn't I be entitled to double pay?"

"That question has not arisen, that I know of," Alan smiled. "In fact, I doubt that we've ever employed such a man."

"Well," declared Jim stoutly, "you're going to employ one when I go to work for you. When a fellow gets to be twenty-three, it's time he was buckling down and making something of himself. If he doesn't, where will he be at twenty-five or thirty? Believe me, when I take this job, I'm going to sink my teeth in it."

Alan hoped Jim realized how much the change in his attitude meant to him! "We'll start you a week from Monday," he said.

"Fine!" Jim, who was dressed in the height of the outdoor mode, moved to the chiffonier, took up a brush and with care

pressed into place a lone upstanding lock; and Alan, watching, remembered how, twenty-five years ago, he too had struggled with a similar rebellious lock.

"Well, I'll see you over there at dinner," said Jim, moving toward the door; and a little later Alan, looking from the window as he dressed, saw him striding swiftly toward the boathouse.

"He doesn't look like a boy any more," he thought, watching the stalwart figure. Perhaps Jim was going to be a comfort to him, after all.

Before he was dressed, he heard from the river the hum of the engine, diminishing as the launch ran downstream. From his seat at table he used to look out of the bay window and see the white gable of Blanche's house with the fan-shaped green shutters under the roof, but today at luncheon he noticed for the first time that the view had been cut off by thickening foliage in the intervening fields. Now that she herself was there, he wished always to be able to see her house. That view must be reopened.

HAVING lunched, Alan went out into a golden afternoon. Stirred by a soft breeze, the leaves of the sugar maples at the roadside sparkled like red and yellow flame, and he felt a pang of sadness as he saw that some of them were falling. Halfway down the arc of the western sky the sun was a yellow blur behind a curtain of autumnal mist which gave the distant hills a purple bloom like that of ripened grapes.

As he walked up the lane toward Blanche's house, she emerged from the old white doorway, a welcoming figure crossing the lawn to meet him, and at the sight of her he found himself delighting anew in her look of indomitable youth. "We're not old," he was telling himself, "we're *not* old yet!" And for him there was magic even in the gesture of her extended hand as she drew near.

"I'm so glad you've come," she said, but she did not speak of his trouble. "I was afraid you might not get here before the dahlias and zinnias were gone."

He followed her to the garden where flowers flashed richly at the slanting sun; and Alan, discovering a subtle harmony between her golden coloring and the blooms of autumn, thought that no other woman in the world could have graced so perfectly this glowing background.

Presently, on a garden bench, he found himself telling of the exchange of cables, culminating in Kit's marriage.

"Isn't it possible," she suggested hopefully, "that things may turn out better than you think?"

By way of answer, he handed her the cabled report on Bordolini.

"What are you going to do?" she asked, when she had read it.

"What can I do? The man is Kit's husband now, and we must make the best of it—as long as she does." Abstractedly he was tearing the cablegram into tiny bits.

"That's like you," she said. "You've always been so good."

"Yes, damn it!" he answered slowly, bitterly. "I suppose I have. That's what's the matter with me. Old Soberides! Good, reliable, uninteresting." He was staring away toward the purple hills. "What do people gain by being good? What have I gained? Nothing! I've made a complete failure of my life."

"Alan! You haven't! Why, you—"

"To my wife and daughter," he pursued, "I'm nothing but a checkbook." He gazed at her reflectively.

"You've been good, too, Blanche," he accused. "What have you gained by it?"

"It's true my life hasn't been happy, but I—"

"Well," he broke in impatiently, "what do we want out of life *except* happiness?"

## TWO DETECTIVE THRILLERS

That's precisely the description for a pair of stories that Elsa Barker recently sent this magazine, in which her stories have been alternating with Leroy Scott's. Nothing much more need be said of these curiously ingenious tales to all who are familiar with Elsa Barker's work than to state the titles, which are—"THE JADE EARRING" and—here is a very strange one—"THE KEY IN MICHAEL." One might almost offer a prize for a solution of the latter named with perfect surety that no solution would possibly be forthcoming save from the author herself. The stories will appear in early issues of this magazine.

SHE was silent, looking down at a yellow dahlia in her lap.

"Blanche," he said, leaning over her, "I've loved you since we were youngsters. Do you remember the day, ages ago, when we went down to see my grandfather march in a parade? I was in love with you then. It made me cranky, and I didn't know what was the matter with me. I was in love with you when we were in Miss Claypool's room at Oakland School, and I wanted to show you I was, so I sold my cigarette pictures and bought you a little silver ring made out of a dime—with your initials and mine on a bangle. I wonder if you remember?"

"The cardboard box is coming apart," she told him, smiling.

"Blanche! You've kept it?"

She nodded. "Do you know the song, 'The Little Silver Ring That Once Thou Gavest Me'?" I've always thought of it as being our song."

"I'll never forget the night I gave it to you," he said. "I had made up a little speech for the occasion, but when I caught up with you, I couldn't remember a word of it, so I just shoved the box into your hand and ran. Afterwards I was terribly embarrassed. I was wondering how you felt about it, and what other people would say if they knew. To me it was our engagement ring, but of course I wouldn't have told you so for anything in the world."

"I wish you had," she murmured.

He bent over and took her hands.

"Dearest, you and I made our mistakes long ago—both of us. The big tragedy of my life was your marriage, and everything you've suffered since—even things I didn't know about—has made me suffer. Haven't we paid, dear—haven't we paid?"

The sun was low, and the shrubbery and trees cast long shadows across the garden.

"Who cares about us?" Alan demanded.

"Who cares a hundredth part as much as we care for each other? You've left Ray; and Leta has shown that I mean nothing to her. It's *our* turn now—God knows we've waited long enough!"

She faced him, her eyes filled with a tender liquid light.

"Do you believe we could be happy?"

"Of course we could! Happier than any two people in the world! Happier because of the very things we've had to suffer. It's going to be all the more beautiful, all the more glorious, when we've come into our own at last!"

AS he waited, bending toward her and clinging to her hands, the hush of the garden was broken by the sound of voices, faint in the distance, and a girl's gay laughter.

Blanche raised her lips to his, and as she drew away, he saw that tears were in her eyes.

"No, dear," she said in a choking voice.

"It would never, never do."

"We have a right to happiness!" he insisted passionately.

"Have we? I don't know. The world won't turn back for us, Alan. We can't undo what's done. All the courts, all the decrees in the world, can't do it. It might be well enough for some people, but not—not for you and me. We can't find happiness that way."

Nearer, now, the voices of Jim and Dorothy sounded from the slope below.

"They're fond of each other, dear," Blanche said. "We can't find happiness at their expense."

Softly she laid her hand on Alan's. "But you and I know," she whispered, "that some of the most beautiful things in the world are the things that never happen."

She rose, looking expectantly down the winding path. And as she stood there, with misty sunlight shimmering on her face and hair, she was transfigured, it seemed, by an unearthly radiance.

THE END.

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## JUST REAL GOOD FRIENDS

(Continued from page 88)

because he could tell her little things about Gerard. Once again no one in the world mattered—but Gerard. Funny how all her emotions should surge back as strong as ever. She had often assured herself that even if Gerard did ask to come back, she wouldn't let him—and now he was back again, and she—she cared as much as ever. Perhaps not quite as much as ever, yet that was just because she was older, because she had waited so long.

Somehow Margaret no longer listened with the old rapt attention to Gerard's jokes. His anecdotes no longer seemed quite so wonderful. In fact, she knew now that sometimes when he put himself into the tale, it was a sort of poetic license—that the story was one that was going the rounds and that he had adapted for his use.

Gerard was handsomer than he had ever been. His eyes were a deeper blue, his face more tanned. There was still magic in the touch of his hand. When he held her in his arms and bade her good-night, the world seemed suddenly a perfect place again.

"It's great to be back," Gerard said. "I tell you, I pretty near thought that all women were alike, and here you prove to me how a woman can be a real pal to a man. I tell you, Margaret, it's great knowing you like this. You and I are just real good friends, aren't we?"

JUST real good friends! Was that all? Of course Gerard was married—but then, his wife was planning to get a divorce. Being married to Gerard wouldn't be as lovely as she had planned it in those first days—Gerard had been married; some of the loveliness would be gone. He was hardened a little. But after all, he still cared more for her than for anyone else. Hadn't he come back again?

Months, then, of seeing Gerard—of waiting for him to telephone, months of the poignant pain of not seeing him, of having him telephone that he could not keep an engagement, the almost hurting pleasure of being with him the evenings he could come. Occasionally he would take her to an inexpensive restaurant or to a cheap theater. But always he was the same—full of anecdotes about his friends, long stories of his own life, philosophies, moods, biographies.

In between, on the nights Gerard did not come, Margaret saw Bill Duncan. Bill did not mean anything to her, really. She knew that—and yet she knew Bill made the evenings pass more pleasantly than if she were alone. It wasn't fair to Bill. But after all, why wasn't it fair? Bill hadn't asked her to marry him. Bill wanted to take her out—and she went with him; that was all. Bill didn't know important people or anecdotes about them. Bill didn't know a thousand bits of poetry—stories in which he could substitute himself as the hero when he told them. No, Bill didn't tell stories, but he took her to the theaters, the movies, parties. He was attentive, jolly, a bit boisterous at times, but not unpleasantly so. And he was popular with all the crowd, the crowd that made fun of Gerard the few times they had met him. But of course the crowd couldn't appreciate Gerard.

Then one night, Gerard said:

"I'm worried, Margaret. Somehow, you're the only one I can tell things to. You see, last winter, before Belle left me, I met a girl in Chicago. I was pretty miserable and out of sorts—you know Belle and I had been quarreling awfully—and this girl was a nice little thing and cheered me up a lot. Well, she's come on to New York now, and she thinks I'm going to marry her. She found out that Belle got a divorce."

Margaret hadn't known about the divorce being granted, herself.

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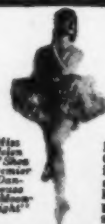
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"Now she's getting awfully insistent about it," Gerard went on. "The other night at a dance, she announced that we were engaged!" He didn't take Margaret to dances! "That puts a fellow in a pretty bad position. I didn't know what to do. I don't want to marry her—I thought maybe talking it over with you would sort of solve things. You always seem to understand a fellow. We've always been such good friends, you and I."

Then, suddenly, something happened to Margaret's emotions.

"I wish I could advise you, Gerard," she said, and managed a smile. "Why, even if you had told me a few days ago I might have suggested marrying you, myself—that would have been a way out for you, wouldn't it? But you see, I'm—I'm engaged. I'm going to marry Bill Duncan."

As she voiced the words, an immense peace stole over her—a peace that she had never thought she would feel again in all her life. Married to Bill Duncan! Of course! Years of peace. . . . There wouldn't be any of the thrills that Gerard had given her, but after all, what were thrills? He had never given real love or companionship or understanding. Why, it was Bill who gave those things. Gerard gave—words. He had never even taken her anywhere, really; he had never introduced her to his friends or spent money on her; and that was important—to him. Even now she didn't have even the smallest trifle to remember him by. The other girls he went with—After all, Bill Duncan—Of course, she wasn't engaged to Bill, really. He hadn't even asked her to marry him, but he would ask her, his first opportunity. She knew that.

Gerard was gazing at her curiously.

"You mean you're engaged—engaged to be married?" he asked. "Why, you know I always sort of pictured you here, waiting. I thought maybe when this other affair was over, if I had married this girl—that when—if that broke up—"

Margaret smiled.

"Oh, yes," she said, "you can always come to see us—whenever you want to, Gerard. I know Bill will be glad; he understands, just as you do, that—that you and I have always been—well, just real good friends."

## SCHERZO

(Continued from page 71)

Everybody was whispering about the affair before we entered church, and everybody began to talk loudly when we left. All the talk was charitable, of course.

"Such a dear little woman, too!"

"Do you think she'll divorce him?"

"I don't see how she can help it."

"Men!"

This from the women, the oldest known Greek chorus.

"She'd no business to go to Europe and leave him alone."

"I don't blame him. The woman is a pippin."

"One more member for the Alimony Club!"

This from the men, who frankly envied Charley. It's terrible, but it's the truth: man's morality is like his collar, to throw off if it irritates him. . . .

"Well, Charley," I said, Monday morning, "what are you going to do?"

"Sit tight. Some kind friend will write Norma, and she will believe the worst."

"How do you know she will?"

"My brand of luck says so. Pete, there hasn't been the least thing out of the way. Wherever we've gone, we've gone publicly; no private dining-room stuff. She doesn't smoke; she doesn't drink; and I never touch the stuff while I'm with her. We amuse each other. Mrs. Stephenson is a thoroughbred, straight as a die. Do you believe me, Pete?"

## A NEW MAN

To feel oneself a new man with each new day is part and parcel of physical well-being. But daily revival is impossible if the dregs of yesterday are permitted to poison the cup of life today. It is a law of right living to have no regrets rankling in head or heart, and no toxic burdens lingering in the body.

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## THE JOYS OF KNOWLEDGE

**I**GNORANCE that betakes itself to knowledge enjoys the journey. If we seek to know what we do not know, the knowledge gained will afford us many joys. Ignorance that is inert and content makes us dull.

Travel dissipates ignorance, and in its stead produces knowledge, understanding and an intelligence which is sensitive to the beauty of the world. To be sensitive to the beauty and significance of life is to be responsive to the human interests in the living world. To be indifferent to the world and its life is to be as dead as old Tut-Ankh-Amen.

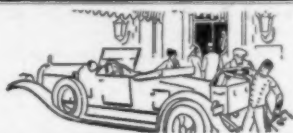
There is no common sense in dying before it is absolutely necessary. Yet many of us are as dead as the Landseer lions in Trafalgar Square. Why? Because we have been inert and content—in ignorance of God's masterpiece, the world around us. We have not dug in under its shallow surface with a real human curiosity; we have not shown a genuine interest in seeing things as they really are and by that convincing experience dispelling our ignorance and stimulating our vision of life.

Every intelligent human being owes it to self and society to travel over the face of Nature and get acquainted. We who know only the monotony of the trail between our homes, shops, offices and the little church around the corner, know nothing.

Travel is education in its most pleasing form. It is unconscious education and conscious culture. The enlightenment that comes from traveling on land and sea is a subtle increment of the mind and heart. We do not have to pore over books under the beady eye of a fierce schoolmaster to educate ourselves by travel—a process now as comfortable and as cheap as human genius can make it.

Wisdom, as we accredit it amongst men, is a relative term. There is no limit, no end of it. The more wisdom we acquire the more comes to us by a process of subconscious attraction. And it is all founded on experience, the kind of experience which one enjoys in discovery.

September, after a summer of travel and observation, is a month of home-coming. Life seems brand new to those who have been abroad in the new world or the old. Families are reunited, and the family hearth holds new interests for every member who has traversed a trail to and from somewhere.



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A song as old as Solomon's. The woman is always as straight as a die. It's the only defense a man has. Yet I believed Charley.

"I believe you; but it won't help you any. Do you still care for Norma?"

"That's just it. I'll always love Norma; and Mrs. Stephenson knows it. Why, Pete, I don't know her first name! In fun I call her Henry. I've never had my arm around her except on the dancing floor. Lord, what a mess I've got her in! She's game, too. She says she will not run away."

"I kind o' wish she would."

"What's Kate say?"

"That you're the biggest ass on the lot, that you've done everything possible to convince Norma that you're a bad egg. I told you that she had asked Kate if you had had any affairs before you were married. You had ten dozen, if I remember."

"You were no slouch yourself in the old days," said Charley.

"What a man does before he's married is no wife's business, nor what she does is any husband's. When you step out of church, that ends the past. But it's always there to dig up, if you're so minded. I'm sorry."

"Not half so sorry as I am. If Norma wants to quit, why, I sha'n't interfere."

"You'll let her go without a fight?"

"If she wants to go, what good would a fight do?"

There was some truth in that.

ONE Saturday noon in August, as we were looking over our golf-bags preparatory to going out to the club, a special-delivery boy came in.

"Mr. Hedden."

Charley held out his hand for the book, signed and took the letter. After he had read it, he passed it on to me. Mr. Charles Hedden was informed, through Mrs. Charles Hedden's attorney, that she had begun proceedings for divorce, naming Mrs. Henry P. Stephenson. I returned the bomb. I was stunned.

Charley laughed. It was the kind of laughter no one cares to hear issue from the throat of a man.

"Get together, Charley," I warned.

"Sure! This means just one thing: a one-way ticket to hell. Divorce! Do you get that? She wouldn't let Nellie Chittenden inside the house. If she thinks I should have entered a monastery because she goes to Europe against my wishes, she's going to be darned well fooled."

"Are you going to be a damned fool as well as a careless one?" I shouted.

"You watch my smoke!"

He tore up the attorney's letter and left the office.

Of course I hot-footed it home to give the news to Kate. She was visibly shocked.

"What'll we do? We can't sit still and see Charley go to pot," I said.

"We can't make any move till she gets home. Perhaps then we can make her see the truth."

"Then you believe Charley's only been foolish?"

"Nothing else. But there are some women you can't play that sort of game with. Norma is queer. Just now she's in a fury, a broken-hearted fury; but she's bound to calm down. She knows that she was wrong in going away alone. This knowledge may balance things." Suddenly and unexpectedly Kate began to laugh.

"What's funny?" I demanded.

"Life, Peter, life! Puck was right. 'What fools these mortals be!' Two people, who love each other the way Charley and Norma do, in a muddle like this! Funny? Of course it is. Lack of common sense on both sides. She was wrong in going to Europe;



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he was wrong in running around with Mrs. Stephenson."

"You used to call her 'that woman,'" I observed.

"She's the only innocent of the three. Wait till Norma sees her and finds out that she's fifty."

"But none the less dangerous. How do you know she isn't in love with Charley?"

"Well, Charley isn't in love with her, and that's the main thing. If he was, there'd be some sense to the thing."

Charley dined with Mrs. Stephenson in the main dining-room of the Cheltenham that night. He walked toward the guillotine with all the sang-froid of an aristocrat; just as brave and foolish.

As usual the newspapers got hold of the news and scare-headed it. Once I had a notion to call on the woman myself and tell her plainly what she was doing to Charley. I even got as far as the hotel desk—and was vastly relieved to find her out. Out with Charley, probably. How do these things happen, anyhow?

Charley couldn't marry the woman, even if Norma got her decree. The State law wouldn't permit it. He was innocent; but no jury would believe it.

Children—how they tie us up, smooth over the shell-holes, keep us on the road, happy or no! A child would have prevented all this; but Norma and Charley were childless.

In September, Norma came home.

QUIETLY and without warning she came to our house, and asked to be permitted to live with us till the affair was settled. She was prettier than ever, for her tragedy had refined her looks. Perhaps that is the greatest, or at least the saddest, tragedy of all: to lose faith in something. No matter what the outcome, life would never be the same again to Charley and Norma.

"I should not have gone away if he had really shown that he didn't want me to," she began.

When I heard that, I knew that her cure hadn't come about, that her streak of unreasonableness was yet intact. Good-by, Charley, I thought.

"Let me send for him," I suggested, "and the four of us talk it over sensibly."

"Useless," replied Norma. "At the very gangplank I'd have returned home with him had he given the least sign."

My plot!

"Charley was only lonesome and hurt," I said.

"It's done with, Peter," said Norma. "I've had a detective watching them. I know what I know."

I certainly did not like the quietness of her. Had she stormed and wept, it would have shown that she still cared.

"I thought you were against divorce."

"I was," she said with a dry little smile. "I didn't like it. I understand things a little better now."

"But I swear he still loves you."

"His actions prove it! How did it happen that this woman should land here right after I'd gone? How do I know that he didn't know her before he married me? Did Charley ever speak to a strange woman before in that fashion? He sent for her. He had her to dinner in my house the other night."

The thunderbolt knocked a gasp out of me. The infernal idiot! This was a little too raw even for me.

NORMA never went out except in the evening, when Kate drove her about in our car. The town was as yet unaware of her arrival; and Charley didn't know. Kate, with all her adroitness, could not dig anything out of Norma, whether she really cared or not, what her life in Maine had been, what she was going to do in the future.

She had lots of pluck along with her stubbornness.

We were just finishing dinner one night when Norma was called to the phone. She returned to the dining-room, breathless and very white.

"Come!" she cried.

"Where?" Kate and I asked simultaneously.

"Home. They are both there right now—now!"

I didn't like the notion at all. I was really on Charley's side—my plot-child having helped him into the mess—and I did not care to appear as a witness against him. But Kate gave me a covert nod; and you know what that means.

"Supposing this gets into the papers?" I temporized.

"What do I care?" cried Norma, her cuirass suddenly full of kinks. "He needn't worry. I don't want alimony; I want freedom. I have three thousand a year from my father's life insurance. I can take care of myself. I can teach again."

More in a minute than we had learned about her in two years!

I was far from happy. If I could have sneaked to the telephone, I'd have warned the poor fool. But Norma would not let me out of her sight. When we arrived, she forced her latchkey into my hand and signed for me to open the door. The three of us stormed into the living-room, where we found Charley and the woman, she on one side of the room and he on the other. (They had had ample time for that.)

Tableau, as the French say, all of us standing!

Then Norma's hands flew to her throat. "Mother!"

I SAT down. To this day I don't know whether it was on a chair or on the floor. I was paralyzed, for the time being mentally and physically incompetent. Norma's mother—when Norma had given us all to understand that her mother was dead! I do recall looking at Charley. He looked as human as a Halloween pumpkin. They have a machine for testing the mentality of imbeciles. At that moment Charley would not have registered at all.

Mrs. Stephenson raised her shapely hand to command attention. Heaven knows, she had it!

"Yes, my daughter, who years ago disowned me. For what? My right to happiness. Shall I bore you? I don't know, and I don't care. If by laying bare my own soul, I can bring these two young fools together with a better understanding of life, then I shall not have wasted my breath."

I thereupon got hold of some that I needed!

"My first husband—Norma's father—was a cold man with an indomitable will. Bend or break—that was his motto. He was so dignified that he could congeal a room full of happy people simply by entering. I like sunshine, laughter, music, dancing; I like amusing things. So does this poor child of mine, but she doesn't know it. She is a part of me—I know. Anything I liked, John straightway despised. He stood between Norma and me from the time she left the nursery. He began to smother me out of her, remolded her by ceaseless application. He impressed upon her the notion that I was not fit to train her—because I liked laughter! Why? Why did he treat me like that, after having wooed me? Because he married me in pique, wanting another woman he could not have."

Norma's hand flew to her throat, to stop the gasp.

"Ah," went on the mother, "that is news to you! Would you have believed me in those days if I'd told you? He made you thus, poor child, not for your welfare but

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MISCELLANEOUS—CONTINUED FROM PAGE 23

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to torture me, who saw but could not prevent what was happening. Well, I stood it till Norma was seventeen; then I found that I had reached the end of my rope. I told Norma that I was packing up and going to Reno, and asked her to come with me. Her father, already catching the drift of things, had coached her. Coldly she declared that if I went, I should be dead to her, that a divorce of that character had no standing among decent people. How that hurt me—how it still hurts! Love passes out of us, but never the memory of it."

Mrs. Stephenson made a pathetic little gesture. Norma reached out rather blindly for the support of a chair-back.

"I explained what was happening to me," continued this mother, "but there was no melting her. Her father had won on all points. About a year after my decree, her father died. I was sorry, and wrote Norma to come to me. The letter was returned unopened. My flesh and blood—and I still love her!"

Norma shut her eyes, and her hand strained upon the chair-top.

"Well, I found another man." Mrs. Stephenson smiled. "A man who gave and still gives me real love. I married him and went to South America with him to live. For the first time in my life I knew what happiness was. Suddenly this child began to reach across the world to tug at my heart—tug, and tug, and tug! So I came to America to find her, to take her home if she would come, just to see her if she repelled me. I found you gone, the old house sold. And nobody knew where you had gone. You were married. But I persevered. You"—she turned upon Charley—"had left a forwarding address at the post office. When eventually I arrived here, I learned that Norma had gone abroad alone. So I settled down to await her return. When I heard the true story from her husband's lips—and he never knew who I was till this hour—I knew God had sent me here in time. If it hadn't been I, it would have been some other woman. And eternally he talked of you; and if I hadn't been parched for you, I'd have been dreadfully bored. So here he is, returned to you, right side up, a whimsical, lovable man, who needs a snaffle but never a curb. I have seen you, my daughter, and I'm not quite so parched as I was. Mrs. Brent, here, knew all about what I was doing; I went to her the very first thing."

"It is true," said Kate.

I WONDERED if Charley's brain had cleared up enough to appreciate what had fallen at his feet? The most glorious mother-in-law that ever was!

"Well, it would seem that my business here was done," added Mrs. Stephenson lightly. "I'm rather tired, and would like to be alone."

She moved toward the door.

The shade of her father struggled with Norma for a moment, then forever lost out. With a muffled cry, she ran to her mother, knelt and clasped her about the knees.

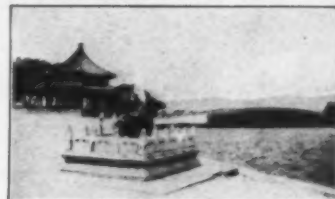
"No, no, no! My mother! . . . I can't let you go now! Forgive me—oh, forgive me!"

Mrs. Stephenson smiled. It was a beautiful smile, the reflection of which went clear up to heaven. Then she reached down and took Norma into her arms. They began to cry. Kate did, too. I was a bit stuffy myself.

"And you're going to begin all over again with this boy?" asked the mother, her daughter's happiness coming first.

"Oh, yes!" said Norma, her face hidden. Mrs. Stephenson turned her head so that she could see Charley. He took out a cigarette and proceeded to light the cork end of it!

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## THAT WAS THAT

(Continued from page 97)

"If you'd let me help you, I'd count it the greatest piece of luck that's happened to me in my whole life, Miss Kinnersten, really I would."

"G'night," said Rollo. "I've got a hard day at the bank tomorrow."

They were hardly aware of his going at the moment, but he was quite aware of their unawareness. He went out and climbed into his sedan—with the special body that exactly fitted the needs of the human frame—and morosely tootled off into the darkness. Let Edson Payne walk back if he was so dead keen on exercise. A great pity he didn't have a couple of canoes and a guide to carry, as well. Damn these big athletic bounders, anyway. Turning a girl's head by making her think he's sort of a cross between Doug Fairbanks, Zane Grey and Peary!

As he drove along, he became cooler. He saw again the folly of what he had done, the folly of introducing Edson Payne to Janie Kinnersten, and the further folly of poking fun at Janie's sudden affection for the wild life. He knew Janie hated to be laughed at. He knew there was a distinct reddish tint in her blonde hair. He knew that when you wanted her to go in any one given direction, it was necessary elaborately to force her in the opposite. Oh, well—Janie would come to. Janie was nobody's fool. He and Janie had been friends for too many years for her to take serious offense at him now. She had sense, Janie. She'd be laughing at this big Payne boob in another week. Rollo decided that he would send Janie a million dollars' worth of roses the first thing in the morning and a little note asking her to overlook tonight's ravings. He'd tell her he'd had a toothache, and it put him off his line. Soothed and heartened by such reflections, Rollo sought his couch and passed painlessly into slumber.

He was, unfortunately, entirely wrong in his deductions. Janie Kinnersten was all he thought her as to common sense, but he underestimated a woman's great capacity for investigating the unknown. Everyone expected Janie and Rollo to marry, and that irked her. She told herself that she was wholly fed up with Rollo, fed up, bored and weary. She knew his whole bag of tricks by heart. She had known them for years.

So, when he dropped casually off the Kinnersten veranda, leaving Janie alone with Edson Payne, Janie was unrepentant of the slams she had dealt him. "Serves him right," she thought angrily, "—trying to be so smart and making fun of people who care for the real things of life and are not afraid to say so."

She redoubled her attention to Mr. Payne, and when Janie redoubled her attention to any young man, he would have been a clod indeed who did not respond. She drew, she allured. Mr. Payne's sensations became swimmy and indistinct as he gazed into the depths of Janie's eyes, but he felt ever so happy. He kept on talking with more or less coherence about the call of the wild, and the joys of camp life, and hunting and shooting and fishing and swimming and "leaping from rock up to rock,"—though he had never read Browning,—until with a horrible start he realized that the clock was striking midnight.

HE rose precipitately. "Miss Kinnersten, I can't tell you what a pleasure this has been—I can't begin to tell you." He held her hand and lost himself in her eyes once more. "I—I hope you're going to be kind to a stranger, let him come see you, play round with him a little."

"I'm always kind to strangers," said Janie. "Oh, don't say that—I want you to be

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kind to just one stranger, not a crowd. I wonder—Sunday afternoon, say, would you care to motor out into the back-country, leave the car somewhere and go for a tramp in the woods? A real rough hike, ten miles or so?"

Janie Kinnersten had never walked more than two miles at a stretch in her life before, but what of that? A girl can always twist her ankle, and sit on a convenient log or tree-stump and be carefully helped back to the starting-point. With this trump in hand, why hesitate to play the game?

"I'd love it!" The look on Edson Payne's face notified her in headlines of the effect she was producing on him, and tempted her to further damage. "You know, there's never been anyone who asked me to do anything like that! Lakeville thinks it's so sophisticated in its pleasures—dinners, dances, motors, country-club stuff—all so naive. It's like a dream come true to have some one who cares for the things I've always loved!"

She took a small step backward, for she thought for one dizzy moment that he was going to kiss her, and Janie loathed the promiscuous contacts that go with petting. So Edson Payne, though he would have liked nothing better than to kiss her, didn't get that far. He managed to reaffirm the engagement for Sunday, say good-night, and get away with the controls on.

Janie watched him go, and then like a dutiful child locked the front door and went upstairs to bed. She gave the situation earnest thought. Now that she was clear of the presence of both men, she began to contrast Edson Payne with Rollo Barton, very much to the detriment of the latter. Edson Payne was six feet one—Rollo, five feet eight. Edson Payne was unusually good-looking; Rollo had a round moon face, pale eyes, sandy hair and lashes. Edson Payne was muscular and hard. Rollo was not muscular and very soft. Edson Payne had an entirely new line, this nature thing being comparatively unknown among Lakeville's young men. As has been already intimated, Janie knew Rollo's line backward, forward and round about.

SHE looked at herself in the mirror. Why blink the truth? She was the prettiest girl in Lakeville by a mile. Perhaps Rollo's thought earlier in the evening had been winging around trying to register itself on her consciousness. At any rate, the same thing now occurred to her. "We would make a handsome couple!" she told her reflection. "We certainly would!"

And then there was the duty of teaching Rollo a lesson not to be so owner-like, as well as the pleasure of grabbing off this desirable new man while all the other girls sat on the sidelines and turned pale pea-green with envy. Janie knew how fluttered the dovescotes were before Edson Payne's coming to town—how Lucy Redden and Nita Baldwin and Suzanne Cox had all put off their annual big parties until he should arrive. Nita Baldwin was the only one who had the slightest chance—Nita with her gypsy hair and eyes, her radiance, her gayety, had been known to give Janie sharp competition now and then. Even the faithful Rollo had been known to speak a word of admiration for Nita, ever and anon.

Janie sank to sleep, reminding herself to order a smart sport-suit with knickers the first thing in the morning. Thank heaven she could wear them without that funny clownish look in the back they give so many girls! Knickers—a blue handkerchief about her throat, a tam-o'-shanter and—oh, yes, a pair of real sport-shoes. She had nothing but high heels. She would get an outfit that would be adorable with the woods for a background. That would make Edson Payne . . . She drowsed off to the memory of his last look.

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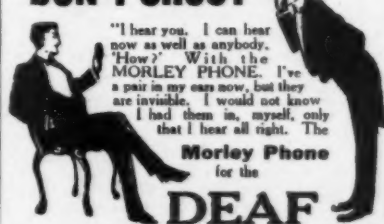
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but two boxes of flowers awaiting her—one about the size of a wardrobe trunk filled with American beauties, and accompanied by an airy little note from Rollo. The other, a requisitioned collar-box, held a handful of fragile wild columbine with the dew still on them. On Edson Payne's card was penciled, "From the wildwoods and the sunrise, to you."

NOW, what would any girl under like conditions, have done? Exactly as Janie Kinnersten. She tore up Rollo's note and threw the fragments into the wastebasket and sent his roses to the Lakeville Hospital, all, as it were, in one swift motion. Rollo had been facetious in that note, and facetiousness is fatal unless one can be absolutely sure of the mood of the receiver of it.

But the cluster of wild columbine was put in a treasured bit of old glass, and enthroned on Janie's desk to inspire her as she framed an answer to their giver. So exquisitely romantic! So imaginative! It was hard to write, that answer. She wanted to be appreciative, but not overdo it. While she was struggling with phrases, Rollo called up. This was the ensuing dialogue:

"Get my flowers?"

"Yes—thank you!"

"What's the matter? Weren't they all right?"

"Perfectly. They were quite stunning."

"Look here, Janie, don't you feel well, or something?"

"Why, yes."

"You sound so funny. You're not sore on me for going off the way I did last night and leaving the call-to-the-wildwoods with you, are you?"

It was an unfortunate choice of words. Edson Payne's card was before her. Janie's voice became delicately acid.

"No, Rollo, I'm not sore at you for leaving last night, not at all. I'm really very grateful to you for bringing Mr. Payne to call. I think he's delightful. So different. So manly."

This was an unfortunate choice of words so far as Rollo was concerned. "Oh, if you like 'em rough, I dare say he's all right. But I don't see where he's any manlier than other fellows because he likes to shoot defenseless animals, and climb around over rocks and things. An appetite for flapjacks isn't necessarily an attribute of manliness, is it?"

There was cold fury in Janie's voice now. "If you want to discuss appetites, Rollo, you'll have to excuse me. I'm very busy this morning. The flowers you sent me were, as I say, quite stunning, and I'm most grateful for them. Good-by." And she hung up.

So there it was—a nice, peppery little quarrel. Rollo left the telephone vowing that it would be many a long day before he sent flowers or called up or went near Janie Kinnersten again. And Janie went on with her note to Edson Payne about equally divided between purrs and peevishness. At any rate she'd shown Rollo Barton where he got off! She'd taught him a much-needed lesson. He could run right along and roll his hoop—yes, and if Nita Baldwin wanted him, now was a proud chance for her to get him. She, Janie, wouldn't care a single sou-marquis. Why should she, with Edson Payne ready and willing to eat out of her hand!

Janie in sport clothes was as lovely as Janie in chiffons. Again she thanked heaven that she wasn't knock-kneed, or bowed or piano-legged. She was a slim, self-possessed Diana of the Moderns. The only thing that gave her any cause to consider was her shoes—they felt heavy and queer on feet used only to the lightest slippers. The low heels gave her a funny tilted-back sensation. However, she hoped to get used to it.

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Her blue tie and blue tam-o'-shanter were ravishing, nothing less.

Edson Payne came for her in his car, a roadster without a top, and not at all noticeable for the softness of its upholstery. But the admiration in his eyes, the eagerness of his greeting, made Janie forget all that; besides, Nita was on the Baldwin veranda, watching them drive off. Nita's party would be on Tuesday.

"You're going to the Baldwins'?" asked Janie as they flashed down the street.

"Oh, yes, if you are."

A satisfactory answer. He went on: "I dare say it's too much to hope, but might I go with you, if I'm not butting in on Barton? It's really very hard for a stranger to keep names and people straight, and if you'd help me—"

Janie instantly decided to dump Rollo, with whom she always attended every party, everywhere.

"I didn't intend to 'go with' anyone, since the party's right across the street, and Nita had asked me to come early and receive with her. But if you like—"

"If I like—" There's no telling what the infatuated youth might have said, but he broke off suddenly. "By George, there's a tanager—look—that flash of scarlet! Isn't he gorgeous?"

Janie gathered that he was talking of a bird, but by the time she had twisted about, the tanager was probably in the next county. "I missed it—too bad!" she exclaimed—with exactly the right amount of regret.

FOR the next five minutes she heard a lecture on the habits and characteristics of the tanager. It was highly interesting, and Janie listened absorbedly. At the end of it she said sweetly: "What color is it?"

Edson Payne laughed lightly. "You're a little guttersnipe," he said fondly. "I'll have to bring you some of my books. Then, with the field-glasses, we can really go bird-stalking. It's great fun. And we can keep notes, and dates, and compare them from year to year."

Janie looked a trifle blank. Somehow the picture of herself keeping tabs on birds did not quite register. But this impression passed quickly as she gazed at Edson Payne's profile. He was extraordinarily good-looking. "Handsome couple," rang again sweetly in her consciousness. And what a smile he had, and how white and even were his teeth when he laughed! No one could help but like him. Janie found herself liking him more and more.

They drove away up into the back country, where the roads were ruts and boulders. In a grove of pines they left the car and started on their hike. The mood that had come to Edson Payne with the sight of the tanager lasted and deepened, and with it an appealing boyishness. He left his hat in the car and walked beside Janie bare-headed, his eyes happy.

"This is the life, eh? Doesn't it smell good? I found this place last week when I was prospecting around, and didn't think I'd be lucky enough to come back with some one who'd love it as much as I did. Look at those shadows on the hills—and the purples under the green in the bank over there. And look—there's a maidenhair fern—"

Janie looked and tripped slightly over a loose stone. He put out a rescuing hand, but kept his gaze on the fern. Janie looked at it, too, and honestly tried to find it wonderful, but the sun was hot, and the blue tam-o'-shanter lacked a brim. She felt sure that her nose was getting red and burnt. Also there were nasty little biting things about, nipping at her neck and buzzing before her eyes provokingly. But Janie was game. She went on, and on.

After the woods a swamp, which necessitated considerable maneuvering from one

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slippery hummock to another. After the swamp a hill, sun-bright and steep and rough. One of her new shoes had a large scuff on the toe, the other was black with slime from the swamp. She was so warm she could not endure her gloves, and a briar marked her across the blue-veined whiteness of one hand. But under the spell of Edson Payne's enjoyment, his enthusiastic voice, his praise of her comradeship, Janie kept on.

"I do wish," she said at last, breaking into his expression of hope that they would see another tanager, "I do wish I had a drink of water."

What she really was perishing for was a large cold chocolate soda. But Janie knew at least enough of nature not to expect a drug-store in the wilds.

Edson Payne fairly sparkled with the pleasure that comes of giving pleasure. He announced gayly: "Right over here a little way is the prettiest spring of the clearest, coldest water you ever tasted. I'll make you a leaf cup."

THEY started at once "right over here"—though the little way became a hard half-mile filled with underbrush that made Janie stumble at every step, and she kept her arms high, warding swinging branches off her face. They at last reached the spring, a crystalline bubble at the foot of a mighty outcrop of stone.

"Did you ever see anything more beautiful?" cried Edson. He found a big sycamore leaf and bent it into a cup for Janie, and she drank and drank and drank. It was unfortunate that at the last cupful she should have seen, disporting itself gayly in the clear water, a moderate-sized water snake. Even Edson's reassurance as to its harmless effect on the water could not check her nausea. But after an interval, by a powerful effort at self-control, she subdued her qualms. "I'll carry a thermos with me if I ever go on another walk like this," she said faintly.

Edson was genuinely concerned and apologetic. "I ought to have thought of that. I'm such a veteran at this sort of thing that I forget everyone else isn't, too. But you really don't need to mind about the snake." "Let's not talk about it," begged Janie. She could not bear it. "I think we'd better go home."

They made their tortuous way back to the waiting car, and Janie literally fell into it. "Poor dear—you're all in," said Edson Payne. He steadied her with his arm, and she did not rebel. She didn't care if he did call her "dear." After what she had gone through on that walk, nothing mattered. All she wanted was to get home, and have a bath and go to bed, and she was so tired and sleepy that she hardly remembered to be thankful that it was dusk when they got in, and neither Nita Baldwin nor any other interested spectator could observe her state of dishevelment and fatigue.

Perhaps if Rollo had appeared at this moment and eaten a huge hunk of humble pie, Janie might have relented, and made it up with him. But he didn't appear. And the next morning Janie had a phone call from him to the effect that he might not be able to go to Nita's party, as he expected to have to go on a business trip. It was unfortunately true, but Janie thought he was merely doing it to be mean, so she assured him amiably that it was quite all right, because they would have to take Edson Payne with them in any case, as he was a stranger, and so forth and so on.

"Oh, he was going with us anyway, was he?" asked Rollo. "Some nerve, I'll say." Whereupon it was his turn to hang up. And of course, if he was going to behave in that perfectly silly and childish way, there was nothing for Janie to do but shrug her shoulders and determine to aggravate him further with Edson Payne. Happily

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the sunburn had turned to the beginning of a becoming tan; the scratch on her hand had healed; her shoes had been cleaned and restored to their pristine splendor; and her weariness was gone, leaving a sense of strength and well-being from the long hours in the open. Even the snake had receded. Janie devoted herself to getting ready for the party at Nita's.

She had a green and silver gown that would stand up against the brilliant flame or tangerine that Nita would undoubtedly wear. It would remind Edson Payne of the green leaves, the silver brooks. She would wear it.

She felt a little misgiving lest he shouldn't be so good socially as he was on the nature stuff; but when he appeared, looking as handsome as a movie hero in his evening clothes, her apprehensions were set instantly at rest. He was almost too gorgeous. It was a delicious, heady moment for Janie when she casually said to her hostess: "Oh, my dear, you don't mind, do you, that we came so early? You've met Mr. Payne, of course?"

If he loved the great outdoors with an ever-unsatisfied passion, it is fair to record that Edson Payne was also an accomplished dancer. He danced almost as well as Rollo Barton—almost, not quite. They were different. Where Rollo was the easiest and lightest of steppers, Edson swept his partner along with an irresistible strength. He could not do Rollo's variety of steps—Rollo was given to invention as he went along—but those that he did do, he did excellently. He was gratifyingly anxious to dance as often as possible with Janie. She had a wonderful evening, and when Rollo, who hadn't been called away on business after all, stily cut in on a fox-trot, she talked to him with an airy condescension, a sort of you-funny-little-boy—nobody-takes-you-seriously manner that irritated him excessively and fanned the feud between them. Janie like this wasn't Janie at all.

Nevertheless, he tried to arouse her resentment by being highly devoted to Nita Baldwin, but she didn't even see him doing it. Nita was inclined to rub in his troubles, too.

"Janie must be crazy about this Payne lad," she told him. "I've never seen her so interested before. He certainly is a ritzie one."

"Ritzie—blah!" replied Rollo. "He's about as ritzie as your furnace man."

"Don't let jealousy lead you on to saying the wrong thing, Rollo. He's a sweetie; really he is. So handsome! And he surely does swing a mean toddle, if you get what I mean. Everyone says his people have heaps of money."

"Why don't you get a couple of gold medals and hand them to him? You girls, and your judgment of men! If you chose your hats with as little sense as you do your suitors—"

"You're taking it very hard, aren't you? Cheer up, old dear—the worst is yet to come."

It looked that way to Rollo. He didn't get anywhere with attention to Janie; he didn't get anywhere with nonattention. In despair he went out on the terrace and smoked cigarettes with a few wild stags for the rest of the evening.

The party at Nita's was, from Janie's standpoint, however, a glowing triumph; but Edson Payne, calling the next night, bewailed the unreality, the artificiality and falsity of all such gayeties.

"You wouldn't want never to see people, though, would you?" asked Janie, surprised.

"Oh, no; I suppose not. But the sky and the stars and the vastness of the night dwarf that sort of thing, don't you think? Last night as I went home I was thinking what pygmies we are, what funny little

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The Director of The Red Book Magazine's Department of Education is a Vassar graduate. With her are associated a group of college men and women. During the past five years, we have been privileged to develop the most complete private school and camp information service ever maintained by a magazine. We have visited, not once but many times, over 800 private boarding schools of all kinds in every part of the country. Our associate director, lecturer, explorer and all-round authority on outdoor life, has traveled 16,700 miles by automobile and visited and reported on 425 private camps for boys and girls in New England, New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, the Middle West, and the South.

The catalogues and confidential reports on these camps and schools are on file in our office. An interview can be arranged at any time by writing two days in advance. If you live at a distance, fill out the application for information or write us a detailed letter about the boy or girl and the kind of school you wish. Please note all the points given below. Your letter will have personal attention. You incur no obligation in making use of this service, either immediate or in the future.

The right environment during school days has often proved the deciding factor in a young life. It is obviously impossible for parents individually to learn much about any adequate number of schools so that they may select the institution best suited to deal with a particular child and make the most of its individuality. We have this information, the close personal knowledge of schools their equipment, educational ideals and the personal qualifications of those who conduct them. We are glad to put it at the disposal of our readers.

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whirling pygmies with these immensities above us."

"Then you didn't enjoy dancing—with me?" asked Janie, reasoning, feminine-wise, from the general to the particular.

"More than I can tell you. But I know something much better. If you'll do another walk with me—I think I've found the only bed of pink moccasin flower within twenty miles. To see them nodding in the breeze is lovelier than any dancing that ever was."

Janie looked at him thoughtfully. There was a peculiar quality in his conversation—it reminded her of nothing so much as reading aloud from a book of nature essays. Yet, as she noted his rapt expression, his ardor,—about equally divided between the moccasin flowers and herself,—she cast this thought from her as unworthy. She said that she would love seeing the moccasin flower more than anything she could imagine.

"We'll make a picnic of it," he cried joyfully. "We'll build a little fire and have supper along the way."

"There's a very good road-house out in Green Valley. Respectable, too," said Janie. But he laughed at her.

"No road-house dinner can compare with the meal we'll cook and eat out in the open."

"I'll have our cook make some sandwiches and little cakes," offered Janie.

"Certainly not. Sandwiches and cakes and olives and lemonade—those are for amateurs and motor tourists. Don't bring anything. Wait until you see my kit. I planned it myself, and it's just right in every detail. Tomorrow—we'll start at four." He beamed at her. "If you only knew what your companionship means to me—dear little girl! And to think that all this is new to you, and that I'm the one to show you the woodland paths, the ways of nature!"

It seemed all right to Janie, only she hoped that there would be no snake in any spring they might find. In spite of his command to bring nothing, she mentally decided that a faithful thermos should accompany her.

They started off at four the next day, blithely. Janie had replaced the jaunty tam-o'-shanter by a hat with a brim. It was not quite so becoming, but it would prevent a peeled nose. She took the thermos, and Edson made no objection. At their feet in the car lay a bundle of grimy and grubby iron spikes and odd-looking implements strapped with a leather thong.

"My cooking outfit," he explained; then, indicating a package in brown paper: "Camp-grub."

The car was not any more comfortable than on their previous ride, but they did not go so far. Laden with the cooking kit and the food supplies, they sought the lair of the pink moccasin flower, and after Janie had duly admired it, they found a fine bit of stone outcrop on which to spread their picnic supper.

EDSON at once got very busy. He unstrapped the spikes and the implements, and after much unfolding and fitting together, he displayed a grill, rather wobbly, and some rectangular pans with slots for the handles to slip into, two flattened cups and an odd narrow receptacle which he proudly explained was a coffee-pot.

"We'll just have chops and bacon and coffee tonight," he said. "Another time we'll have camp bread."

Under his direction Janie gathered bits of dry wood, and he built a fire beneath the grill. From a near-by brook he got water to boil for coffee.

Janie sliced the loaf he had brought—with a camp-knife that seemed very short and inadequate. Also he showed her how to cook the bacon and chops. The hot grease splattered her wrists painfully. Black and sooty edges appeared in spite of all



her toil. The fire seemed to blister her cheeks as she bent over it. The coffee boiled over into the frying-pan. Edson laughed merrily at these misadventures.

"You're a little tenderfoot," he told her. "But you're learning."

At dusk they ate a heavy and indigestible meal of gigantic chops and bacon sandwiches, muddy coffee, unsweetened and uncreamed, and for dessert there were raisins and chocolate. While they were eating, mosquitoes appeared, but it seemed that they never bit Edson, though they had no such inhibition as regarded Janie. She slapped and ate alternately.

"What do you find to enjoy about all this?" quivered on the tip of her tongue more than once during the hour, but remained unuttered. Edson Payne's pleasure was so evident, so unfeigned, and he looked so perfectly stunning in his flannels and soft shirt, that Janie was fascinated in spite of herself. She listened attentively to his reminiscences of camping at the snow-line of various Colorado peaks, but when it was finished, suggested that they'd better be going home, as it would be too dark to find the way back to the car. Janie felt reasonably sure that she was going to have indigestion from that supper, and she wished to be within easy reach of the bicarb. Also she felt that a little lotion for mosquito bites would not come amiss.

A WEEK or so later her mother, Mrs. Kinnersten, asked a question. "My dear," she said, "of course I'm a noninterfering modern parent, but I do want to know whether you have any serious designs on this Payne young man. His feelings are evident, and everyone's talking about it."

"I'm not sure," said Janie. "If it happens, you'll be the first to know."

"Oh, dear," said Mrs. Kinnersten. "I do like Rollo. He's so easy to get on with."

"So is Edson. He's a darling, Mother—not a bit like any other man I ever met."

Her mother looked doubtful, but was silent; and that doubtful look weighed the scale heavily in the balance for Edson Payne. There were other weights there. Nita Baldwin had been over and asked solicitously: "What is the matter with your skin, Janie? It's so sort of reddish and raw-looking."

It wasn't, you know. Merely the tan had deepened. But Nita's scratch had made Janie realize thrillingly that Nita was deeply envious.

Then there was Rollo. He had been up one evening, arriving a little before Edson, and had asked her if her passion for the great outdoors wasn't waning, and if she'd taken out any accident insurance? He was merely whistling to keep up his spirits, for he was very woebegone, was Rollo, these days. But it all served to make Janie's interest in Edson keener than ever. She knew that if she lifted her little finger, he'd ask her to marry him; that he was only waiting for a chance. So far, she'd kept him off it, largely because, subconsciously, she missed Rollo, and all that he had been to her. She and Rollo had read and talked much together, and he had a clear and pungent way of comment, a wide vision and a far greater knowledge, both of life and literature, than his commonplace exterior suggested. Janie had enjoyed that.

But arguing on the other side, was it not far finer, more red-blooded and virile to be even as Edson, disregarding of all prose save Nature's lore, all poetry save Mr. Service's?

And there was something more: Edson Payne's calmness, his assurance, his certainty that he had chosen the best, that there was nothing to be said for any other taste or pursuit, exercised an almost hypnotic influence over her. And he was so complacently sure that she shared his enthusiasms.

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She had been too emphatic with her affirmatives, at first. He had taken her entirely at her word.

It was not that she did not like him—she did, very much. She liked his physical perfection, the ripple of his muscles, his easy strength, his tirelessness. His appreciation of flowers and birds and beasts and the scenery of earth and sky were too genuine not to be liked, even though they were somewhat bromidic in form. And he was so delighted with her companionship—constantly he said things about it that set standards below which she simply had not the courage to fall.

Janie went on. She scrambled up stony hills and trod delicately through boggy dells. She waded streams, awkwardly wielding a trout-line. She burnt her hands and her clothes with the cooking outfit. She ate foods that brought blotches out on her face the next morning, blotches almost as bad as the dose of poison-ivy she got on one of their picnics. She learned not to shriek or run at the sight of snakes, lizards or large worms. And as the summer heat grew more and more oppressive, and the summer moon grew larger and more romantically golden, she knew that at any moment—

OF course, all this necessitated her gradual withdrawal from most of the local festivities. She could not display her disfigured hands and sunburnt neck, or her roughened hair, at garden parties and at teas and luncheons. Now and then she and Edson would look in at one of the Country Club dances, and she saw there what gossip had already intimated—that is, a Rollo consoled by the charms of Nita Baldwin. Oh, well, let him go. Edson was a million times better looking, and stronger!

Yet it piqued Janie's resentment, this complete defection of Rollo. She would have liked him to suffer, to pine, be inconsolable. It was abominable that he should care so little. But men are like that, Janie told herself bitterly.

She had been coming up from the drug-store, where she had gone to get another large bottle of citronella, when she met them, Rollo and Nita, laughing together in a most reprehensible light-hearted fashion. They stopped her, though she would have hurried past them with a cool nod.

It seems that there was to be a Midsummer Carnival Night at the club—canoes decorated on the lake, a masked costume dance on the verandas, entertainers for a cabaret show, brought from New York. "Of course you'll come, you and your heavy suitor," said Nita archly.

It was exactly the sort of thing Janie adored.

"Come in your sport things," went on Nita, "and bring the camp stove for a stunt. I hear you two cook everything from soup to nuts on it."

Janie longed to slap her. And Rollo, too, because he giggled. She hurried on, her cheeks flaming. This settled it. Edson Payne should propose as soon as he liked, and be accepted. She'd show these two grinning idiots!

They were to go on another picnic soon. He should do it then; and then, after they were engaged, Janie would begin gently but firmly to break him of his obsession for nature. She'd begin by making him go to that costume dance—yes, and announcing the engagement there. After that—well, he'd be a regular human being. He'd have to be.

She was not feeling very well—so much hiking about in the heat and eating coarse food was telling on her, and a few itches of the poison ivy still lingered. But when Edson came for her, she was ready and waiting. They started very early in the afternoon—they were going clear to the seashore, and it was a long drive. The sun was high, and so was the humidity. It did

not matter how fast they went—there was no relief from it. The moist hot air was like a scalding bath.

But beside the sea there was a refreshing breeze. There were also mosquitoes with extra long beaks, which could pierce blouses and stockings. Janie soaked herself with citronella and went to work, helping Edson get the fireplace ready. He fixed two logs in a V-shape and laid the grill over it. He brought wood while Janie wrestled with the complications of the pan and coffee-pot handles. She broke a fingernail in the process. She said something very unladylike under her breath.

"We're going to have a special treat tonight," said Edson fondly. "We'll cook the bacon in the frying pan, then leave the grease in, and fry eggs in it. I brought half a dozen. And look—" He held out a package beamingly.

It was self-raising flour. "We'll just mix this up with milk—I got a bottle of milk; and in a few minutes we'll have the finest lot of flapjacks you ever tasted. I got maple syrup, too. Wasn't I the thoughtful little boy, though?"

At this playful query Janie became a very thoughtful little girl. Flapjacks on a night like this were madness. Her broken fingernail hurt like anything. The breeze had grown discouraged and vanished. The mosquitoes were increasing in number and beak-power.

Edson went on with his preparations. Across the fire he gave her a fond intent look. "Janie," he said, "I dream of things being like this with us—always. I picture us two going back happily to all my old haunts, side by side, in the wilderness, waking to the sunrise and plunging into the cold water of some mountain lake—then a little camp-fire—like this—and the good smell of bacon and coffee. You're such a little comrade; dear—I never thought to find a girl like you. I think of us going on together—Nature's own children—forever. Janie—do you—" He started round the camp-fire, quite assured as to her answer, ready to take her in his arms.

The accumulated miseries of the weeks rolled up their height before Janie and beat down her pride, her intention. She spoke out of the ache of her fingernail, the sickness of her stomach, the intolerable smart of mosquito-bites, as well as her loss of Rollo and her real sentiment toward Edson's ideas of pleasure.

"You don't want to marry me, Edson," she said. "You want to marry a sort of mountain goat, as nearly as I can figure it."

THE words blew out a safety-valve. The bacon Edson had left in the pan began to burn. With a sudden gesture Janie seized the pan and flung it and the bacon as far as she could throw it toward the ocean. She snatched the package of self-raising flour and slung it into the flames. She lifted the bottle of milk and smashed it on a stone.

"Nature's own children!" she panted. "Nature's own children! I hate Nature! I hate bugs and dirt and poison ivy and nasty messes cooked in a nasty messy way! I hate these filthy knickers, and this shirt! I hate these hideous shoes! I hate burning my hands and browning my face and looking at all the damn' flowers and birds in the country! Get away from me, Edson—get away from me—don't let me ever see you again as long as I live! Don't you ever speak to me. I'd like—I'd like to hit you with that camp-stove—"

She was walking away from him as fast as she could, sobbing, tears running down her face. Hysteria had her, and she was hardly aware of Edson hurrying beside her, begging her to be calm, telling her that she was ill, that he'd take her home at once.

"Get away from me, I tell you," she cried at last. "I'll never get in that horrible

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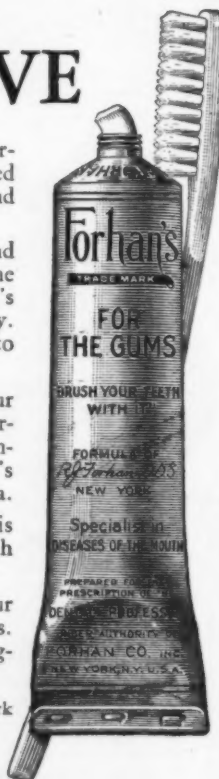
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## FOR THE GUMS

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bumpy old teapot of yours again as long as I live, never! I'm going to walk home, if it's the last thing I do."

"But—but Janie darling—why, it's twenty miles," said Edson, beside himself with surprise and worry.

"I don't care if it's twenty thousand," returned Janie. "I won't go with you!" And now she began to run down the road.

HE stopped then and went back to get his car, so that he could better follow her, but unfortunately had difficulty in starting. During this time Janie gained some measure of self-control, and when she heard the car coming, she simply climbed the fence and lay crouched down there until Edson was past. She walked on, still behind the fence, until she heard him tearing back—he thought, she knew, that she must have taken the other road, the one that led to the beach trolley. When he had gone past the second time, she climbed back to the road and began her long walk home.

It was a lonely road, and ordinarily she would have been afraid to walk there at night. But she was only thankful for its loneliness. She saw with painful truth what a fool she had been, and how her pride and her resentment and her vanity had nearly tied her for life to a man who through no fault of his own was hopelessly uncongenial. She was ashamed of herself and she pitied him.

Presently she saw a farmhouse, and she went in. Yes, they had a telephone. They would let her use it. She explained, with self-possession, that her car had broken down and she wanted to let her people know. And if they wouldn't mind letting her sit on the porch and wait—

She had plenty of time for more truthful thinking before the car that was sent for her finally came. She thanked the farmhouse people, and ran out to it, and had her foot on the running-board before she realized that it was not her father who was driving it, and it was not her father's car. It was Rollo Barton, and his sedan.

"Your car was out, so your mother phoned to me," said Rollo easily.

Janie got in. She had to reach home somehow, and nothing mattered very much. She was curiously blank. It didn't matter if it was Rollo, or anyone else. She had said everything in the back of her mind to Edson; she had thought everything in the back of her conscience to herself. She could think and feel and say no more.

But Rollo was not so empty of emotion. "What happened? Did Payne's car break down?"

"No—I don't think so."

"Say, look here, Janie, he didn't try to get fresh with you, did he? If he did, I'll—"

"For Pete's sake, Rollo, don't be an absolute clank!" How nice it was to drop back into the familiar vernacular.

"You tell me what happened, or I'll hunt him up and find out."

Janie considered. "Nothing happened. I just couldn't—stand—him—another—second. And I mentioned it—clearly."

The serene finality of her voice, the composure of her manner, conveyed more than the words. Rollo, in his turn, considered.

"Coming back to the ease of civilization, Janie?"

"Something like that, I suppose."

There was another silence, full of unspoken sentiments, exchanged understandings.

"Janie," said Rollo, tremblingly, "are you coming back to me, too?"

Janie leaned back luxuriously on the artful cushions of his sedan. Great peace encompassed her.

"Ask me," she commanded. "Just ask me!"

And that, as the *intelligentsia* say, was that.

## THE STOOPING MEN

(Continued from page 53)

should take wives from among these kinsfolk of ours, it would be for the good of both tribes and would strongly bind an alliance between them."

A shout of agreement went up from the ranks of the young men, who had for a moment seemed ill content at the prospect of delay. The Chief's eyes met those of Gort with a look of understanding, and a slow, wise smile passed over his bearded lips.

"As always," said he, "wisdom is Gort's familiar, and Gort is my brother and my right hand. An embassy shall go to our kinsmen the Flint-workers. And I would have Gort himself to lead it."

"If Kran wills it, I go gladly," responded Gort. "And I will take with me Borg, my friend, and the young man Arn to tell me more about the Stopping Men, and two other warriors, if Kran will appoint them for me."

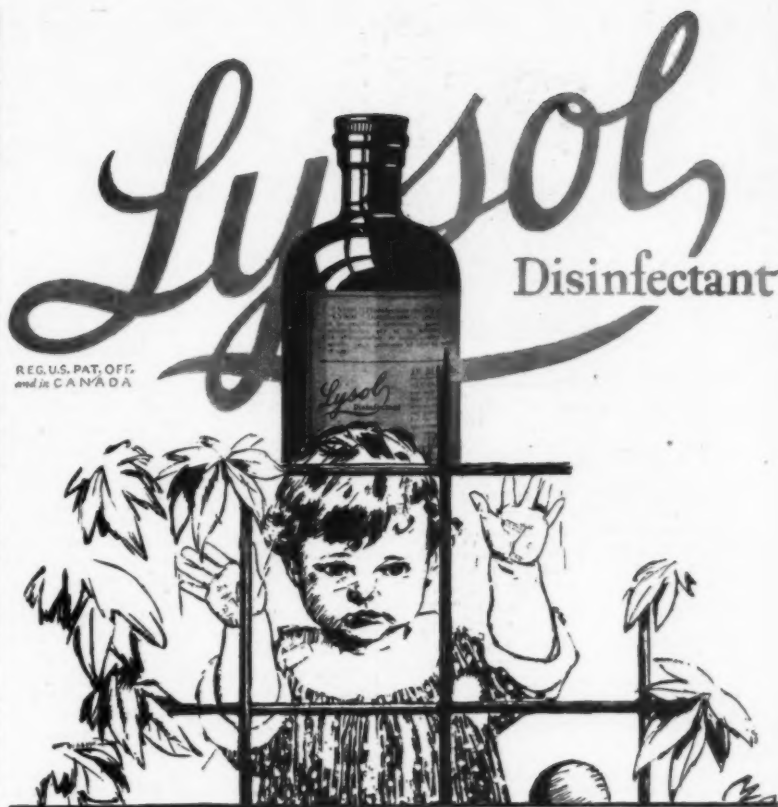
VERY early in the morning, while the mists yet lay in thin, fantastic coils upon the water before the Caves, Gort, riding his mare Windrush and with the dog Fanna trotting beside him, led forth his little party. Borg, on the big dun-colored, dark-maned stallion, brought up the rear. Behind Gort came Arn, leading by the rawhide halter a two-year-old filly as a precious gift from Kran to the Chief of the Flint-workers.

The docile filly was laden with a corded pack containing beads of ivory and horn, necklaces of a vivid black-and-scarlet bean, and various implements of horn and bone skillfully wrought. And three dogs, trained for the chase, trotted at the heels of the marching warriors—a gift second only in importance to that of the young mare. It was the far-seeing purpose of Kran and Gort that the tribe of the Flint-workers, their kinsfolk, should be brought to share in every advance which had been gained by the progressive Men of the Caves.

With a great splashing, and snorting of the horses, and excited yelping of the dogs, the little party headed due south across the vast, grassy, acacia-dotted plain. At Gort's suggestion they traveled noisily. They were not hunting, as they carried supplies of dried meat. And they wished to avoid delay by giving the dangerous beasts, the lions and leopards and wild bulls and elephants, abundant warning of their approach. They judged that these great beasts, unless taken by surprise or for some reason looking for trouble, would avoid joining issue with so strong a party of the mysterious man-creatures. And it was so.

OF the long journey there is little to tell. At last the river they had been following became sluggish and spread itself between broad, marshy banks. From the strange salty tang in the air, Gort knew they were approaching the Bitter Waters. The party swung along over a succession of low, rounded, naked hills, till a wide-flung, rhythmic thunder fell upon their ears. It was the music of sea-waves, which none of them had ever heard before. Then, about mid-morning, they crested a bare, wind-swept down, and stopped in stark amazement at sight of the limitless expanse of blue outspread before them.

The round, skin-covered huts of the Flint-workers were clustered irregularly in a spacious sheltered valley of the downs, where the winds which whipped the uplands hardly touched them. The travelers were warmly welcomed, their hosts having been warned by scouts of their approach. The People of the Flints had heard, from their traders,



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how the Men of the Caves had made servants of the horse and the dog, but they were filled with wonder to see these fierce beasts actually moving among them, docile and unafraid. The Chief, a white-maned old warrior whose wide-set gray eyes still held the fires of command, whose feet still trod the turf with the spring of youth, accepted Gort's splendid offering with unconcealed delight.

"My brother puts me too deeply in his debt by such rich gifts as these," he said to Gort.

"They are not too rich, Chief," answered Gort, "for they come from Kran, our Chief, whose fathers, many generations back, were kin to yours, as doubtless your own traditions tell you. And Kran has sent us to ask a great thing of you, Chief, in the name of that ancient kinship."

"Our traditions tell us also," said the old Chief, "that Gort is of the blood of Grôm, who made us what we are, and that the spirit of Grôm dwells with him today. Tomorrow perhaps, or the day after—for we would keep you with us as long as possible—you shall tell me what it is that Kran, my brother, desires of us. But first, for our hunting and our fishing have prospered of late, we must feast together, all of us, and cement this happy renewal of our friendship."

"It is well," said Gort, and looking around upon the contented faces of his followers, and upon the stalwart men and comely women who clustered about them to hear the tale of their journey, he added emphatically: "It is very well, Chief. Our hearts are warmed by your welcome, and it is good for us to be here."

BUT it was not till the evening of the third day that Gort, who knew how to make haste slowly, broached the purpose of his visit. Sitting with the Chief by the fire, beside the doorway of the Chief's great double-peaked hut, he asked leave to summon the young man Arn to tell the Chief a story. With fervor and tense passion Arn told of his experiences with the Stopping Men; and thrice the Chief half rose to his feet, scowling and muttering, as he listened. When Arn had finished, Gort sent him away.

"Chief," said Gort, after a silence, "when our tribe is dishonored, yours is dishonored. When our blood is defiled, yours is defiled. We ask you to form a close alliance with us. We ask you to send a body of your men to fight with us against the Stopping Men and rescue our women. We ask you to help us blot out those monsters from the face of the earth. And then we, our tribe and your tribe together, shall keep our blood clean and possess and subdue the earth."

For a long time the old Chief sat silent. His eyes, deep under the broad and shaggy brows, stared at the fire broodingly.

"These Stopping Men," said he at last, "should certainly be destroyed. But it appears from the young man's story that they are very many in number, and very fierce and dangerous. It must be considered with care."

He fell silent again; and Gort kept silence also.

"I could send warriors," the Chief continued presently, "as many as your ten fingers and my ten fingers twice over and once again, and yet not leave our huts unguarded. And I could send my eldest son, A-bô, a great warrior, to lead them. For I fear that I myself am too old and lazy for so great an enterprise. But I must consider it in full council, tomorrow." Then, before Gort could make any reply, he seemed to change the subject. "You had one wife only, but she is dead. You have a little boy, and two old women, and the crippled, wise old



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man your father, at home in your cave. That is all?"

"It is so," agreed Gort, wondering at the question.

"I have many daughters," continued the Chief. "I have one, the youngest, the child of my old age, who is most dear to me. She is very young, and very fair to look upon—the fairest of our tribe. She is also wise beyond her years. Our greatest warriors demand her of me, but she will not look at one of them. If Gort the Wise, in whom is the spirit of Gröm, should take her to wife, that indeed would unite our tribes, and I could say no to nothing that Gort, my son, should ask of me."

Gort was deeply embarrassed. His eyes wandered as he strove to hide his hesitation. Since his wife's death, absorbed in schemes and dreams and experiments, he had taken no heed of women. And he dreaded the thought of any distraction in the cave. He certainly did not want a wife. And yet, there was his duty to the tribe. If he should refuse, the old Chief would be affronted, and his embassy thus would fail dismally.

AS he pondered, a burst of musical laughter fell upon his ears, mingled with a dog's joyous barking. Then a white and slender girl, with a cloud of yellow hair streaming out behind her small head, came racing into view from behind the Chief's hut, in gay pursuit of Gort's own dog Fanna, who was leaping playfully before her. As Fanna was haughtily indifferent to all strangers, Gort was amazed, and looked at the girl with some interest. Then he looked again, realizing that never before had he seen any creature so beautiful.

"Säth," called the Chief sharply, "come here."

The girl stopped her game and came slowly, rather hesitatingly toward them, with Fanna crowding close against her bare knee. She wore a double necklace of ivory beads and scarlet seeds about her neck, and a leopard skin, caught up over one shoulder and draped to leave one firm young breast bare, hung nearly to her knees.

"This is my daughter, Gort," said the Chief quietly.

Gort sprang to his feet. The girl's great eyes, softly bright, met his for an instant, then dropped, while a slow flush crept over her face. At the same time a swift change passed over Gort's hesitations.

"Chief," said he quickly, "to me it seems now that there is great wisdom in your suggestion. Oh, the greatest wisdom. But the maid, your daughter, dare I to hope that she—that she—"

And he stopped, startled out of his usual self-possession by her beauty. The girl looked up, glanced from one face to the other, felt Gort's eyes burning upon her, and understood. Her fingers clutched nervously in Fanna's thick coat, and her breast heaved quickly. Then she stepped around to her father's side.

"What my father wills, that would be my wish also," she said in a low voice.

The Chief laughed dryly.

"It has not always been so," said he. "See what it is to be Gort! I think the council, tomorrow, will listen favorably to whatever Gort may request. Run away, girl—we have much to talk over."

SO it came about that when Gort led back his little party to the Caves, he led also some three score eager warriors from the tribe of the Flint-workers, under the Chief's son A-bö, with half a dozen adventurous young women who were ready to find mates among the men of Gort and Kran. And with them also, riding happily on the mare Windrush, Gort's hand upon the halter lest she should be afraid, went the girl Säth, her leopard-skin tucked up from the slim

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## Woman to woman

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sun-tinted knees, her yellow hair all shining about her shoulders. . . .

SOME two months later, a formidable little army moved out from the council-place of the Caves. Kran himself, craftiest in generalship and deadliest in battle, was in command, with Arn, tight-lipped and dreaming of his vengeance, beside him to show the way. At the rear came Gort, with A-bô the young leader of the Flint-workers, now Gort's ardent friend and disciple. Not a horse, not a dog, went with the expedition, for the leaders regarded secrecy and surprise as essential.

It was not till after about three weeks' journeying that the first signs of the Stopping Men were met with. Being now come within the enemy's country, the invaders pressed on with redoubled haste but also with redoubled watchfulness. When, however, two small encampments were passed, so recently abandoned that the ashes of the cooking-fires were little more than cold, both Gort and Kran were troubled and took counsel together.

"In some way," said Kran, "they have got news of our approach. But how? For they are short-legged and slow of foot; and we are swift. They can have no scouts so swift as ours."

"It would seem that they have some intelligence," muttered Gort, aggrieved at the mystery. "They must have some means of communication which we know not of. Let us take Arn into our confidence."

NOW, there was one regard in which Arn was wiser than either Kran or Gort. He knew the strange heart of women better than they did. When they laid the problem before him, he was suddenly troubled. Then, after a moment's thought, his very lips went white with fury.

"What is it?" they demanded of him, in wonder.

"One of our own women," groaned Arn presently. "Some one of the captives. She has fallen in love with the beast-man who has taken her. She is scouting for them. Thrice over is she a traitor."

"Impossible!" exclaimed Gort. But Kran knew better. "It must be true," said he in a terrible voice. "She shall be buried alive, for this."

"But which one? There are four of them," protested Gort, sorely troubled.

"They shall all die," declared Kran simply, rising.

With his scouts now flung out more widely to either flank, Kran pressed on. He wished to gain the open ridgy country which Arn had told him of, lying near the pass through the jungle where Mai-wân's party had been ambushed. In such a country his little force, however outnumbered, would have every advantage of its speed and its long-range weapons over the slow hordes of the beast-men.

Two days later, in the early afternoon, Kran, with Arn beside him, reached the crest of a low ridge of grass and rocks, and looked down across a long, grassy slope to a belt of jungle, rankly green and steaming in the heat. A narrow pass, carpeted thickly with some low-growing purple-blossomed herbage, led through it.

"It was there," said Arn, pointing, "that destruction came upon us."

"It is here," said Kran, "that we will avenge the dishonor." Turning quickly, he halted his force, deployed them to right and left, and bade them all lie down, just out of sight behind the crest of the ridge. Gort and A-bô, from the rear, came hurrying forward to join him, followed a moment later by Borg, who controlled the scouts.

AS Kran stood explaining his plans, and allotting each his place in it, a shout of warning sounded from the heart of the

jungle, followed by a hoarse scream. Then far to the right two scouts burst from the mass of greenery and came running toward the ridge. A moment more, and all along the fringe of the jungle other scouts leaped forth, racing up the slope, waving toward Kran and signaling desperately. Two or three, observing that Kran was warned and stood calmly leaning on his spear, turned and shot arrows, with very careful aim, into the leafage. In response to each shot, a harsh yell came from behind the branches. From further to the left a scream of agony arose, and was choked short.

"That's one of ours," snapped Gort. His face changed. He stiffened, swung up his spear, and turned flaming eyes upon the Chief.

"Yes," said Kran, answering the appeal. "Go. Take these twenty men nearest you. Lure the hordes forth. Taunt them. Use your bows only. Come not to grips with them. Make as if to enter the pass but enter not. Then flee from them. Lead them up the slopes upon our arrows and our spears."

Already the eager Gort was leaping down the slope, his twenty close beside him; and Arn, not waiting for permission, sprang to join him. Kran laughed, well content. The battle was shaping as he would have it, and he was young again. "And you, Borg, call in your scouts, into the line on the left. Guard the left. You, A-bô, the right. Don't come to close quarters. Avoid, and kill." Then he dropped behind the ridge, and lay peering over it through the screen of grass-bunches.

Straight down to the mouth of the purple-floored pass Gort led his running company, and straight into it; whereat Kran, on the ridge-top, started anxiously. But there Gort halted. "The bows, ready," he ordered. Then Gort wheeled his men sharply and raced back again into the open. A roar of fury rocked the green depths behind them, followed instantly by a shower of edged stones and light throwing clubs, which happily fell short. But there, on both sides, the gray hordes of the Stopping Men were already crashing forth from the leafage, and shambling up heavily to close the mouth of the pass.

"Aim low! Shoot!" cried Gort. The deadly shafts, hissing from the short stout bows of the Cave Men, threw the front ranks of the enemy into yelling confusion. The masses behind pressed on over the writhing bodies of the fallen, hurling their sharp-edged disks of stone as they came. Two of Gort's men were struck, but it was at long range and they were not disabled. "Back to the ridge. Run!" shouted Gort. The whole party fled in feigned panic up the slope. But Gort and Arn, bringing up the rear, turned more than once to drive back arrows into the throng.

THE skirmishers slipped over the ridge-crest and dropped among their comrades, who lay, impatient for the battle, their long arrows already set to bowstring. The hordes of the Stopping Men, now grimly silent, were rolling up the slope. In the heavy slowness of their approach there was something so sinister, so assured, that Kran conceived a respect for their prowess, and his blood leaped with new heat for the encounter. As the dreadful wave rose almost within bowshot he gave the word, and the waiting lines of Cave Men sprang up along the ridge.

"Wait," he commanded. "Aim low. Each man loose three arrows. Then stop. Ready! Shoot!"

As those straight shafts drove home, a pandemonium of screeches arose from the oncoming horde; the front ranks fell writhing, and the mass behind paused irresolutely. Then a great voice, hoarse, but masterful in its fury, lifted itself through the tumult

of screams; and the rear ranks, delivering a volley of stones, some of which almost reached the crest of the ridge, rolled forward again over the bodies of their slaughtered comrades.

"Again. Three arrows. Shoot!" commanded Kran.

As before, the front line went down, twisting and screeching, clutching at the shafts that pierced their bodies. The assault wavered, recoiled sullenly, came to a stop. A gigantic warrior, a head taller than his fellows, and huge of girth, bounded to the front, magnificently defying the arrows. There he stood raging, and strove to lead his men again to the charge. But they only answered him with growls, and shrank farther back. Bellowing madly, he whipped about, fixed his pent-house glare on Kran, and charged up the slope alone.

"A brave man! A great chief," cried Kran in admiration, and sternly waving back his followers, who were already surging impatiently over the crest, he strode down to meet the challenge on even terms. But the Stooping Men knew no rules of fair fighting. From their huddled ranks came a flight of stones and clubs, hurtling through the air. A club struck Kran on the shoulder, spinning him about and bringing him, half-dazed, to his knees. With a yell of triumph, the great beast-man leaped forward to finish him; and once more the horde surged upward, roaring madly.

"Charge!" shouted Gort, bounding forward like a panther to Kran's side, and hurling his long spear. With amazing dexterity the beast-man caught and held it as the point just reached his shaggy chest. But in the next instant Gort's club smashed full into his fiercely grinning face.

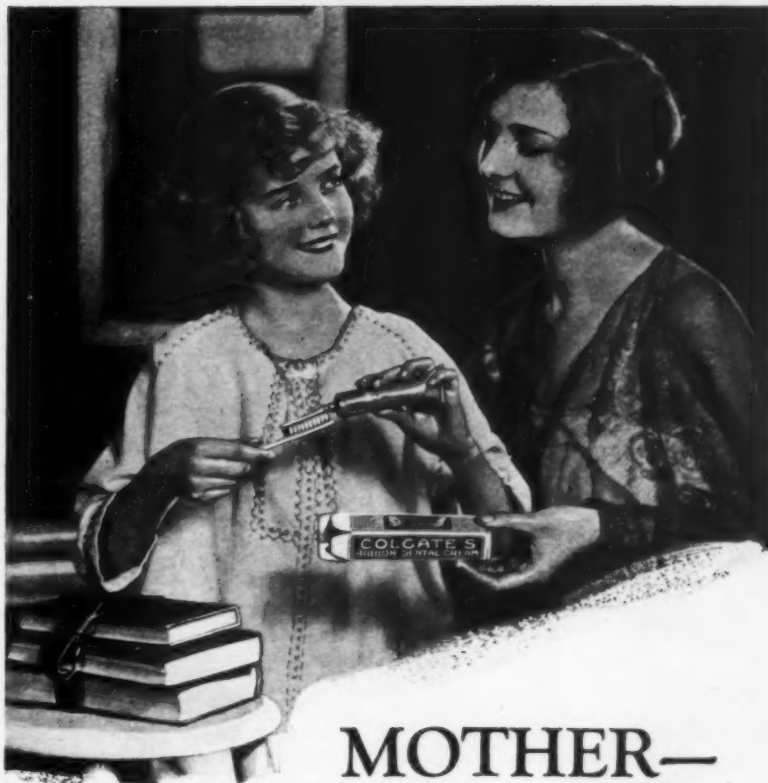
Another volley of arrows as Gort's line raged down the slope had checked the beast-men's third advance, and now the Cave Men were all about them, thrusting with their long spears, leaping in with lightning slashes and away again. For a few minutes the grizzled horde stood up to the slaughter, hurling their stone disks and wielding their great clubs nimbly. But they were hampered by their own crowded mass, while the swift Cave Men, light on their feet and elusive as wolves, smote and slew in the open.

Kran had by now recovered himself, and though his left arm hung numbed and useless, his right, wielding his long pick-headed club, was a flail of destruction. Then the beast-men broke in panic and fled down the hill, hoping to gain the refuge of the jungle. Some of the Cave Men fell, slain

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by those slicing stone disks, or brained by the clubs, or ripped by the knives of the wounded as they passed. But the implacable slaughter went on; and not one of the horde survived to reach the sheltering shadows of the jungle.

Along the edge of that rank grass wall of leafage Kran halted his triumphant followers and counted their losses. Some half-score were dead. And many were the wounded to attest that the battle had not been lightly won. Arn, with a long red gash in his thigh, was searching at the edge of the jungle for astringent herbs to stanch the blood-flow. A-bô of the Flint-workers, who had been carried into the shade, was lying unconscious. In his impetuosity he had fought at close quarters and fallen beneath the club of one of the long-armed beast-men, but had been rescued by his followers. Gort and Borg, alone of all the leaders, were unscathed.

GORT leaned upon his spear, surveying the sprawled shapes of the slain, and the battle-lust faded from his eyes. Kran sent a party to bring in their own wounded. Arn, having stanching and tied up his wound, came limping to the Chief and cried fiercely: "Our work is not yet done, Chief. The great camp is but a little way beyond the jungle. Let us leave a party to tend our wounded and bring in our dead. Let us go and make an end of them all before they take alarm and escape."

Kran ordered it so, and the main body of the Cave Men moved swiftly through the jungle pass. Gort was minded at first to stay and help the wounded. The battle being done, what must follow was little to his taste. Then a new thought struck him, and he followed hastily, his face grave and perplexed. And in his heart was a sudden longing for the fire at his cave-door, with wise old Sâg beside it, and for the golden tumbled abundance of Sâth's hair about her laughing face.

But when Kran, with Arn limping briskly beside him, led his band forth upon the outskirts of the great camp, it was plain that the alarm had long preceded him. A final desperate defense had been organized. Out before the sprawling collection of rude, pointed huts stretched the line of defenders—white-haired old men, young boys, wild-eyed, shaggy women—the last defiant gesture of the smitten tribe of the Stooping Men.

"Our woman, the swift runner, has warned them," said Kran coldly, halting his followers for a moment. "There were four taken captive. Which is the traitor?"

"I know," said Arn in a low voice, his face white with deadly purpose. "Look, there are the other three." And he pointed to a tree that stood in the open space beside a hut thrice larger than the rest. Bound to the trunk were three tall, fair-skinned girls, straining frantically, with new hope, at their bonds, as they caught sight of the army of the Cave Men.

"That hut is the home of the head chief," continued Arn slowly, "who took my woman. I sought him in the battle, but he was not there. He must be ill in the hut, perhaps injured in fight with some great beast. And she must be there, tending him—she!"

EVEN as he spoke, a squat, black-headed mountain of a man appeared in the door of the great hut. Supported by a tall young woman whose head was crowned with a shock of bright red hair, he moved laboriously a few steps forward and seated himself against the trunk of another tree at the other side of his doorway. The girl handed him his spear and a flint knife. For some moments he glared at his foes. Then with a bellow of huge derision he pointed

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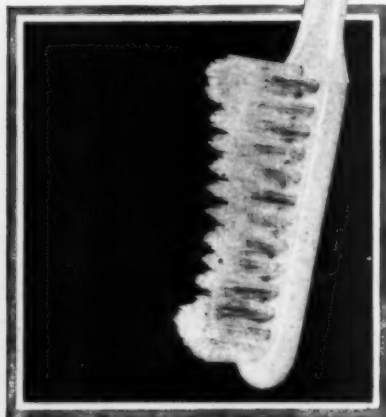
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to the three captives and handed back the knife.

The girl's face at once flamed with a sort of madness. She laughed shrilly, darted forward like a tigress, and with lightning thrusts stabbed each of the three captives. They, at least, should not live to gloat over her doom.

For an instant the Cave Men stood stupefied. Then with a yell they loosed a flight of arrows and darted forward.

"Take her alive!" roared Kran. But he was too late. Pierced by two arrows, the murderess staggered back to her grinning lord, and fell, to gasp out her life at his feet. He laid a huge hand lightly on the red brightness of her hair, then lifted his head, shook his spear in defiance, and uttered once more his tremendous, booming laughter. He would die fighting. But a shaft from Arn's bow, hissing down from the blue, pierced his brain; and he toppled sidewise, balked of that last hope.

Meanwhile the feeble defenders of the camp were battling to withstand the rush of the Cave Men, who had been maddened by that wanton murder of the three captive girls. The old men and the boys, though fighting with the grim courage of despair, proved but frail antagonists. The women, however, were more dangerous. Armed with short spears and with daggers of flint, they fought with the swift ferocity of the she-wolf. Several of the warriors went down, and many more were badly slashed, before these shaggy and hideous but splendidly heroic furies were overcome.

Disdaining to use their weapons against such foes, Kran and Gort stood apart and watched; but Arn was in the midst of it, glutting his hate, yet feeling that his vengeance could never seem perfect because the traitress, the woman who had been his, had been punished by another hand than his own. Never would he forget the look upon her face as she died across the feet of her master. He must have been a man indeed, that dreadful and misshapen chief of the Stooping Men, so to enchain the heart of such a woman!

AS for Gort, now in the hour of his complete triumph he felt curiously depressed. It was not the fate of the three young women, so atrociously murdered on the very threshold of salvation, that disturbed him. That, he pondered, was perhaps the best thing that could have happened. Further, he was unfeignedly glad that the traitress, the red-haired woman, had been killed. Had she been taken alive—well, he remembered Kran's threat. Gort stood for justice, but he would not stand for torture. There might have been some argument between himself and Kran—now happily avoided. Then why was his spirit now troubled?

To this questioning an answer came quickly. Arn limped up to the Chief, panting savagely.

"Many women have escaped," he cried. "They have fled before we came, taking the young children with them. Either they have fled through the forest, or they are hiding in the burial caves on the hill yonder, hoping that their gods will protect them. Let me take a party, Chief, and seek them out and destroy them, lest a new generation of the beast-men arise to shame us."

Kran listened indifferently. The ache of his injured left arm was making him weary. "Be it so, if you will," he muttered, and turned away to rest under the shade, conscious that his great task had been accomplished, and anxious only to get back to the home caves. But Gort, as he listened to Arn's fierce plea, had suddenly realized what was troubling his own heart.

"I will go and look for these fugitives," said he. "And you, Arn, shall come with

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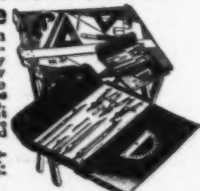
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me. We two will be enough. Let the rest see to burying our dead, that we may set out for home as soon as possible."

NOW Gort remembered that once, in his many talks with Arn, the young man had spoken of the rafts which the Stooping Men made use of to traverse their sluggish river. And he knew in his heart which way the fugitives had gone. Striding straight through the field of slaughter, through the irregular lines of empty huts, he came out upon the bank of the river, which at this point curved sharply and disappeared behind the forest. Here a narrow trail led through a dense growth of bamboo-grass, hidden from the river but appearing to follow its course.

Having traversed the forest for perhaps a mile, they came out suddenly upon the river-bank again. There, in plain view, far out upon the current, was a raft, deeply laden with women and children, the women paddling frantically to force the slow craft onward.

Arn ground his teeth at the sight. The fugitives were far out of bowshot, and nearing the other shore. Gort smiled, stepped forward to the edge of the bank, and stopped in surprise. Immediately below him, at a rude landing, was another raft, so heavily laden that it was hard aground. The women were straining in desperation to get it afloat.

With a snarl of satisfaction Arn lifted his spear. But a sudden crushing grip upon his wrist stayed him. He strove furiously to wrench himself free, thinking even, for a moment of madness, to defy Gort's authority. But turning his head, he met Gort's eyes; and his madness cooled.

"Be quiet," said Gort in a terrible voice, for he was not accustomed to anything like defiance. "Drop that spear!" Then he turned his back upon him, and stared down thoughtfully upon the loaded raft.

At sight of the two tall figures on the bank, a long wail of despair arose from the raft, and the women snatched up their weapons. But Gort, leaning calmly on his spear, waved them off, and pointed to the open water. At first they could not comprehend, but gasped up at him open-mouthed. He waved again more urgently, making signs to them to get away quickly. The women dropped their weapons and tugged and lifted till the raft was afloat. They scrambled aboard, and paddled away with all their strength, staring back at Gort in dumb amazement. When they were well out upon the stream, beyond bowshot, Gort turned to Arn.

"Come," said he quietly. "Pick up your spear. Let us go back. I think they will journey very far, those women with their children. They will keep on till they reach a land so far that we will nevermore see their hateful faces."

His voice was grave and kindly as of old, and Arn took courage. "But why did you let them escape?" he asked humbly. "I do not understand."

GORT did not answer at once. He did not, himself, quite understand. He only knew that he had felt it was right, and he must do it. But he also knew that he owed to Arn, and would owe to Kran and the whole Tribe, an explanation somewhat more precise and more cogent.

"The spirit of my great father, Grôm, whispered it to me suddenly," said he at length. "He whispered to me that the blood of children should not be upon our hands, lest the gods should turn their faces from us, and we ourselves should one day come to such an end as has befallen the hordes of the Stooping Men."

And this argument, as propounded by Gort, proved convincing to Kran and all the Tribe.

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